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ANECDOTES

LITERATURE, &c.

VOL. VI.

ANECDOTES

OF

LITERATURE, &c.

VOL. VI.

Printed by Law and Gilbert, St. John's-Square, London.

ANECDOTES

OF

LITERATURE

AND

SCARCE BOOKS.

BY THE REV.

WILLIAM BELOE,

TRANSLATOR OF HERODOTUS, &c.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,

NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

1812.

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THIS

CONCLUDING VOLUME

OF A WORK,

INTENDED TO FACILITATE THE VIEWS OF COLLECTORS,

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH SINCERE REGARD,

TO

FRANCIS FREELING, ESQ.

WHOSE

TASTE AND JUDGMENT MERIT A

WORTHIER TRIBUTE,

BUT WHOSE KINDNESS WILLINGLY ACCEPTS

THE PRESENT.

Kensington,
July 8, 1812.

PREFACE.

I CONFESS that I feel no very strong inclination to write any Introduction to this concluding volume, but the circumstances under which the work was commenced, are so exceedingly different from those which characterize its completion, that there seems to exist a sort of necessity of saying something on the subject.

When I began to print the first volume, I had no determinate idea either of the extent of what I meditated, or of the particular subjects which my undertaking was to comprehend. I intended to avail myself of the advantages of my situation, of my access to some of the greatest literary treasures in the world,

world, and to publish, from time to time, such miscellaneous matter as might either contribute to elegant amusement, or be useful to those engaged, as I myself then was, in literary pursuits.

My first two volumes were accordingly of this kind, having no particularly professed or apparent object, but comprehending, as it is presumed they do, a variety of amusing literary anecdotes, and not wholly destitute of curious information.

How I was deprived of these advantages, will be found detailed in my first volume; and upon the most serious reflection, divested of all self-partiality, and if I may use the words of a far greater man than myself, having now little to fear or hope from censure, or from praise, I feel not the smallest occasion for self-reproach. I may perhaps concede, but I can hardly be induced to regret, that, as far as worldly objects are concerned, it would have been better for me to have had less of the disposition to oblige, and to have supposed

posed that it might be possible for fraud, artifice, and villainy, to lurk under the semblance of complacency, frankness, and honesty. Neither will I, on this occasion, complain of serious promises made, which never were fulfilled, and of hopes held out, which never were accomplished. Some documents, however, remain, which if produced would prove, that brighter prospects were once before me; and, as far as I can believe my own heart, or can be supposed to know my own conduct, my claims remain unaltered.

But here I must not omit to add my tribute of gratitude to the excellent and venerable Bishop of Durham, whose kindness has remained unaltered, and who has repeatedly distinguished me by acts of liberality.

The very valuable library of the deceased Bishop of Ely, and his Lordship's most important and most friendly communications, suggested the idea of continuing my work, which

which I was at first disposed to abandon. If I do not flatter myself, no publication in our language, hitherto printed, will be found to give either so circumstantial or so accurate an account of the early printed Books, or of the first editions of the Classics. I speak with the greater confidence upon this subject, because the late Bishop of Ely, than whom no man, with the exception, perhaps, of Earl Spencer, was better qualified, condescended not only to peruse every manuscript sheet before it was committed to the press, but even to correct it afterwards. From gratitude to his memory, I am not unwilling to have it understood, that if the third, fourth, and fifth volumes shall be found to contain, as I believe they will, much curious research and important information on the subject of early typography, the principal merit may be ascribed to his Lordship's greater knowledge, experience, and sagacity. Whereas the deficiencies and inaccuracies, of which

also

also I am conscious there are not a few, must rest wholly with myself. I willingly sustain the burden.

Before I conclude, I would say something, not by way of excuse for the nature of the work, for that is not necessary, but by way of remonstrance to those, and such there are, who depreciate the subjects of these volumes, as unworthy of a man of letters, as requiring none but the most ordinary qualifications, and as incompatible with real genius, taste, or science.

I have seen such remarks, where I should least have expected; and I have also met with them, where I looked for nothing either wiser or better. Of those to whom I first allude, some of whom I know to be shrewd, grave, and judicious observers, I would ask, whether it may not be allowed to those, who have been immersed in profounder studies, to turn aside occasionally to lighter pursuits, by way of relaxation and amusement? Whether it is not performing a useful

ful office, to point out to those engaged in arduous employments, where the best materials may be found, and the most useful instruments procured? Whether, finally, he is to be reprobated as unworthily employed, who collects into one point of view, articles of information, which are either variously dispersed, or which must be singled out, or separated from an heterogeneous mass. I readily grant that there is no claim to taste in bringing together the Commentators upon Aristotle, no great occasion for genius in detailing an account of books on Canon and Civil law, and very little science in designating rare books, merely as such. But I will not concede that such a work, when performed, is not of extensive use, and, when varied by the interspersion of biographical notices and anecdotes, may not combine instruction with amusement.

As to the latter class, who, imitating their prototypes in acrimony only, call virulence criticism, and mistake personality for wit, these

these being conversant only with title-pages themselves, are apt to fancy that the knowledge of the professed bibliographer extends no further. Whereas he who is properly qualified for this honourable office, must have read much, and thought more; must be familiarly acquainted with various languages; with history, ancient and modern, and with all the departments of the Belles Lettres. He not only knows the various editions of books, but in what particulars of importance, the one differs from the other; when and from what cause omissions were made, deficiencies supplied, errors corrected, and additions subjoined. In a word, he conducts the student by the easiest and the pleasantest path to the end of his journey, and this, not in one solitary region, but round the whole orbit of literature.

I should expatiate further on this subject, but that I have been most ingeniously anticipated by Mr. Dibdin, in his truly entertaining, as well as useful volume, to which he

he has given the title of BIBLIOMANIA. This will be found to supersede and render unnecessary all that I could produce in vindication of bibliography, and is altogether one of the most agreeable works which modern times have produced. The public have given it the sanction which it merits, and it is already become entitled to a place among scarce books.

In this last volume, I have no acknowledgements to make but to my friends Messrs. Nares, Freeling, Todd, and the Rev. Mr. White, of Lichfield.

The Index will, I trust, be found sufficiently minute, as well as accurate, and will assist in removing the objection, not unjustly made, to the desultory arrangement of the subjects in the different volumes.

Of works of this description, and perhaps of every other, I shall, on this occasion, take my leave; and he who has written and published not less than forty volumes, which is my case, may well congratulate himself;

first,

first, that Providence has graciously spared him for so long a period; secondly, that sufficient health and opportunity have been afforded; and lastly, that he has passed through a career so extended and so perilous, without being seriously implicated either in personal or literary hostilities.

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ANECDOTES

OF

LITERATURE, &c.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.

ROBERT GREENE.

I HAVE had occasion to observe, that no portion of these Volumes has been received with more general satisfaction, than that in which specimens are exhibited, and short biographical notices given, of some of our earlier writers of poetry. I have indeed received various solicitations to resume the subject, for although it has been much beaten, enough is still left both to exercise and justify curiosity.

In my second Volume, a fuller account of this extraordinary personage, ROBERT GREENE, and his productions, was given, than had before appeared; but upon a further examination of such of his compositions as have since been

placed before me, I am induced to believe that I shall render an acceptable service to the lovers of poetry, by the introduction of the following transcripts. The books from which they are severally taken are of extraordinary rarity; I therefore, by a more particular specification of them, perform a double office; useful, I hope, to the more curious collector, and agreeable to my poetical readers.

JEALOUSY.

WHEN gods had framed the sweete of womens face,
And lockt mens lookes within their golden haire,
That Phœbus blusht to see their matchless grace,
And heavenly gods on earth did make repaire,
To quippe fair Venus overweening pride,
Love's happie thoughts to jelousie were tide.

Then grewe a wrinkle on faire Venus browe,
The amber sweete of Love is turn'd to gall,
Gloomie was heaven: bright Phœbus did avowe,
He could be coy, and would not love at all;
Swearing, no greater mischiefe could be wrought
Than Love united to a jelous thought.

FROM TULLIE'S LOVE.

I insert

I insert the following from the same volume, as the only specimens I have met with of Greene's Latinity.

LENTULUS' DESCRIPTION OF TERENTIA IN LATIN.

Qualis in Aurora splendescit lumine Titan,
Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit,
Lumina seu spectes radiantia, sive capillos,
Lux Ariadne tua, et lux tua Phœbe jacet.

Venustate fuit verbis, spirabat odorem,
Musica vox, nardus spiritus almus erat,
Rubea labra, genæ rubræ, faciesque decora,
In qua concertant lilius atque rosa.

Luxuriant geminæ formoso in pectore mammæ,
Circundant niveæ candida colla comæ:
Denique talis erat divina Terentia, quales
Quondam certantes Juno, Minerva, Venus.

Greene has subjoined an English version of the above, but the verses are inferior to the original.

The Sapphics which succeed are from another part of the same Tract.

Vita quæ tandem magis est jucunda,
Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
Mente quam pura sociam jugalem
Semper amare.

Vita quæ tandem magis est dolenda,
Vel magis cunctis fugienda, quam quæ
Falso suspecta probitate amicæ
Tollit amorem?

Nulla eam tollit medicina pestem
Murmur, emplastrum vel imago sagæ,
Astra nec curant magicæ nec artes
Zelotipiam.

The edition of the Tract from which the above verses are taken, described by me in my second volume, p. 185, is in the Roxburgh Collection, and has the date of 1628. I have since obtained the possession of another, which is probably the first, and which has the date of 1601.

My copy is thus incribed,

" To the Right Honourable Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, ennobled with all titles that honour may affoord, or virtue challenge, Robert Greene wisheth encrease of virtuous and lordly resolutions."

There are also four copies of complimentary verses to the author, two in Latin, and two in English. Of the former the first is subscribed, Thomas Watson, Oxon. whom I take to be the English poet, whose volume of Sonnets is among the scarcest books of the kind, and concerning whom the reader may consult Ritson's " Bibliographia Poetica." The second has the signature of G. B. Cantabrigiensis. The English verses

are

are by Thomas Burneby, Esq. and Edward Rainsford, Esq. The Sonnet of the former seems worth preserving.

VARRO and Tucca wrote of Maroe's verse,
And Dares darde to tell of Homer's skill,
Of Ovid's workes Latins have made reherse,
And poets have discourst of Pindar's quill:
Many have writ cosmographie of lands,
And told of Gihon and of Tagus sands:
Of Helen's beauty and of Ledaes hew,
The winged fancies of the learnd have told,
But of the prowdest poets, old or new,
Who darde sweete Tullie's fancies once unfold?
As farre too high for all that yet have beene,
Then give the palme and glory unto *Greene*.

THOMAS BURNEBY, ESQ.

FROM GREENE'S PENELOPE'S WEB. (1601.)

BARMENISSA'S SONG.

THE stateliest state that wisemen count their good:
The chiefest blisse that luls asleepe desire,
Is not dissent from kings and princely blood:
Ne stately crowne ambition doth require.
For birth by fortune is abased downe,
And perrils are comprisde within a crowne.

The scepter and the glittering pompe of mace,
The head impalde with honour and renowne,
The kingly throne, the seate and regall place,
Are toyes that fade when angrie fortune frowne.
Content is farre from such delights as those,
Whom woe and daunger doe envy as foes.

The cottage seated in the hollowe dale,
That fortune never feares, because so lowe:
The quiet mynd that want doth set to sale,
Sleepes safe when princes seates do overthrowe.
Want smyles secure, when princely thoughts do feele
That feare and daunger treads upon their heele.

Blesse fortune thou whose frowne hath wrought thy good;
Bid farewell to the crowne that ends thy care,
The happie fates thy sorrowes have withstood,
By syning want and povertie thy share.
For now content (fond fortune to despight)
With patience 'lows thee quiet and delight.

FROM

FROM GREENE'S FAREWELL TO FOLLIE.

(1617.)

SWEETE are the thoughts that savour of content,
The quiet minde is richer than a crowne:
Sweete are the nights in carelesse slumber spent,
The poore estate scornes Fortune's angry frowne:
Such sweete content, such mindes, such sleepe, such blis,
Beggers inioy, when princes oft doe mis.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affoords no pride nor care,
The meane that grees with country musicke best,
The sweete consort of mirth and musick's fare,
Obscured life sets downe a type of blis,
A minde content both crowne and kingdome is.

FROM GREENE'S NEVER TOO LATE.
In Two Parts. (1590, 1600.)

THE PALMER'S ODE.

Old *Menalcas* on a day,
As in field this shepheard lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe:
Said to *Coridon* that hee
Once was young, and full of glee:
Blithe and wanton was I then:
Such desires follow men.
As I lay and kept my sheepe,
Came the god that hateth sleepe.
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with Queen *Desire*;
And with a dart that wounded me,
Pearst my hart as I did lie:
That when I woke I gan sweare,
Phillis beauty palme did beare.
Up I start, and forth went I,
With her face to feede mine eye:
There I saw *Desire* sit,
That my hart with *Love* had hit.
Laying forth bright *Beauties* hookes,
To intrap my gazing lookes.
Love I did, and gan to woe,
Pray and sigh, all would not doe:
Women when they take the toy,
Covet to be counted coy:
Coy was she, and I can court,
She thought *Love* was but a sport.

Profound

Profound hell was in my thought,
Such a frame *Desire* had wrought;
That I sued with sighs and teares,
Still ingrate she stopt her eares,
Till my youth I had spent,
Last a passion of *repent*,
Told me flat that *Desire*
Was a brand of *Love's* fire,
Which consumeth men in thrall,
Virtue, youth, wit and all.
At this same back I start,
Beat *Desire* from my hart,
Shooke off *Love*, and made an oath,
To be enemy to both.
Old I was when thus I fled,
Such fond toyes as cloyd my head.
But this I learned at *Virtue's* gate,
The way to God is never late.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

FROM THE SAME.

THE PENITENT PALMER'S ODE.

Whilome in the Winter's rage
A Palmer old and full of age,
Sate and thought upon his youth,
With eyes, teares, and hart's ruth,
Beeing all with cares yblent,
When he thought on yeeres mispent,

When

When his follies came to minde,
How fond love had made him blinde,
And wrapt him in a fielde of woes,
Shadowed with pleasure's shoes,
Then he sighed, and sayd, alas!
Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.
I thought my mistres haires were gold,
And in her locks my harte I folde:
Her amber tresses were the sight
That wrapped me in vaine delight:
Her ivorie front, her pretie chin,
Were stales that drew me on to sin:
Her starry lookes, her christall eyes,
Brighter than the sunnes arise:
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yoakt my thoughts and my desire,
That I gan cry ere I blin,
Oh her eyes are paths to sin.
Her face was faire, her breath was sweet,
All her lookes for love was meete:
But love is folly this I know,
And beauty fadeth like to snow.
Oh why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossome like a dew doth glide:
When these supposes taught my thought,
That world was vaine, and beautie nought,
I gan to sigh, and say, alas!
Man is sinne, and flesh is grasse.

FROM

FROM GREENE'S HISTORY OF ARBASTO.

(1617.)

THE DITTIE OF DORALICIA.

In time we see that silver drops
The craggie stones make soft:
The slowest snaile in time, we see,
Doth creepe and climbe aloft.

With feeble puffes the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall:
The hardest heart in time doth yield
To *Venus'* luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire:
Where deepe disdaine bred noysome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap,
What care, in time not eas'd?
In time I loath'd that now I love,
In both content and pleas'd.

FROM

FROM GREENE'S ARCADIA, OR MENAPHON.
(1589.) Reprinted in 1616.

MELIURTUS' DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRISS.

TUNE on my pipe the praises of my love,
And midst thy oaten harmonie recount,
How faire she is that makes thy music mount,
And every string of thy hearts harpe to move.

Shall I compare her forme unto the spheare,
Whence sun-bright *Venus* vaunts her silver shine?
Oh, more than that by just compare is thine,
Whose cristall lookes the cloudy heavens doe cleare.

How oft have I descending *Titan* seene,
His burning locks couch in the sea-queene's lap,
And beauteous *Thetis* his red bodie wrap
In watry robes as he her lord had beene?

When as my nymph impatient of the night,
Bade bright *Atreus* with his traine give place,
While she led forth the day with her faire face,
And lent each starre a more than *Delian* light.

Not *Jove* in nature (should they both agree
To make a woman of the firmament
Of his mixt puritie) could not invent
A skieborne forme so beautifull as shee.

FROM

FROM ROBERT GREENE'S ORPHARION.
(1599.)

THE SONG OF ARION.

SEATED upon the crooked dolphin's back,
Scudding amidst the purple coloured waves:
Gazing aloofe for land, Neptune in black
Attended with the Tritons as his slaves,
Threw forth such stormes as made the ayre thick,
For greefe his lady Thetis was so sick.

Such plaints he throb'd as made the dolphin stay,
Women (quoth he) are harbours of mans health:
Pleasures for night, and comforts for the day.
What are faire women but rich natures wealth?
Thetis is such, and more if more may be:
Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me.

Women are sweets that salve mens sowrest ills,
Women are saints, their virtues are so rare:
Obedient soules that seeke to please mens' wills,
Such love with faith, such jewels women are.
Thetis is such, and more if more may be:
Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me.

With that he div'd into the corall waves,
To see his love, with all his watry slaves.
The dolphin swam, yet this I learned then,
Faire women are rich jewells unto men.

FROM

FROM THE SAME. (1599.) 4to.

CUPID abroade was lated* in the night,
His winges were wet with ranging in the raine,
Harbour he sought, to mee hee tooke his flight:
To dry his plumes, I heard the boy complaine.
I opte the doore, and graunted his desire,
I rose my selfe, and made the wagge a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fiers flame,
I spied his quiver hanging by his backe:
Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for feare of further wrack.
But what I drad, did me poore wretch betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierst the quick, and I began to start,
A pleasing wound, but that it was too hie,
His shaft procurde a sharpe, yet sugred smart,
Away he flewe, for why, his winges were dry;
But left the arrow sticking in my brest,
That sore I greevde I welcomd such a guest.

* For belated.

FROM GREENE'S PHILOMELA. (1592, 1615.)

PHILOMELA'S ODE THAT SHE SUNG IN HER ARBOUR.

SITTING by a river's side,
Where a silent streame did glide,
Muse I did of many things,
That the mind in quiet brings.
I gan thinke how some men deeme
Gold their god, and some esteeme
Honour is the chiefe content,
That to man in life is lent,
And some others doe contend,
Quiet none, like to a friend.
Others hold there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and sayd all this
Was but a shade of perfect blis.
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Nought so sweet as is true love,
Love twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and hart grees,
With folded armes, and lippes meeting,
Each soule another sweetly greeting.
For by the breath the soule fleeteth,
And soule with soule in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy blisse doth bring,

Happy

Happy is love's sugred thrall,
But unhappy maydens all,
Who esteeme your virgins blisses
Sweeter than a wives sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind.
But if a kisse prove unchast,
Then is true love quite disgrast.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No love sweet but honesty.

PHILOMELAES SECOND OADE.

It was frosty winter season,
And faire Floras wealth was *geason* *;
Meades that earst with greene were spred,
With choyce flowers diapred,
Had tawny vales: cold had scanted
What the springs and nature planted:
Leavelesse boughes there might you see,
All except fayre Daphnes tree,
On their twigs no byrdes pearched,
Warmer coverts none they searched;
And by Natures secret reason,
Framed their voyces to the season:
With their feeble tunes bewraying,
How they grieved the springs decaying:
Frosty Winter thus had gloomed,
Each fayre thing that Sommer bloomed,
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,
Flowers withered, byrdes were sad:

* rare.

When

When I saw a shepheard fold,
Sheepe in coate to shunne the cold:
Himselfe sitting on the grasse,
That with frost withered was:
Sighing deepely, thus gan say,
Love is folly when astray:
Like to love no passion such,
For his madnesse, if too much:
If too little, then despaire:
If too high, he beates the ayre:
With bootlesse cries, if too low:
An eagle matcheth with a crow.
Thence growes iarres, thus I find,
Love is folly, if unkind;
Yet doe men most desire
To be heated with this fire:
Whose flame is so pleasing hot,
That they burne, yet feele it not:
Yet hath love another kind,
Worse than these unto the mind:
That is, when a wantons eye
Leades desire cleane awry,
And with the bee doth reioyce,
Every minute to change choyce,
Counting he were then in blisse,
If that his fare fall were his:
Highly thus in love disgraste,
When the lover is unchaste:
And would taste of fruit forbidden.
Cause the scape is easily hidden.
Though such love be sweet in brewing,
Bitter is the sad ensuing;
For the humour of love he shameth,
And himselfe with lust defameth:

For a minutes pleasure gayning,
Fame and honour ever stayning.
Gazing thus so farre awry,
Last the chip fals in his eye,
Then it burns that earst but heate him,
And his owne rod gins to beate him.
His choycest sweets turne to gall,
He finds lust his sins thrall:
That wanton women in their eyes,
Mens deceivings doe comprise.
That homage done to fayre faces,
Doth dishonour other graces:
If lawlesse love be such a sinne,
Curst is he that lives therein:
For the gaine of Venus game,
Is the downefall unto shame:
Here he paus'd, and did stay,
Sigh'd and rose, and went away.

FROM THE SAME. (1615.)

AN ODE.

WHAT is love once disgraced,
But a wanton thought ill placed?
Which doth blemish whom it payneth,
And dishonours whom it daineth,
Seene in higher powers most,
Though some fooles doe fondly bost,
That who so is high of kin,
Sanctifies his lover's sinne.

Jove

Jove could not hide *Ios* scape,
Nor conceal *Calistos* rape.
Both did fault, and both were framed,
Light of loves, whom lust had shamed.
Let not women trust to men,
They can flatter now and then.
And tell them many wanton tales,
Which doe breed them after bales.
Sinne in kings is sinne wee see,
And greater sinne, cause great of gree.
Majus peccatum, this I reed,
If he be high that doth the deed.
Mars for all his deity,
Could not *Venus* dignifie,
But *Vulcan* trapt her, and her blame
Was punisht with an open shame.
All the gods laught them to scorne,
For dubbing *Vulcan* with the horne.
Whereon may a woman bost,
If her chastity be lost.
Shame awaitt'h upon her face,
Blushing cheekes, and foule disgrace.
Report will blab, this is she
That with her lust wins infamy.
If lusting love be so disgrac't,
Die before you live unchast:
For better die with honest fame,
Than lead a wanton life with shame.

FROM GREENE'S HISTORY OF ARBASTO.
(1617.)

A LOVER'S DUMPE.

WHEREAT erewhile I wept, I laugh,
That which I feard, I now despise:
My victor once, my vassaile is,
My foe constrain'd, my weale supplies.
Thus doe I triumph on my foe,
I weepe at weale, I laugh at woe.

My care is cur'd, yet hath no end,
Not that I want, but that I have,
My charge was change, yet still I stay,
I would have lesse, and yet I crave:
Aye me poor wretch that thus doe live,
Constrain'd to take, yet forc't to give.

Shee whose delights are signes of death,
Who when shee smiles, begins to lowre,
Constant in this, that still shee change,
Her sweetest gifts time proves but soure.
I live in care, crost with her guile,
Through her I weepe, at her I smile.

POETICAL

POETICAL EXTRACTS

FROM

VARIOUS UNCOMMON BOOKS.

THE numerous publications which have succeeded each other, from the Muses' Library to Mr. Ellis's, more polished, and more extensive volumes, have all been acceptable to the lovers of poetry.

These extracts which succeed, are not, I believe, to be found, except in the original works from which they are transcribed, all of which are, in my opinion, more or less entitled to the character of rare books. The specimens themselves, from their intrinsic merit, I conceive to be worthy of preservation, and many of them in particular were written by literary characters eminent in other branches of science, but whose talents were not often directed to poetical exercises: on this account, therefore, they become objects of curiosity.

As no particular arrangement either with regard to chronology, composition, or popular estimation of the writer, seemed necessary, none such will be found.

Perhaps it may not be impertinent to add, that many of these specimens are selected from the complimentary verses which it was once so much the fashion to address to authors on their works, and which were usually printed in the beginning of the volume. This may, I believe, in some degree, claim the distinction of novelty. That it might have been done with more taste and skill, and properly extended to a more considerable length, I am not unwilling to allow.

TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND MR. CHARLES ALEYN, ON THIS HIS LEARNED POEM, HENRY VII.

Sume superbiam
Quasitam meritus.

THINKE not that these my weaker lines can raise
Or to thy name or to thy worke a praise,
Yet give me leave to write, and let these be
The testaments of my love to thee.
They're no true liegemen whosoe're desclaime
Tribute of praise unto thy Henry's name;
Who now by thee instated lives more high
Than is the joyes of former royalty,
And from thy hand receives a better crowne
Than was his kingdomes transitory one.
By thee he conquers Death and Time, thy words
Yield him his honour more than could by swords,
And gaine a nobler victorie than he
Obtained oer usurpers tyrannie.
Great HENRY when wise heaven did ordaine
To blesse this realme with thy most happy reigne,
No more dull Chronicle thy worth shall hold,
Or sullen prose thy noble acts unfold:
Behold the shrine wherein thy revered story
That ever be preserved, and thy glory,
Fresh to all ages, then tis just we give
Praise to his name, has made thine truly live.

ED. SHERBURNE.

Aleyn lived in the family of Mr. Edward Sherburne as tutor to his son, by whom these complimentary verses were written, and who was afterwards the celebrated Sir Edward Sherburne.

FROM DODONA'S GROVE, BY HOWEL, 12mo.

TO THE RARELY ACCOMPLISHED AND WORTHY OF BEST EMPLOYMENT,

MR. HOWEL,

UPON HIS VOCAL FOREST.

BELIEVE it Sir you happily have hit
Upon a curious fansie of such wit
That far transcends the vulgar, for each line
Methinks breathes BARCLAY or a BOCCALINE.
I trow you might, none better, make the vine
The Olive, Ivie, Mulberry and Pine
With others their own dialects expose,
But you have taught them all rich English prose.
I end and envie, but must justly say
Who makes trees speak so well deserves the bay.

HENRY WOTTON

BY THE AUTHOR HIMSELF,

Ad Cæsarem Britannicum.

IN time of yore when earth was yet but clods,
Trees for their guardians had no lesse than gods,
Jove did protect the oke, Bacchus the vine,
Minerva said the olive shall be mine,
Venus the myrtle for her minion took,
Apollo would the laurel overlook.
Thy trees need no such patrons one mild glance
Of Cæsars eye will best their buds advance.

FROM

FROM BULWER'S ARTIFICIAL CHANGLING.

TO THE LEARNED AUTHOR ON HIS BOOK.

WHILE franticke we steere our phantastick wit
To what is foraign only, not whats fit,
And our exotike wardrobe only prize
Not for the garments sake, but the disguise,
Shifting still round till we ourselves restore
To weare what misbecame ten yeeres before,
Your prudence all that while forbore our cure,
And though you disallowed you could endure,
Because it oft grows lesse injurious far
To side with small faultes than be singular,
Untill this leprous folly practise had
On natures selfe to mend it into bad,
And would unlearne Creations antient rode,
And change her genuine births to births i' th' mode.
While the hagge midwife models every part,
Not by the guide but wanderings of her art,
Wreathing the waxen limbs till they confesse
A shape not meant by nature but the dresse,
Tempring that yielding scull till shee be known
To spoile the child's braine to delight her own.
And the archd breast to grasping swaths betraid
Doth prove confinement which was mansion made,
Where the pent heart and lungs close ribs invest,
Not to be guarded but to be opprest;
The narrowed loins their single span allowed
Grate parts gainst parts, and bowels bowels crowd,
Till all their streightened functions faile and ly
Lost in imaginary decency,
When all the advantage purchased by the feat
Is that they slender dye, and perish neat.

These

These and their like are thy judicious hate,
Yet are they not thy satyr but debate,
To combate which thou dost tame weapons chuse,
Desyning to convince more than accuse.
All thy artillery is sober art,
To heale the wound, and not offend the part.
If any have unbosomed error so,
To hatch it still though thou the danger shew,
At their own perill bee't; they pitty find
Who lose their eyes, but not who will be blind.

PHISOPHILUS. M. D.

POETICAL DIALOGUE.

From the Muses Elyzium lately discovered, by a new way over Parnassus, the passages therein being the subject of Ten sundry Nymphals leading Three Divine Poems, Noahs Flood, Moses his Birth and Miracles, David and Golia. By MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq. 4to. 1630.

CLORIS.

SING Florimel, o sing, and wee
Our whole wealth will give to thee,
We'll rob the brim of every fountaine,
Strip the sweetes from every mountain,
We will sweep the curled valleys,
Brush the bancks that mound our allyes,
We will muster natures dainties,
When she wallowes in her plenties,
The lushyous smell of every flower
New washed by an Aprill shower,
The mistresse of her store we'll make thee,
That she for herselfe shall take thee;
Can there be a dainty thing
Thats not thine if thou wilt sing.

MERTILLA.

When the dew in May distilleth,
And to Earths rich bosome filleth,
And with pearle embrouds each meadow,
We will make them like a widow,
And in all their beauties dresse thee,
And of all their spoils possesse thee;

With

With all the bounties zephyre brings,
Breathing on the yearly springs,
The gaudy blooms of every tree,
In their most beauty when they be,
What is here that may delight thee,
Or to pleasure may excite thee,
Can there be a dainty thing
Thats not thine if thou wilt sing.

THE MUSES ELYZIUM.

THE CHARACTER OF WOMEN.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

How in my thoughts should I contrive
  The image I am framing,
Which is so far superlative
  As tis beyond all naming.
I would JOVE of my counsell make,
  And have his judgment in it,
But that I doubt the world mistake
  How rightly to begin it:
It must be builded in the ayre,
  And tis my thoughts must doe it,
And only they must be the stayre
  From earth to mount me to it.
For of my sex I frame the lay,
  Each houre ourselves forsaking,
How should I then find out the way
  To this my undertaking.

When

When our weak fancies working still,
Yet changing every minnit,
Will shew that it requires some skill,
Such difficultys in it.
We would things yet we know not what,
And let our will be granted,
Yet instantly we find in that
Something unthought of wanted.
Our joyes and hopes such shadows are,
As with our motions varry,
Whiche when we ofte have fetched from farre,
With us they never tarry.
Some worldly crosse doth still attend,
What long we have been spinning,
And ere we fully get the end,
We lose of our beginning.
Our pollicies so peevish are,
That with themselves they wrangle,
And many times become the snare
That soonest us entangle:
For that the love we bear our friends,
Tho nere so strongly grounded,
Hath in it certain oblique ends,
If to the bottome sounded.
Our own well-wishing making it
A pardonable treason,
For that it is derived from witt,
And underpropt with reason.
For our dear selves beloved sake,
Even in the depth of passion,
Our centre tho ourselves we make,
Yet is not that our station:

For whilst our browes ambitious be,
And youth at hand awaits us,
It is a pretty thing to see
How finely Beauty cheats us.
And whilst with Tyme we trifling stand,
To practise antique graces,
Age with a pale and withered hand
Draws furrowes in our faces.

TO MY CHOSEN FRIEND,

THE LEARNED TRANSLATOR OF LUCAN,

THOMAS MAY,

ESQUIRE.

When Rome I reade thee in thy mighty paire,
And see both climing up the slippery staire
of Fortunes wheele by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it I begin to doubt,
at every line some pin thereof should slacke,
at least if not the general engine cracke;
But when again I view the parts so peized,
And these in number so and measure raised,
As neither Pompeys popularity,
Cæsars ambition, Catos liberty,
Calme Brutus terror start, but all along
Keepe due proportion in the ample song,
It makes me ravished with just wonder cry,
What muse or rather god of harmony

Taught

Taught Lucan these true modes, replyes my sense,
What gods but those of arts and eloquence,
PHŒBUS and HERMES? They whose tongues or pen
are still the interpreters twixt gods and men,
But who hath then interpreted and brought
Lucans whole frame unto us, and so wrought
As not the smallest joynt or gentlest word
In the great masse or machine there is stirred?
The selfe same genius, so the worke will say,
The Sunne translated on the sonne of MAY.

Your true friend to judgment
and choice,
BEN. JONSON

ÆNIGMA

ÆNIGMA

ASSIGNED TO CLEOBULE LYNDIA *.

FROM HEYWOOD'S HISTORY OF WOMEN. 1624.

Est unus genitor cui uni sunt pignora bis sex
His quoque triginta natæ sed dispare formæ
Hæ niviæ aspectu, nigris sunt vultibus illæ
Sunt immortales omnes, moriuntur et omnes.

One father hath twelve children, great and small,
They beget thirtie daughters unlike all,
Halfe of them white, halfe black, immortal made,
And yet we see how everie houre they fade.

FROM THE SAME.

SEE SENECA'S HERCULES.

To the darke and Stigian shades
Vertue when it seeming fades
Is never borne. Then o ye chast
And valiant, though your yeeres may wast,
No limit Time to that can give,
It Death survives; then ever live.
The cruell Fates can clayme no due,
Nor the black Stigian waves in you:
But when wasted age hath spent
The utmost minute time hath lent,
Then glorie takes in charge the spirit,
And guides it to the place of merit.

* Cleobulus Lindius. This Ænigma is to be found in Brunck's Analecta, V. 1. p. 76, and in Jacob's Anthol. V. 1. p. 52.

FROM

FROM THE SAME.

SEE PLAUTUS PENULO.

He that is idle, and would businesse have,
Let him of these two things himselfe provide,
A woman and a ship: no two things crave
More care or cost and suite—the one for pride,
Th' other for tackle: they are both like fire,
For still the more they have, they more desire.

And this I speake by proofe, from morne to noone
Their labours and their travells have no end,
To wash, to rub, to wipe, and when thats done,
To strive where nothing is amisse to mend,
To polish and expolish, paint and staine,
Unguents to daube, and then wipe out againe.

FROM THE SAME.

EPITAPH

ON ETHELBURGA, QUEENE OF THE WEST SAXONS.

I was, I am not—smild that since did weepe,
Laboured that rest; I waked, that now must sleepe;
I playd, I plaie not—sung that now am still;
Sawe that am blind; I would, that have no will;
I fed that which feedes wormes; I stood, I fell;
I bad God save you that now bid farewell;

felt—I feele not—followed, was pursude;
I warred—have peace—I conquered—am subdude;
I mooved—want motion—I was stiffe—that how
Belowe the earth—then something—nothing now;
I catcht—am caught—I traveled—here I lie,
Lived in the world, that to the world now die.

THE TWELVE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

TRANSLATED FROM MANILIUS, L. I. BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aurato Princeps Aries, &c.

THE princely RAMME clad in his golden wooll,
Lookes back admiring to behold the BULL
Against him rise; who with a chearful face
Calls to the TWINNES, and bids them mend their pace:
The CRAB then followes, and the LION than
Next the celestial MAID not knowne by man:
LIBRA comes after, who least time should faile
Weighs out the dayes and nights in equal skale,
And calls the SCORPION on, who in his trayne
Beares a bright fulgent starre, at which in vaine
The CENTAURE with his string drawne to his eare
Aimes his keene shaft: the GOAT doth next appeare,
Thats CAPRICORNUS called, who oft-times lowres,
Because to quench his starre AQUARIUS powres
His laver forth, next after him are plac'd
PISCES, that of the Twelve Signes are the last.

FROM

FROM THE COMMONWEALTH AND GOVERNMENT OF VENICE.

Translated from the Italian of Cardinal Gasper Contareno, by Lewes Lewkenor *, Esq. 4to. 1599.

FAYRE mayden towne that in rich Thetis armes,
Hast still been fostered since thy first foundation,
Whose glorious beauty calls unnumbered swarmes
Of rarest spirits from each forrein nation;
And yet sole (wonder to all Europes eares,
Most lovely nimph, that ever Neptune got)
In all this space of thirteene hundred yeares,
Thy virgins state ambition nere could blot.
Now I prognosticate thy ruinous case,
When thou shalt from thy Adriatique seas
View in this Ocean isle thy painted face,
In these pure colours coyest eyes to please;
Then gazing in thy shadowes peerles eye,
Enamour'd like Narcissus thou shalt dye.

J. ASHLEY.

* Quere, Whether the same who was Master of the Ceremonies to James I.?

Lo here describ'd, though but in little roome,
  Faire Venice like a spouse in Neptunes armes,
For freedome emulus to ancient Rome,
  Famous for councell much, and much for armes,
Whose story earst written with Tuscan quill,
  Lay to the English wits as halfe concealed,
Till Lewkners learned travell and his skill
  In well grac'd stile and phrase hath it reuealed.
Venice be proud that thus augments thy fame,
  England be kind enricht with such a booke,
Both give the honor to that worthy dame,
  For whom this taske the writer undertooke.

JOHN HARINGTON.

FROM

FROM THE DIANA OF GEORGE OF MONTEMAYER.

Translated out of Spanish by Bartholomew Yong, of the Middle Temple, Gentleman. Printed for Bollifant. Fol. 1598.

SONNET.

I PLAID with Loue, Loue plaid with me againe,
I mocked him, but I was mockt in deede,
He would not let my hart his art exceede,
For (though a boy) yet mocks he doth disdaine,
A friend he is to those, that doe not faine:
My iestes (it seemes) doe true affection breede:
And now, if Loue is not reuenged with speede,
My hart can witnes that with earnest paine.
Goe louers then to iest it out apace
With this god Cupid but a boy, and blinde,
And you shall see, if it be good or noe.
Thinking to haue delight, you shall haue woe,
Seeking cold water, fire you shall finde,
Who plaies with boies, comes often to disgrace.

FROM THE SAME.

The fearefull bat that lurks in stonie wall,
Flies heere and there assured of her sight,
When that she sees the signes of darksome night
Approching on, contented therewithall;
But when she spies the sunnie beames so bright,
Her fault she doth acknowledge and recall,
So now of late to me it did befall,
For I did thinke there was no other light
Nor beautie then in her, who did invite
My senses first to love: but (to my thrall)
When I beheld Diana so bedight
With beauties and such grace angèlicall,
Then by and by I knew that heeretofore
I plainly err'd: but neuer could doe more.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

THE following Latin verses are prefixed among other commendatory poems to Verstegan's Restitution of decayed Intelligence. The author I conceive to be the Richard Stanyhurst, who translated the first four books of Virgil's Æneid into English hexameters, of which work, Puttenham, in his Art of English Poesie, thus speaks :—

" *Stanihurst* first took in hand by his *exameters dactilicke* and *spondaicke* in the translation of *Virgills Eneidos*, and such as for a great number of them my stomache can hardly digest, for the ill shapen sound of many of his words *polisillable*, and also his copulation of *monosillables* supplying the quantitie of a trissillable to his intent. And right so in promoting the devise of ours being I feare me much more nyce and affected, and therefore more misliked than his, we are to bespeake favour first of the delicate eares, then of the rigorous and severe dispositions, lastly to crave pardon of the learned and auncient makers in our vulgar, for if we should seeke in every point to equall our speach with the Greeke and Latin in their *metricall* observations, it could not possibly be by us performed, because their sillables came to be timed, some of them long,

some of them short, not by reason of any evident or apparent cause in writing or sounde remaining upon one more then another, for many times they shortned the sillable of sharpe accent, and made long that of the flat, and therefore we must needes say it was in many of their wordes done by preelection in the first Poetes not having regard altogether to the *ortographie* and hardnesse or softnesse of a sillable, consonant, vowel, or dipthonge, but at their pleasure are as it fell out: so as he that first put in a verse this word, *(Penelope)* which might be *Homer*, or some other of his antiquitie, where he made *(pē)* in both places long, and (nĕ) and (lŏ) short, he might have made them otherwise, and with as good reason, nothing in the world appearing that might move them to make such *preelection* more in th'one syllable then in the other, for *pe*, *ne*, and *lo*, being sillables vocals, be egally smoth and currant upon the toung, and might beare aswel the long as the short time, but it pleased the Poet otherwise: so he that first shortned *ca* in this word *cano*, and made long *tro* in *troia*, and *o* in *oris*, might as well have done the contrary, but because he that first put them into a verse, found, as it is to be supposed, a more sweetnesse in his owne eare to have them so tymed, therefore all other Poets who followed were fayne to doe the like, which made that *Virgill*, who came many veares after, the first reception of wordes

in

in their severall tymes, was driven of necessitie to accept them in suche quantities as they were left him, and therefore said,

ărmă vĭ rūmqŭe că nō trō iē qui
prīmŭs ăb ōrīs."

Whatever might be Stanihurst's want of skill, dexterity, or taste, in the composition of English verse, he had a good and a classical taste for Latin poetry, as the following specimen must evince:—

Ricardi Stanihursti
Carmen in Librum Antiquitatis Anglicæ,
Amicissimi sui
D. Ricardi Verstegani—Angli.

Extera perlustrans Anglus terraque marique,
Possit ut ignotis notus inesse locis,
Dum foris est clarus, Patria peregrinus habetur,
Ignorans linguæ prima elementa suæ.
Discutit hanc nubem tenebrosam sedulus Anglus:
Luce vetustatis singula quæque micant.
Auctor enim libri reserans sub origine prima,
Quæ fuerit priscis Angla loquela viris,
Ingeminat summum, summa cum laude, laborem,
Restituens patriæ patria verba suæ.
Sit tibi propterea (Lector) gratissimus auctor,
Sitque in honore labor, sitque in amore liber.

The

The following verses from the same publication deserve to be preserved among the fugitive poetical compositions of the time in which they were written.

IN COMMENDATION OF

THE AUTHOR'S TRAVELL

EMPLOYED IN THIS WORK.

MANNES eye is pleased in the beauteous light,
Bred foorth of Phebus bright arysing rayes,
But more the mynd by taking inward sight
Of that chief consolation of his dayes,
Sweet soule-enritching-knowlege, reasons guest,
Which doth distinguish man from brutish beast.

Endeuour then to know what may bee known,
To ignorance permit not any place,
Let never Tyme transporte what is our own,
Let wit and learning hold him stil in chase,
Let Trauail search, let searching lastly fynde,
Let fynding please the kynd accepting mynde.

Industrious thou Verstiegan, forwards stygh,
Raise vp thy nations ancient woorthy fame,
Beare on thy wyngs their glorie vp on high,
And rise thy reputation by the same.
If Enuy byte what thow hast heer set foorth,
Shee makes herselfe a witnesse tiz of woorth.

R. B.

Quere, Richard Brathwait?

PREFIXED

PREFIXED TO SHIRLEY'S POEMS. 12mo. 1646.

When dearest friend thy verse doth re-inspire
Loves pale decaying torch with brighter fire,
Whilst every where thou dost dilate thy flame,
And to the world spread thy Odelia's name,
The justice of all ages must remit
To her the prize of Beauty, thee of Wit.
Then like some skilful artist, that to wonder,
Framing a piece displeased takes it asunder,
Thou Beauty dost depose, her charmes deny,
And all the mystick chains of Love untie:
Thus thy diviner Muse, a power 'bove fate,
May boast that can both make and uncreate.
Next thou callest back to life that love-sick boy
To the kind hearted nymphes lesse fair than coy,
Who by reflex beames burnt with vain desire,
Did Phenix like in his own flames expire;
But should he view his shadow drawn by thee,
He with himself once more in love would be.
Eccho, who though she wordes pursue, her hast
Can onely overtake and stop the last,
Shall her first speech and humane veil obtaine,
To sing thy softer numbers oer again.
Thus into dyeing poetry, thy muse
Doth full perfection and new life infuse;
Each line deserves a laurel, and thy praise,
Askes not a garland but a grove of bayes,
Nor can ours raise thy lasting trophies higher,
Who only reach at merit to admire.
But I must chide thee friend, how canst thou be
A patron, yet a foe to poetrie?

For

For while thou dost this age to verse restore,
Thou dost deprive the next of owning more,
And hast so far even future rymes surpast,
That none dare write.—Thou being first and last,
All their abortive muses will suppresse,
And Poetry by thy increase grow lesse.

THO. STANLEY.

FROM THE SAME.

TO MY VERY WORTHY AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR. JA. SHIRLEY, UPON HIS POEMS.

When I am raised by some more noble flame
To sing of thee and thy Odelias name,
So richly set in verse; thy lines invite
Me still to read, and I forget to write.
So when a painters hand would take the grace
And figure, of some admirable face,
Struck with the sight he lets his pencil fall,
And when his hand should work, his eye does all.
Yet if a sense of thy sweet fancy may
Inspire a resolution to betray,
My want of skill and choice of husbandry,
To write my own, not read thy poetry,
Be it enough to draw the reader neer,
While we but say the wit of Shirleys here.
And tho thy worthier friends their flowers bring,
To set forth thy Odelia like the spring,

Mea

Men will with envie look upon the dresse,
That staies their eyes from the wished comlinesse,
And when they see her beauty to be such,
Will say their love had shaddowd it too much.

ED. POWELL.

The Thomas Stanley above-mentioned, I take to be the father of him who wrote the History of Philosophy, and various other works, and of whom a very detailed account may be found in Wood.

SONG

IN THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY, BY SHIRLEY.

JUNO, PALLAS, and VENUS, address PARIS.

JUNO.

JOVE sent thee Paris what is mine,
Be safely bold,
And for that trifle I resign
A wreath of gold,
Obey then and command, thou canst not be
Just to thyself, if not to me.

PALLAS.

Twice happy in thy choice, be wise,
Ere thou dispence
This treasure, give thy reason eyes,
And blind thy sence,

Thus

Thus arms and arts thy humble name shall raise,
Alike to wreathes of oaks and bayes.

VENUS.

She whom all suppliants else implore,
Is here made thine,
And will for thee a gift restore
No lesse divine,
The best of pleasures thus enjoy and trie,
Where Beautie courts who can deny.

CHORUS.

Examine princely shepheard here
The offerings which we send thee,
How for that narrow golden sphere
Wealth, Fame, and Love attend thee;
And judge by this how large these honours be,
None to each other yeeld, yet all to thee.

SONG

TO PARIS SLEEPING.

FROM THE SAME.

CEASE waving thoughts, and let his braine
No more descord entertaine,
But be smooth and calme againe.

Ye crystall rivers that are nigh,
As your streames are passing by,
Teach your murmurs harmony.

You

You windes that wait upon the spring,
And perfumes to flowers do bring,
Let your amorous whispers here
Breathe soft musick to his eare.

Ye warbling nightingales repaire
From every wood to charme the aire,
And with the wonders of your breast,
Each striving to excell the rest.
When it is time to wake him close your parts,
And drop downe from the trees with broken hearts.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, M. JA. SHIRLEY, UPON THE PRINTING OF HIS ELEGANT POEMS.

ALTHOUGH thou want the theaters applause,
Which now is fitly silenced by the lawes,
Since those sad times that civil swords did rage,
And make three kingdoms the lamented stage
Of real tragedies, it was not fit
We quite should lose such monuments of wit
As flowd from thy terse pen: the presse alone
Can vindicate from dark oblivion:
Thy poems friend those that with skill can read,
Shall be thy judges now, and shall instead
Of ignorant spectators grace thy name,
Though with a narrower yet a truer fame,
And crown with longer life thy worthy pains,
All muses are not guiltlesse, but such strains
As thine deserve, if I may verdict give,
In sober, chaste, and learned times to live.

THO. MAY,
The learned translator of Lucan.

Since

Since this work went to press, I have met with a copy of Green's DORASTUS and FAWNIA, first printed in 1588, from which I have taken the following extract:

DORASTUS IN LOVE PASSION WRITES THESE LINES IN PRAISE OF HIS LOVING AND BEST-BELOVED FAWNIA.

Ah! were she pitiful as she is faire,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah! were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under the wide heavens, but yet not such:
Just as she shews, so seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty! like the spray she grows,
Compast she is with thorns, and canker'd flower
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gather'd, tho' she grew on thorn.

Ah! when she sings, all musick else be still,
For none must be compared to her note,
Ne'er breath'd such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning singer's swelling throat.
Ah! when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night's foul vapours fled,
When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun! imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast.

IMITATION

IMITATION OF CHAUCER.

From the Commendatory Verses prefixed to Sir Francis Kinaston's Translation of the Troilus and Cressida of Chaucer into Latin Verse. 1635. 4to.

VPON NOBLE SIR FRANCIS KINASTON'S TRANSLATION OF THE EXCELLENT POEM OF TROILUS AND CRESEIDE.

CERTES, yt is a thinge right harde to done
Thee myckel prayse, o doughtie KYNASTONE,
I peyne me sore to done thee grace, for here
I thee alowth there no wight nys thy peere,
And who that saith it nat he is right nice,
I dare well wage, tho mote mine herte agrise
In bytter stound, all were my life etern,
Bote if I should thee prayse both late and yern.
There was none wight couth wryte more thriftely,
Ne eke more bet, ne eke more clerkly,
There nyst none speken bet of TROILUS,
Ne of dame CRESEID ne of Pandarus.
For that thy boke beareth alder prize,
That I nat how vnneth thou couth devise
To maken CHAUCER so right wise and sage,
Who couth all craft in werkes, take pilgrimage

To Rome, and sothly there lerne Latine verse
In little throwe, so seemelyche to reherse.
  Wicn sythes of connyng thou hast mowen clean,
To forne thee great Reekes ; that I but glean
Fro the great shefes of wytt, with boystous worde
In lewdness fro thilk wrytings that afforde
Swylke goodlyhede, tho stant I evyll apayd,
Whan men me iape and moughten me upbrayd.
  Withouten maugre, thou hast mowen the flower
  Fulfilled of all courtship and all honour,
  Farced with pleasaunce and all goodlyhede
  That deyntie is to see : thee thus I reade,
    Faire mought thee fall, who are the sacred poet
    Fro Brittons Homer nephew to Payne Roet.

Sic officio ἀεχαΐζειν conatus est Franc. James,
Art. Bac. Nov. Coll. Socius.

FROM PERSON'S VARIETIES. 4to. 1635.

OF PERSON'S VARIETIES.

THE lawyer here may learn divinity,
The divine, lawes or faire astrology,
The dammarel respectively to fight,
The duellist to court a mistress right.
Such who their name take from the Rosie-Crosse
May here by time learne to repaire their losse;
All may learne somewhat if they be not fooles,
Arts quicklier here are lessoned than in schooles.

DISTICH ON THE SAME.

This book a world is—here if errours be,
The like may worse in the great world we see.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND,
Of Hathorn-den.

The following lines from the same volume deserve preservation for their elegance.

In Davidis Personi Lochlardii Opera πολυποικιλα seu de multifarii rerum varietate.

Quam variæ rerum facies, quam gramine campi
Depicti vario, varii quam floribus horti,
Quam varium stellis cœlum, quam piscibus æquor,
Et picturatis volucrum sunt agmina pennis,
Tam varia et libri sunt argumenta perennis,
Quæ Persone tibi famam peperere perennem.

JO. ADAMSONUS,
Academiæ Edinburgensis,
Rector Primarius.

BY JOSHUA POOLE.

PREFIXED TO HIS EDITION OF THE ENGLISH PARNASSUS.

" For there is hidden in a poet's name
A spell that can command the wings of fame,
And maugre all oblivions hated birth,
Begin your immortality on earth;
And when more spreading titles are forgot,
And spite of all their lead and searcloth rot,
You rapt and shrined in your own sheets shall lie,
As relics famed to all posterity:
No envious time or age shall ever pierce
The better marble of eternal verse.
Nine Muses can command the Fatal Three,
And make their bays outlive the cypress-tree,
And though they part with breath, they cannot die
Whose names embalmed in sacred poesie,
For such are the proud manacles of verse,
They make men rise up from their drowsie hearse,
And cause the grave, deaths utmost spight, but be
A larger womb to immortalitie.
The deities above and those below,
To the learned Nine auspicious homage owe,
And they whose heads the laurel chaplets bear
Can charm the gods in either hemisphere.
What is't the muses javelin cannot pierce,
When heaven and hell are mastered by a verse?
The laurel staff, swayed by a learned hand,
Carries more magic than that silver wand,
Heavens verger waves, than than Medea shook,
When Æson from the scalding bath she took,

Hot

Hot as the youth she gave him, or the ram
Which from the caldron leaped a frisking lamb:
Such boundless power doth on numbers wait,
Without a blasphemy they can create,
Nor have they fame and strength alone, they can
Surfeit the unconfined desires of man
With soul transporting pleasure and content,
Not to be thought on without ravishment."

FRANCIS AND WALTER DAVISON.

I HAD meditated, and indeed had written, a minute account both of these individuals, and of the very rare volume of poems called A POETICAL RAPSODIE; but I find myself so far anticipated by an elegant and justly popular publication, that I shall only, on the present occasion, insert a few extracts from this work, which are not to be found among the specimens which have hitherto been exhibited.

I may however be permitted to add, that in the Harleian Catalogue, No. 3960, there is an account of a version of some of the Psalms of David, by "Mr. Fra. Davison, Jos. Bryan, Rich. Gipps, Chas. Davison, &c.—113 pages."

The Davisons were the sons of W. Davison, who was secretary to Queen Elizabeth.

ODE.

HIS LADIE TO BE CONDEMNED OF IGNORANCE OR CRUELTIE.

As she is faire, so faithfull I,
My seruice she, her grace I merit,
Her beauty doth my loue inherit,
But grace she doth denie.
O knowes she not how much I loue?
Or doth knowledge in her moue
No small remorce?
For the guilt thereof must lie
Vpon one of these of force,
Her ignorance, or cruelty.

As she is faire, so cruell she,
I sowe true loue, but reape disdaining,
Her pleasure springeth from my paining,
Which Pitties source should be.
Too well she knowes how much I loue,
Yet doth knowledge in her moue
No small remorce.
Then the guilt thereof must lie
Her vndeserued cruelty.

As she is faire, so were she kinde,
Or being cruell, could I wauer,
Soone should I either win her fauer,
Or a new Mistresse finde.
But neither ours alas may be,
Scorne in her, and loue in me,
So fixed are.
Yet in whom most blame doth lie
Judge she may, if she compare
My loue vnto her crueltie.

We

We are left generally to conjecture to whom the several compositions are to be assigned, as the names of the two brothers are annexed to but few of them. The following Epitaph has the name of Francis Davison subscribed.

UPON THE DEATH OF A RARE CHILD OF SIX YEARES OLD.

1.

Wits perfection, Beauties wonder,
Natures pride, the Graces treasure,
Vertues hope, his friendes sole pleasure,
This sole marble stone lies vnder,
Which is often moist with teares,
For such losse in such young yeares.

2.

Louely boy, thou art not dead,
But from earth to heauen fled,
For base earth was farre unfit
For thy beauty, grace, and wit.

3.

Thou aliue on earth, sweet boy,
Hadst an angels wit and face,
And now dead, thou dost enioy
In high heauen an angels place.

ROBERT CHAMBERLAYNE.

IN Robert Chamberlayne's PHARONNIDA, a poem in five books, published in octavo, 1659, there is a beautiful Hymn or Song subjoined to a description of the heroine Pharonnida and her friend Silvandra, who is about to take the veil. B. v. p. 106, 107.

" The noble virgins in procession by
" The mourning train, unto the monastery
" Slowly conducted are," &c. &c.

Then follows the harmony:

" whose each-concording part
Tickled the ear, whilst it did strike the heart
With mournful numbers rifling every breast
Of their deep thoughts thus the sad sense exprest."

The Song or Hymn which follows seems well worth preserving.

1.

To secret walks, to silent shades,
To places where no voice invades
The air, but whats created by
Their own retird society,
Slowly these blooming nymphs we bring,
To wither out their fragrant spring;

For

For whose sweet odors lovers pine,
Where beauty doth but vainly shine.

CHORUS.

Where nature's wealth, and art's assisting cost,
Both in the beams of distant hope are lost.

2.

To cloysters where cold damps destroy
The busie thoughts of bridal joy;
To vows whose harsh events must be
Uncoupled cold virginitie;
To pensive prayers, where heaven appears
Through the pale cloud of private tears;
These captive virgins we must leave,
Till freedom they from death receive.

CHORUS.

Only in this remote conclusion blest,
This vale of tears leads to eternal rest.

3.

Then since that such a choice as theirs,
Which stiles them the undoubted heirs
To heaven, 'twere sinful to repent,
Here may they live till beauty, spent
In a religious life, prepare
Them with their fellow-saints to share
Celestial joys, for whose desire
They freely from the world retire.

CHORUS.

Go then, and rest in blessed peace, while we
Deplore the loss of such societie.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM BROWNE.

THIS early English poet was much and very deservedly admired by his contemporaries: there certainly is a simplicity of expression, an elegance of diction, a demonstration of classical accuracy and elegance observable through all his productions.

Till his works were collected and reprinted by Davies in three volumes, they were remarkably scarce. The earlier editions are in very few hands. I happen to be in possession of a copy of the second edition of Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, which is, at least in my apprehension, of no small value. It was printed by John Haviland, in duodecimo, in the year 1625. We are informed by Mr. Ellis, "that in 1624, Browne returned to Exeter College, and became tutor to Robert Dormer, afterwards Earl of Carnarvon." I am of opinion that mine is the copy presented by the poet to his college, as it contains a number of complimentary verses to Browne, by different members of Exeter, in the hand-writing of each. They obviously do not all possess an equal degree of merit, but all appear of sufficient merit to deserve preservation, and

and some of them are by personages who were afterwards considerable, and of whose poetical talents perhaps no other specimen can be found.

The first poem is thus inscribed.

I.

EUTERPE TO HER DEEREST DARLING W. B.

THY lines, thy worth, thy wit to prayse,
Were mine owne honor to upraise,
And those same gifts commend in thee
Which thou received hast of me;
Yet may I boast that by mine aide
All eares to thee are captive made,
And thy (amazed) country-men
Admire, extoll thy golden pen:
Hearing such madrigalls as these
Astonisht is Philisides *,
And vanquisht by thy sweeter layes
Forsweares / *Resigns* his pipe; yeilds thee the bayes:

* By Philisides, is meant Sir Philip Sidney: the word is made from *Phili-Sid.* He was first so called by Spenser in a Pastoral Eglogue on his Death. See Todd's Spenser, Vol. VIII. p. 78.

Philisides is dead—O harmful death,
O deadly harme—unhappie Albion, &c.

In the introductory poem to the second book of the Pastorals, he is praised for his loftiness of soul in striving to please "the nephew of the brave Philisides;" that is, William Earl of Pembroke, son of Sidney's sister, to whom that book is dedicated. Spenser elsewhere calls him "Astrophel," and so does Browne, which name he assumed himself. Mr. Todd doubts whether that poem is Spenser's, but it passed as his. In Hayward's verses prefixed to the first book of the Pastorals, Browne is said to have learned his numbers of Philisides, and Kala, a character in the Arcadia, is immediately mentioned.

And

And Colyn Clout his oaten reede,
Which did to us such pleasure breede,
Resignes to thee; grieved because his
Mulla by Tavy, vanquisht is.
Marina fayns though in her neede
The storme did helpe; yet shee indeede
Was ravisht, but (tis her excuse)
Twas only with thy sweete-tongu'd muse;
That though the Robin Red-breast fed
Her body, yet sh' ad suffered
Death, hadst not thou with lines refind
As with ambrosia fed her minde,
Doridon weepes (although for who
He trows not) if t' be not for you;
Since thee to write he could not move
One Canto more on his true love:
See how each swaine yt should this day
Before Dame Thetis sing his lay,
Sighing gives backe, for he doth feare
WILLY their Captaine won't be there.
All say thou art the elme (they know)
Wheerby the muses vine doth grow,
And that if Cœlia merit death,
All they must with her loose their breath,
That fairer boughs have pul'd from thee
Than ere grew on Pans golden tree.
Lastly thy Alatheia sayes,
That future times shall sing thy praise,
And th'-after ages strive in vaine,
As thou hast done, to do againe.—

PHIL. PAPILLON, E. Coll. Exon.

Of this Philip Papillon I have not been able to find any account.

II.

CARMINA amo, mihi Wille placet tua fistula: fælix!
En resonant laudes illa, vel illa tuas.

But stop my muse, listen to Willys lays,
Harke whiles the Eccho doth resound his praise,
Let others speak, forbid not, but let mee
Thou charminge sweetly, listen unto thee.

P. S. Coll. Ex.

III.

ON THE AUTHOR OF BRITANNIAS PEERLESSE PASTORALLS.

I'LL take thy judgment golden Mydas now,
Nor will of Phœbus harmony allow,
Since Pan hath such a shepheard, whose sweet layes
May claim deservedly the Delphique bayes.
Thrice happy Syrinx, onely great in this,
Thou kissest him in metamorphosis.
Flocke hither satires, learne a roundelay
Of him to grace Sylvanus holyday.
Come hither shepheardes, let your bleating flockes
Of bearded goates browze on the mossy rockes.
Come from Arcadia, banisht shepheardes, come,
Let flourishing Britannia bee your home.
Crown'd with your anadems * and chaplets trim,
And invocate no other Pan but him:

* Anadem is an old word for a garland.

With fingers neat and fine
Brave anadems do make.
Drayton's Polyolb. Song 15.

The lowly dales will yield us anadems
To shade our temples. *Browne's Brit. Pastorals.*

'Tis

'Tis he can keepe you safe from all your flockes,
From greedy wolfe, or oft beguiling fox:
Let him but tune his notes, and you shall see
The wolfe abandon his rapacity,
And innocently trip and frisk among
Your wanton lambkins at his swanlike song;
Yea had the Thracian sung but half so well,
Hee had not left Euridice in hell,
Then rally swaine, astonish humane eyes,
And let thy Tavy high as Tyber rise.

IV.

ON THE SAME.

AN ODE.

FEARE not Willy, but goe on
With thy song of Dorydon,
Which will neer surpassed bee
By the best pipe in Arcady.
What though Roger of the plaines,
Hobinoll and other swaynes,
Joynd with Colin of the glen,
Perigot and other men,
Warble sweetly, thou when they
Sung on Pan's last holyday,
Wonst the chaplet which was made,
Hard by Tavy in a glade,
Walla, Marine, Fida too,
Doe thy lasting favour wooe:

The

The fountains god will rising bee,
From his waters to heare thee;
Hungring for thee makes us rave,
All shut up in Limos cave;
O bee thou the Redbreast, cherish
Those who but for thee would perish,
Or bee Triton who alone
Mayst remove the mighty stone,
Then in thine honour every shepheard shall
Keepe the day stricter than Pans festivall.

EDW. HALL, e Coll. Exon.

The two last poems are written in the same hand, and were probably therefore the composition of the same person.

V.

ON THE AUTHOR OF BRITANNIAS PEERLESSE PASTORALLS.

CEASE skilfull Orpheus, whose mellifluous straynes
Have earst made stones and trees skip ore the playnes,
A sweeter harmonye invites our eares
Than ere was sent from the celestiall spheeres:
Cleare Tavy now his silver head may rayse,
A shephearde of his owne can singe his prayse.
Sweet toung'd Arion strive not with such odds,
Thy song moved but the dolphins: his the godds.
O hadst

O hadst thou daignd to move thy sweeter toung,
The wolfe had stayd to hearken to thy songe;
Had Pans eares suckt the nectar of thy breath,
For thy sake Cælia had beene free from death,
But that the Fates denyde, as who should say
By Willys pen her fame shall live for aye:
Walla a garland will compose noe more,
To crowne her Tavyes temples as before;
But as to them that best deserve the prayse,
She'll give to thee the garland and the bayes,
And if a verse thy glorye may confine,
Thou sing'st Brittannias prayse, Brittannia thine.

Jo. DYNHAM, e Coll. Exon.

VI.

UPPON THE OCCASION OF READINGE THIS COMPLEET POEM.

TO THE AUTHOR W. BROWNE.

αυτοχεδιαστικον:

1.

CEASE, cease Pierian dames,
Be henceforth mute,
Leave of your wanton games,
Apollos lute
Hath crackt a stringe: it grates my eares,
'Tis harsh, as are the heavenly spheares:
List Willie sings and tunes his oaten reed,
To whom all hearts, all eares doe yield themsess: as meed.

Hearke,

2.

Hearke, hearke, the joylly (sic) lad
So sweetly sings,
The vales as proude, as glad
The murmuring springes:
Both joyne to tell the neighbour hills
That theres no musicke like to Willes.
Eccho enamoured one the pipinge swaine
Recovers (sylly wretch!) her voice, repeats each straine.

3.

The bucksome sheepheardesse
Hearke! ha! no more?
Ah! what unhappinesse
Wast left us poore,
Brereft by thy neglected songs
Of life, of joy! tell tell w^t^ wrongs
What sad disaster (Willie) is betide,
That we thy laies (not yet half done) should be denyed?

4.

What has some satyre rude,
Wode to those groves
His wily snares bestrewd
To catch your loves?
To tempt a credlous sheepheardesse,
Who crying out in her distresse,
Have made you breake or flinge your pipe away,
Oh no! your charmes would erst have made the monster stay.—

5.

Or is your pipe ybroke,
And 'twill not sounde?
Goe, goe unto the oake
By yonder mounde:

Take Colins pipe (there 't hangs) in hand,
Or if not that you may command
The whillome jolly swaine's PHILICIDES,
But ah your broken pipe will sound as well as these.

6.

Has subtell Reynard caught
A friskinge lambe,
Or the fearce woolfe distraught
The bleatinge dam?
And you by riffling of their folds,
Which to regaine your sport witholds,
Or has your lagginge ewe a lambkin yean'd,
Which makes you cease your notes, and midwifrie attend.

7.

Or did some sheepheards boy
(Thy layes are good,)
Nods head or pause and coy,
He understood,
Not that it which he did soe taunt
(If there were such) dull ignorant,
Or else despairinge ere to rise so high,
Would worke thee swaine from thy deserved supremacy.

8.

Did the round yesterday,
Which thou beganst
Soe merriely to play,
Thou them entraunct'st?
O did they rayse thy worth soe high,
And made thee blush for modestie:
Did they with garlands girt thy curled locks,
Cald thee fine piper while thou lookest all griefe for mocks,

And

9.

And w^d th' had wood thee too,
A second part,
Cause from their promisd vow
They gan to start:
In which th' hadst bound their seely swaine,
Nor to commend nor praise thy veine,
Yet when they did begin, and who could spare,
Thou cruell torst thy chaplets, and wouldst willow weare *.

10.

See cruell faire, see, see
Each sheapheards brow,
That wont to smile with glee,
Is tearswolne now;
And prisninge up their pearly wealth,
The straglinge drops get out by stealth,
Yet could they hope to win thee for their prize,
To finish up thy song theyde bankerupt all their eyes.

11.

The pretty birds were mute
To heare thee singe,
And see the shepheard youth
All wantonninge;
When having ceast thy noates all fitty,
They all reservd there mournful dittye:
Philomel fearinge tis her fate denyes,
Thy sweeter accents falls into thy breast and dyes.

* This seems to allude to some invidious attacks upon Browne, with which we are not acquainted; or perhaps "The *willow* worn, and the *cruel fair*," may intimate that it was a disappointment in love.

12.

The winds that erst were whist
Beginne to roare,
Each tree y' songes beinge mist,
Skreeks as before:
Each sproutinge pauncie in the meade
For greife begins to hang a head,
The weepinge brooke in grumblinge tones glide doune,
Dimples its once sleeke cheeks, and thanks you with a frowne.

13.

Come, come lets heare your skill,
Here say you can't,
W' are you angrie still,
By Pan you sha'nt.
Nere let your modestie deprive
Y' of what will keepe your name alive,
Whilst ore the curld-haird-Tavies flowery side
There does on shepheard lodge or seely sheepe abide.

14.

Oh let not nice conceit,
You are too younge,
That there are lads more feete
Ith shepheards thronge,
Who better able are distill
There soule in sonnets at their will,
If still to me you be obdurate then,
Let sheepe, birds, trees, winds, flowers, brooks, teach thee melt again.

SAM. HARDINGE,
E. Coll. Exon.

The

The above, though loaded with strange conceits and puerilities, has indication of poetical taste and feeling. I have no doubt but that this is the Samuel Harding of whom I find the following account in Wood :—

" Samuel Harding, son of Robert Harding, of Ipswich, in Suffolk, became sojourner of Exeter College, anno 1634, aged sixteen years, or thereabouts; took one degree in arts four years after, and wrote SICILY and MALTA, or the Faithful Union, a Tragedy, Oxon. 1640, in quarto, commended to the world by the verses of Robert Stapylton, B. A. of St. Alban's Hall, Nich. Downey, Richard Dodderidge, and A. Short, Bachelor of Arts, of Ex. Coll. John Hall, a civilian, St. Alban's Hall, Edw. Hall. M. A. of the said house, all the sons of Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Exeter. The said Tragedy was published by P. P. without the knowledge, as was pretended, of the authour, who afterwards became chaplain to a certain nobleman, and about the beginning, or in the heat of the civil war, departed this mortal life, as by Dr. Arth. Barry, his contemporary, I have been informed."

WOOD's Ath. Oxon. Ed. 1721,
V. ii. p. 17.

I have been induced to insert the above extract as corroborative of the opinion, that the Nich. Downey and Edw. Hall, there mentioned,

were the individuals whose signatures appear to these commendatory verses in honour of Browne, and whose autographs I possess.

VII.

TO THE NOW UNPARELLELED SYDNEY OF HIS TIME, W. B. THE INGENUOUS AUTHOR OF BRITTANNIA'S PASTORALS.

PLAY on thy pipe new lessons, Willy strike
More such as these which may each shepheard like,
And if it chaunce Thetys doe once againe
Visit our coasts, bee thou the elected swayne,
To greet her with thy layes, let her admire
The varying accents of thy matchlesse lyre,
And so affect thee for thy poems sake,
Adopt thee hers, and thee her usher make,
But leave us not, blithe swayne, let Tavys streame
Leave of to murmurre listning to thy theame,
Lest thy sweet layes so great effect obtayne,
As here on land, so there upon the mayne,
As lasses here admired thy matchlesse verse,
So there the sea-nimphs still thy praise rehearse,
Twixt both a great contention it will breed,
Who hath most interest in thyne oaten reed,
Which harder will appeased bee then theires
Who strove to bee esteemed the blind bards heires:
Those claime thee theires in that thou dost forsake
Thy native cotes, and there thy mansion make:
The lambkins heere did friske to heare thee play,
Lesse nourished by theire grasse than with thy lay;

So

So would the dolphins then attend thy song,
And none left Triton whom to ride upon,
Which might incense him seeing one the frye,
And vaster sholes pressing to come most nye,
To heare thy melody, and to refuse
His trumpets sounds, to which they still did use
Before to thronge to pry thee do not come,
But sweetly pipen at thy native home,
Continue still with us, and let our vales
Reverberate in eccho thy sweet tales.

CHR. GEWEN, e Coll. Exon.

The next Poem is an Ode, evidently written in the same hand, but with the signature of B. N. and the following lines prefixed:—

VIII.

AN ODE

ENTREATING HIM TO PROCEED IN THE CONTINUATION OF HIS BRITTANNIAS PASTORALS.

WILLY see but how the swaines
Mourne thy silence on the plaines,
And do sadly pace along,
Cause they cannot heare thy song;
Roget grieves: these notes would heare,
Faine which ravishd earst his eare,
And to hear thy song alway
In his prison would he stay,

With most willingness then bee
Deprived thereof, though set free.
He and Cuddy, that blith swayne,
Whose flockes feed on yonder playne,
Would bee glad their skill to trye
At your opportunitye,
And though sent to bee one tome,
They would undergoe thy doome,
And bee glad to yeeld to thee,
To whom is due all victorye,
Tis their wish each place could tell,
Thy conquests like Saint Dunstanes well,
And that thy pipe would sound so well,
As't whilome did in thicke same dell;
Dorydon mourns 'cause his sweet
Guided is not by thy feet,
To her haven of wisht joy,
But is left to all annoy
By thy crueltye, he feares
Least by this shee's drownd in teares:
Old swaines would dye, could they have
Thee but write upon theire grave
Sith affoored thou wilt not all
Once to heare thy pastorall.
Each shepheardesse doth lament,
Cause thou art theire discontent,
And had it been another lad
Which theire wakes thus hindred had,
Theyd reveng it, and with speed
Discard his silent oaten reed,
But thy former layes have got
Thee praises neer to bee forgot,
Therefore they forbeare to spoyle
Thy pipe which hath given the foyle

To

To opposers: nor would bee
Cruell to thy pipe or thee.
All the swaines are yonder sate
On the hillocke, and are mete,
To celebrate Pans festivall
With some pleasing madigrall,
But theyre dumb, and so will bee,
Lesse that thou augment their glee,
For their customes at this feast,
Here mongst shepheards that the best
Must begin, and then each one
Follows till they all have done.
Why dost then thy musique linger,
And suppresse theires? they would singer
Wiilingly their pipes, they stay
But till thou thy lesson play.
Hye thee, Willye, hye apace,
With all speed to the place
Where the shepheards are set round,
Wayting there till thy pipe sound,
At thy tuning, when thy lay
Thou hast ended, they will play,
For which art brave Thetys shall
Crowne with praise thy madrigall,
And Pan himselfe shall always bee
A patron to thy muse and thee,
When that he knowes in this her matchleste lay,
Thy muse keepes his, not her own holyday.

B. N.

TO

IX.

TO THE AUTHOUR, W. B.

R IVERS be silent, peace you muses nine,
O rpheus be dumbe, for now no praise is thine;
B end all your eares unto Britannia's peere,
E ver be praising, nere to praise him feare;
R ight as the painters garnish with theire sable
T heir brighter colours in a curious table.
T ime so will place thee in the shield of fame,
A s chiefe of men t' immortalize thy name;
Y et why should I with rude rimes seeke to raise thee,
L et every sonnet in thy pastorals praise thee;
O dasht Apollo, hide thy face for shame,
R ender to shepheards henceforth all the fame.

E. Coll. Exon.

The above acrostic is succeeded by two quotations from the Shepheard's Calendar of Spenser, applied in compliment to Browne, and at the bottom is inscribed in the above Robert Taylor's hand,

Sic ignorans cecinit. Edm. Spencer.

Then follows,

X.

ON THE AUTHOR, W. B.

SHAL I implore the muses nine
To grace with sweetes my ruder line,
When all the art the muses cann
Are sweetely sung within this spann?
Or shal I invocate great Pann
To tune the song thy pipe best cann?
Pann swore to me the ether day
He broke his pipe, and ran to heare thy lay.
Apollo lend thy sacred quill,
That I may chant a note more shrill.
Alas! Apollos drownd in teares,
To see a god oer rule his spheares;
Lets see what golden Spenser cann,
Hees dead, and thou the living mann:
The godde I see can weare no bayes
But what is pluckt from thy bright layes;
If Pann a song more smoother sings,
Tis cause twas dipt in Tavies springs.

RO. TAYLER, Exon. Coll.

It is here to be observed, that the author of the above lines, in his acrostic, writes himself Taylor, with an o; here we find it with an e.

TO

XI.

TO THE UNPARALLELED AUTHOR OF THE SEQUENT POEMS, W. B.

The word " worthy" was added before *unparalleled*, but is erased.

HAILE Albions swaine, whose worthy brow those bayes
G'en to the victor in Pans pastoral playes,
Ere since thy pipes first birth have bound, whose toungue
Our loves on once lovd Syrinx freely sounge,
When mountains heads and storm wrongd shrubs did cast
Theyre long shades westward, and when shepheards hast,
To 'nbed their pended * flocks, how ofte amonge
The various sonnets of a neighbouring thronge
Hast thou enchanted with a strong desire,
To learne thy accents great Sylvanus quire,
Who like younge infants willing to obtaine
Their nurses dialect and perfect straine,
Labored a repetition; heare the thrush
Stroove with his whistell; in next bordring bush,
Shrouded about, was the small redbreast set,
With listning eares, and unwiling to lett
Nought passe turned eccho to thy tunes, above
The soring larke did meditating move
Her gutling tounge, but each in vaine, at last
Though out of tune, proud Philomels distast,
To heare a rivall did dispose the choice
Of natrall notes into an artlike voice,
Thy heavenly harmonie sounding below
Among the vales, the river gods did draw

* Doubtless for " penned."

Above

Above theyre streames shaking their silver haire,
Then lifted up the anthumes seemed more rare,
Rap'd with such musicke theire cold monarchie
Abandoned straight, they mounted up on hie,
There stood attentive all, as if uppon
Parnassus topp, Apollos station,
Hee harping lay, and with smooth Mercurie
Had shared the spheares by better melodie;
Thus long in admiration of both layes,
They gave the sentence, thou obtainest the praise,
And with insinuation did entreat
That Tavies banckes myght be thy frequent seat:
They had theire will, thou yealdst a loth consent,
Thy windes must calme theire swelling element,
And heare the water nymphes eer since that time,
Wee hindes remembering thy mellifluous rime,
Covett to drive our cheretie flockes alonge.
That crystall lake to heare thy wonted songe,
That song which metamorphosed raping bares,
And trained the crafty fox into her snares,
The happier fates had favoured faire Marine,
Had thy lipps wood for her her Celadine,
If Rennard could persuade as thou canst move,
Had changd to hate that beauties disdaind love,
Nor had the labor of a deity
Needed to quicken her mortality,
Thy charming voice had don 't, for thy songs sake
Caron had wherried from the Stygian lake
Againe her ghost, nor hath thy peerlesse verse
Don lesse, thou must immortalize thy herse,
Thoust quite forsook Pans sports, the more the griefe,
His joy the more, thou absent, he's the chiefe;
Weeve lost thy fellowship, not lost thy fame,
We'll teach our children to adore thy name.

When

When as our Cornish or Devonian swaines
Still sport among their lamkins on the plaines,
Or celebrate their festivalls, wee'll raise
Our old reed once to Pans, twice to thy praise;
And when great Jove thy soul angelicall
Shall summon us to singe thy madrigall,
Our * shall want their tallow, but we'll burn
Continual candels on thy lasting urne.

NICH. DOWNEY,
Coll. Exon.

XII.

IDEM AD EUNDEM.

AN ODE.

I HEARDE the mountaine gods complaine,
Sweet Willy thou neglects thy straine,
And that thou wouldst not blesse againe
Thy fellow swaine.

The sisters did bewaile,
That hee whose notes did oft assaile
Apollos skill, yea did prevaile,
Their art disdaines.

What if some forward stub-chind boy
Takes upp a reed, and dos employ
His artlesse lipps, can this annoy
Thy sweeter song?

* I am not able to make out in the manuscript what word is here intended.

Could

Could thy exactnesse brooke a foile,
Without disparagement; their soile
Commends thy tounge more smoothe than oile,
Our sports amonge.

Great Pan eer since thou wentst away,
Has mist the glories of his day,
No shepheard dares begin a lay
To honor him.

Behold how all our joyes do turne
To sadnesse, see hot sighs which burne
Our brests, look how our swolne eyes mourne
And weepe till drie.

Our crooks are trailed along the ground,
Our pipes grow dumb, or sadly sound,
No flowrie chaplets eer hath crownd,
Since thine a browe.

Each shepheardesse as in despaire,
Mean more to be proclaimed faire,
T' fitt time to trim her fluent haire
Doth scarce allow.

Our lambs doe leave to skipp about,
And ape their dames sad pace throughout,
The hills with woes, as if they doubt
Securitie.

Now thou art absent, whose smooth reed
Did in the woulfs and tigers breed
A nature tame, and thus them freed
From crueltie.

Each

Each muse, godd, sheep, and shepheards all,
Joyn in the art thy madrigall,
For Pans sake at thy festivall
Renew thy straines.

Why should that spright which sored so hie
Above the ken of emulous eye,
Eer Doridon be finishd die,
And shun our playnes.

N. D. Ex. Coll.

The concluding complimentary poem is by an anonymous hand, and signed PERIGOT. It requires not my praise, nor any apology for its insertion. I must esteem myself fortunate in having been the accidental instrument of its preservation.

ON THE AUTHOR OF BRITTANIAS MATCHLESSE (THOUGH UNFINISHT) PASTORALS.

1.

LOOKE how the dying swan on Tagus shore,
Singing a lullaby to her last sleepe,
Tyes to her golden tongue the leaping ore,
And bindes th' ashamed water nymphs to keepe
Eternall silence, whilst the dumbe waves stay,
And dare not with their murmuring pebles play,
Or through the whistling rushes take their wonted way.

Looke

2.

Looke how the gentle breath of southerne gales,
Buzzing their tunes amongst the querulous reedes,
Or whispering musicke to the sounding vales,
In all the aery nation envy breedes,
And into sleepe the lazy groomes doth rocke,
Or calls th' amazed sheapheard from his flocke,
And prompts the strayning eccho of the neigbouring rocke.

3.

So sate our noble Willy, happy swayne,
With peerelesse songs incroaching sorrow drowning,
And Tavyes curled locks (who danc't amaine
Unto his pipe) with bayes immortall crowning,
The whilst the woods their leafy heads inclined,
In listening wise, and mixt their envious winde
With those more heavenly aires which in his voyce they finde.

4.

Once when the jolly lad began a lay,
Of his Marina's fate, the wondring route
Of neighbouring swaynes, leaving their wonted play,
Ran to incircle their new Pan about,
Where growne forgetful of theire former care,
Although they fed on nought but his sweet ayre,
Vowd that the quintessence of nectar was their fare.

5.

And as their captive soules were chained unto
The charming pipe; when they it least suspected,
The smiles and winkes which forth did steale, would show
How much that loved sound they all respected,
And all amased in a deep extasy
Would sweare he was some chorister of the sky,
Or (though their eyes sayd no) Phœbus owne deity.

6.

Each peerelesse nymph that baths her dewy curls
In too too happy Tavyes chrystall waves,
Into the singing ecchoing champion hurles,
And there our Willyes head with flowers embraves,
Robs her own bankes, and decks a coronet
With blushing roses and the violet,
Which on the head of her admired swayne is set.

7.

The merry emulous songsters of the wood
In silence listened to his better song,
And the soft murmurs of the bubbling flood
(Which seemed to laugh as he did ride along)
Presumed to beare the burthen of his lay,
The whilst the jocund satyres all would say
They were not half so blest even on Pan's holyday.

8.

But midst these thankful shouts and signes of joy,
Whilst all expect to see a happy close,
Upon the sudden starts the peevish boy,
And runs away in haste as from his foes:
Nor can our speaking sighs, and begging teares,
Nor all our prayers and plaints he daily heares,
Or melt his stubborn heart, or banish his vain feares.

9.

So, when as Philomel her haplesse fate
Unto the tell-tale eccho doth bemoane,
The whilst some envious bough presents in hate
A dagger to her breast, and there is none
That praises not her musicks heavenly grace,
The bashful bird with leaves doth vaile her face,
Or to her shrowd and tombe some thicket, flyes apace.

And

10.

And now he hauntes the woodes and silent groves,
(Poore lad) and teaches silence to the windes,
H' as now forgot our sports and harmlesse loves,
Ah can such deeds agree with heavenly mindes;
Great flakes of moss, bred in some silent cave,
Stop his pipes mouth, and now his spirit leave,
Now a dead soule entombed within a living grave.

11.

But Willy boy, let not eternall sleepe
Captive thy sprightly muse; so shall we all
Rejoice at her new life, and henceforth keepe
Unto thy name a yearly festivall;
May shee but impe * her wings with thy blest pen,
And take her wonted flight, heaven says Amen,
The musicke of the spheares shall nere be heard agen.

12.

So may a sun shine day smile on our sports,
So may the pretty lambs live free from harme,
So may the tender lasse that here resorts,
Nere feele the clownish winds cold boisterous arm.
As we do love thee Willy, as we all
Do wistly for thy peereless musick call,
And as we plat for thee a matchlesse coronall.

PERIGOT.

Browne appears to be one of those early poets who have not had sufficient justice rendered to their memory; yet that he was held in high estimation by his cotemporaries, is sufficiently evi-

* To impe is a term in hawking, signifying to "graff a feather in a hawk's wing into the stump of one before broken."

dent, as well from the verses which I have had it in my power to present to the reader, written, I presume, by his fellow-collegians, as from the complimentary poems prefixed to the first and second editions of his works. Among them we find the names of Michael Drayton, Selden, John Davies, of Hereford, Glanville, Withers, Ben Jonson, and others of distinction.

Considering the time at which he wrote, there is great sweetness and harmony in Browne's versification. Specimens will be found by those who may not possess this poet's works, in Hayward's British Muse, Headley's Compilation, and in the elegant volumes of Mr. Ellis. I forbear inserting any other than the following short apostrophe, taken by chance, and subjoined merely in vindication of the merit which I have imputed to Browne.

SING on sweet muse, and whilst I feed mine eyes
Vpon a jewell and unvalued prize,
As bright a starre, a dame as faire, as chaste
As eye beheld, or shall till natures last
Charme her quick senses, and with raptures sweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet,
And if her gracefull tongue admire one straine,
It is the best reward my pipe would gaine:
In lieu whereof in laurell-worthy rymes,
Her love shall live untill the end of times,
And spite of age the last of dayes shall see
Her name embalmed in sacred poesie.

There are not many passages even in Pope much more mellifluous.

As I happen to have the first and second editions before me, I notice the following variation:

In the first edition, at the end of the first book, where the shepherds present to their mistresses, the one his dog, the second his pipe, the third a pair of gloves, &c. &c. and the ninth shepherd presents a shepherd's hook, and the tenth a comb. The lines which accompany these presents, are inserted in a shepherd's hook and comb, as are the lines which immediately precede, where a heart is presented inscribed in a circle, on the top of which is also a heart. This singularity does not appear in any of the subsequent editions.

I HAVE made so very limited a progress in my proposed plan, and have already occupied so large a portion of my concluding volume, that I feel myself under the necessity of imposing a restraint upon my inclinations. I must satisfy myself with exhibiting such articles, as appear more immediately to merit attention, and excite interest, from their relative rarity and value.

Whether the following book is in any other hands than those of Mr. Payne, to whom I am indebted for the use of it, I know not; I certainly never heard of any other copy. It must be very uncommon, as in all probability many copies were destroyed, for the *godly men* of the author's time were so exasperated against him for writing it, that he was imprisoned and tried for his life on account of it.

SONGS AND POEMS OF LOVE AND DROLLERY, by T. W. Printed in the Year 1654. 12mo.

The author of the above was Thomas Weaver, a native of Worcester, and a member of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1633. He was ejected from a minor canonry in Christ Church by the Parliamentary visitors, and, as Wood says, was obliged to shift from place to place, and live upon his wits.

wits. Of these last, this book is the only remaining specimen that I know of. Among other things, it contains a ballad to the tune of Chevy Chace, of which the title is, "ZEAL OVERHEATED, or Relation of a lamentable Fire which happened in Oxford in a religious Brother's shop, who though he laboured in all men's vocations, yet were his trades fewer than his tricks to fetch over the wicked, that he might afford the godly a better pennyworth."

This, with some others, gave great offence to the godly, and Weaver was apprehended and tried as a seditious person. He seems, however, to have had a judge of a very different temperament from the wretch who tried Savage, and he was acquitted. He was afterwards counted as a royalist and a wit, and on the King's Restoration "was made exciseman for Leverpoole, in Lancashire;" a higher station, probably, at that period, than at the present. He wrote a number of fugitive pieces on the popular collections of the day, but died prematurely, as Wood seems to intimate, the victim of irregularity.

I select the following specimens from this very curious little volume.

A SONG IN PRISON.

I AM no captive I, I find
My soul still free and unconfined,
And though my body have the doom
To be caged up in a close room,
Yet since my minde is guiltlesse, this
No bondage, nor no thraldome is.

Let such for captives truely go
Whose guilty souls do make them so,
When numerous crimes linkt and combined,
Like ponderous chains fetter the mind,
When thoughts are black and gloomy, this
True bondage and true thraldome is.

But when a spotlesse innocence
Shall witness that no foul offence
But loyalty unto my king
Caused my restraint, who will not bring
A testimony straight, that this
No bondage, nor no thraldome is.

TO SYLVIA,

ON A BRACELET OF HER HAIR.

KNOW Sylvia, that your curious twist,
Which charms my heart, and decks my wrist,
On which I gaze so oft, and pay
Thousands of kisses every day,

Is not so much my love and care,
Cause tis composed of your hair,
And yet it truly may be sed
Sunbeams are wove of courser thred,
Nor do I therefore likt so much,
Because I find the art is such,
That if Arachne, when she strove
With Pallas, the like web had wove,
She had her skill and art oercome,
And gained a triumph, not her doom.
No Sylvia, I the truth will tell,
I do not therefore lik't so well,
Because it is the hair and art,
But that it is thy gift, dear heart.

I beg to be understood, that I have been thus particular on the subject of this volume, on account of its extreme rarity only; though the above specimens are by no means contemptible.

THE LOYAL GARLAND,

Or a choice Collection of Songs highly in Request, and much esteemed in the past and present Times; made by divers ingenious Persons, on sundry Occasions, for the Sake of Merryment, and sung with great Applause, as being the Flower of Collection and Rarity.

The fifth Edition, with Additions.

Licensed August the 18th, 1686. R. P.

Within a wreath, on one side of which is the King's Portrait, with the initials C. R. and on the other the Portrait, as I should presume, of Monk, having the letters G. M. and quotations from 1 Pet. ii. 17, and from Proverbs xxiv. 21.

At the bottom,

London: printed by J. R. for T. Passinger, at the Three Bibles on London Bridge. 1686.

From this collection I transcribe the following songs, which seem in themselves worth preserving, and which I do not remember to have met with elsewhere.

The book itself is in the valuable collection of my friend, Francis Freeling, Esq; and is not improbably unique.

THE

THE SAYLORS DELIGHT.

CALM, calm, the day, the storm is o're,
That lately roared so loud,
And we have reached the happy shore
Without a broken shroud;
Our tackle fixed well was, and true,
To bear the strongest wind,
Our ship tumultuous waves cut through,
And did safe passage find.

The deep in vain has spent its rage,
Lightning and thunders cease,
Now we have gained the weather gage,
And live in wealth and peace;
Fight on you winds, no more we fear
The danger of a storm,
True loyalty to 'ts post will steer,
Though dangers round her swarm.

THE CONTEST.

BEAUTY and Love once fell at odds,
And thus reviled each other,
Quoth Love I am one of the gods,
And thou waitst on my mother;
Thou hadst no power on man at all,
But what I gave to thee,
Nor are you longer sweet or fair,
Than men acknowledge me.

Away

Away fond boy, then Beauty cry'd,
We know that thou art blind,
And men of nobler parts they can
Our graces better find;
Twas I begot the mortal snow
And kindled mens desires,
I made thy quiver and thy bow,
And wings to fan thy fires.

Cupid in anger flung away,
And thus to Vulcan prayd,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish his proud maid:
So ever since has Beauty been
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is held a sin
Gainst Cupid and his power.

GOOD ADVICE *.

GATHER your rose-buds whilst you may,
For time is still a flying,
And that same flower which grows to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer is to setting.

* These words have been set to music by many composers, and among others by Dr. Nares.

That

That age is best that is the first,
Whilst youth and blood are warmer;
But being fled, grows worse and worse,
And ill succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but spend your time,
And whilst you may, go marry;
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

UPON PASSIONATE LOVE.

No man loves fiery passion can approve,
As yeelding either pleasure or promotion,
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.

Besides, man need not love unless he please,
No destiny can force mans disposition,
How then can any dye of that disease,
When as himself may be his own physician?

Some one perhaps in long consumption dry'd,
And after falling into love, may dye,
But I dare lay my life he nere had dy'd,
Had he been healthy at the heart as I.

Some others rather than incur the slander
Of false apostates, may true martyrs prove,
But I am neither IPHIS nor LEANDER,
I'll neither hang nor drown myself for love.

Yet

Yet I have been a lover by report,
And I have dyd for love as others do,
But praised be Jove, it was in such a sort,
That I revived within one hour or two.

Thus have I lov'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And know no reason to repent me yet,
And he that any otherwise shall do,
His courage is no better than his wit.

THE HUSBANDMAN AND SERVING-MAN.

1.

WELL met my friend, upon the highway walking on,
So sad all alone,
I pray you tell to me, of what science you be,
Or are you a Serving-man?

2.

Oh my brother deer, why dost thou inqueer
Any such thing at my hand?
I will not fain, but chill tell thee plain,
I am a plain Husbandman.

3.

If a Husbandman you be, if you will go with me,
You shall find alteration then,
For I will bring you in a very short time,
Where you may be a Serving-man.

Good

4.

Good Sir, che give you thanks for your great diligence,
Zimple though here I do stand:
But yet I do mean with my plough and my team
Still to be a Husbandman.

5.

We have pleasure like a king, we ride a hunting,
With our goodly greyhounds many a one,
Our horns all arow, their measures for to blow,
Oh tis pleasure for a Serving-man.

6.

We have pleasure more than that, to see our oxen vat,
Not under their loads for to stand,
But to labour and take pain, to bring in our gain,
Oh tis pleasure for a Serving-man.

7.

A Serving-man doth eat
The best meat that he can get,
His pig, goose, capon, and his swan,
Thereto his pasties fine,
With sack and claret wine,
Oh tis diet for a Serving-man.

8.

As for pig, goose, and capon,
Give me good beef and bacon,
With butter and cheese among,
And in a country-house,
Vat pudding and zouse,
Thats diet for a Husbandingman.

A Serving-

9.

A Serving-man's behaviour
Brings him into favour,
When he waits his master's table upon,
There is never a knight nor squire
That lives in all the shire,
But he must have a Serving-man.

10.

If a Serving-man you were,
Then need you not to care
For tilling or ploughing of your land,
For then you may go gay,
And wear brave aray,
Oh tis habit for the Serving-man.

11.

As for your gay Repparel,
Zir, this is not quarrel,
That you and I do stand upon:
But fain would I know,
If that thou canst me show,
What pleasure hath a Serving-man.

12.

A Serving-man's pleasure
Is without his measure,
When the hawk is his fist upon,
To see what haste he will make,
His game for to take,
Oh tis pleasure for a Serving-man.

We

13.

We have pleasure also,
To see our corn grow,
And prosper the land upon,
And to get it in our barns,
Free from any harms,
Oh 'tis pleasure for a Husbandingman.

14.

Indeed Sir, it were bad,
If none were to be had,
To tend the table upon,
But there's neither emperour nor king,
Nor any living,
Can live without the Husbandingman.

15.

Indeed I must confess,
And grant you no less,
And give you the upper hand,
Your labour is painful,
But yet it is gainful,
I would I were a Husbandingman.

16.

Then let us all,
Both great and small,
Pray for the peace of old England,
And that we may ever
Do our endeavour,
Still to maintain the Husbandman.

SONG.—81.

A NEW LOVE-SONG.

1.

TAKE heed, bold lover, do not look
Upon my Cloris eyes,
For every dart is tipt with death,
That from her glances flyes.

2.

Nor do not think to save thyself
From dangers or from harms,
By any vertues from her smiles,
Or with her secret charms.

3.

Love hath commanded her to cure
None other heart but mine,
There is no hope that she can be
So mercyful to thine.

4.

For though her eyes be murtherers,
She has reserved for me
A balsam in her coral lips
Gives perpetuity.

BISHOP BEDELL.

THIS personage is sufficiently known as a most accomplished scholar, and exemplary head of the church; but I no where find mention made of his poetical endowments. Yet Burnet tells us, that besides the following piece, which I am about to describe, Bishop Bedell wrote many others, in the style and manner of Spenser, which, when he was imprisoned by the Irish rebels in the castle of Lochwater, fell into the hands of the Irish.

This poem is entitled,

A PROTESTANT MEMORIAL; or, the Shepherd's Tale of the Powder Plot; a Poem, in Spenser's style. Written by the Right Reverend Dr. Bedell, Lord Bishop of Kilmore, in Ireland. Published from an original Manuscript found among the papers of the late Dr. Dillingham, Master of Emanuel College, in Cambridge. 8vo. J. Roberts. 1713.

The following commendatory verses, by Bishop Hall, are prefixed, and are certainly worth preserving.

IN AUTOKEM.

Willy, thy rhythms so sweetly run and rise,
And answer nightly to thy tuneful reed,
That (so mought both our fleecy cares succeed)
I ween (nor is it any vaine device)
That Collin dying, his immortal muse
Into thy learned breast did late infuse.

Thine be his verse, not his reward be thine,
Ah me! that after unbeseeming care,
And secret want, which bred his last misfare,
His relickes dear, obscurely tombed lie
Under unwritten stones, that who goes by
Cannot once read, *Lo here doth* Collin *lie.*

Not all the shepherds of his calender,
Yet learned shepherds all, and seen in song,
Theire deepest layes and ditties deep among,
More lofty song did ever make us leer,
Then this of thine. Sing oh thy task shall be
To follow him while others follow thee.

JOS. HALL.

By Collin, Spenser is intended; but the intimation that he died from want, is incorrect, as sufficiently appears from Mr. Todd's account of that poet. The Powder Plot is in the form of a dialogue between two shepherds, Willy and Thenot, and it open thus:—

WILLY.

WILLY.

COME jolly shepherd, let us pipe and play,
Such cause of mirth we never had before,
We have escaped from the darkest day
That ever lowered on the British shore.

THENOT.

Willy, what means this ferly speech of thine,
What might the danger be that was so dern,
Our dearest flocks been free from death and pine,
Or hath some wicked woolf or beast more stern,
As beare or boare, been spied in halk or hern?
But if false foxes be that would us shend,
We have true currs that shall them well defend.

WILLY.

Nay but our faithful currs had small availed,
To seely sheep a shepherds self defence,
If highest Gods own watchful ey had faild,
Faire to foresee our cruel foes pretense.

THENOT.

What cruel foes? thou dost but jest I see,
For by the mind of man was nere I ween,
This lond from fear of every foe so free,
Nor in the raigne of the late maiden queen,
For if no warrs among us then were seen,
Yet did our English blood the warrs maintain
Beyond the seas in Flanders, France, and Spain.
Art not avisd what stirr was in our town,
Tho when the camp lay at Tilbury,
What running, what riding was up and down.

Thou wert a sorry lad, tho when I
With others mo drank the wells dry,
We marched thitherward in such hote hast,
High God what sweet a thing is danger past.
The Spanyard had yween orecome this land,
And with their cruel whips our sides to teare,
Theire great Armada might not be withstood,
Ah noble Drake, thou shewdst thyself there,
In evil houer their ships enanchored were,
Tofore Calice sometimes English ground,
Thro thy device there little ease they found.
But sooth to say Godes power was all in all,
And not device of man that wrought the feat,
The winds and seas he to our help did call,
And with a frowning look from that high seate,
Whence all he sees, he quelled their boistrous threat,
Then did the shepherds dance, and pipe, and play,
And yearly still I keep it holiday.
Now thankt be God and good King Jamies reign,
All warrs be done I hope for many yeares,
The Golden Age I ween returns again,
That shall the plow-shares lay with steely speares,
And smiths turn swords to sickles. Who that heares
Great Britains mighty well renowned name,
But needs mought quake and tremble at the same.

Willy then proceeds with the narrative of the catastrophe of the Popish Plot, giving a long detail of the origin, establishment, progress, and profligacy of the papal power. But of the poem I have already given a sufficient specimen.

The

The title-page informs us, that the following poem was found among the papers of the learned Dr. William Dillingham, Master of Emanuel College, Cambridge. I know no particulars of this Gentleman, but accident has thrown in my way a Funeral Sermon on the very justly celebrated Mr. Gataker, editor of Antoninus, and author of numerous and profoundly learned works. To this Sermon are annexed various verses in Latin and English, commendatory of Gataker, and among them a copy by this Dr. Dillingham, of sufficient elegance to merit a place here.

IN FUNERE THOMÆ GATAKERI, S. T. B.
Viri doctissimi,
Octogenarii Vegeti et venerandi Senis.

QUALITER ales arabs longæ pertæsa senectæ,
Et cupiens vitam morte parare novam,
Undique congesto pretiosa in funera thure,
Ardet in optato victima grata rogo.
Sic inter sacros famæ et virtutis odores,
Exuvias ponis tu GATAKERE tuas,
Spiritus eluso tumulo remeavit ad astra,
Circumfert nomen fama per ora virum.
Tu, magnus quoties evolvitur ANTONINUS,
Scilicet a doctis usque legere viris,
Non tua sat tristi deflerem funera versu,
Sufficeret totas si mihi CAMUS aquas.
Ast aliqua volui cineres tibi spargere gutta,
Hanc tibi non ficti pignus amoris habe.

G. DILLINGHAMUS, T. B.
Coll. Eman. Præf.

I have often been of opinion, that a curious volume might be compiled of the fugitive poetical pieces of men eminent in various branches of learning and science, but not known or distinguished as poets. It is pleasing to see the grave philosopher, profound scholar, and subtle critic, descend from their lofty stations, to cull a few transient flowers in the gardens of the muses. I do not think it unbecoming in itself, or incompatible with my plan, to gather such as may happen to cross my way, and present them to my readers. With this impression, I subjoin a poetical production of this same most learned Thomas Gataker, who certainly was one of the greatest scholars of his day, but from whom we do not expect much zeal for the charms, or much attention to the graces of poetry.

I much question whether there is any other poetical composition to be produced from the same pen.

A PIOUS EPIGRAM OF MR. GATAKER.

Presumed to be his, both because it is a just expression of the intimate frame of his soul, and because it is found written with some alterations of the words by his own hand, and that not long before his end, as appears by the spelling.

I THIRST

I THIRST for thirstiness; I weep for tears,
Well pleas'd I am to be displeased thus,
The onely thing I fear is want of fears,
Suspecting I am not suspicious.
I cannot choos but live because I die,
And when I am not ded, how glad am I.

Yet when I am thus glad for sens of pain,
And careful am, lest I should careless be,
Then do I griev for being glad again,
And fear lest carelessness take care of me.
Amidst these restless thoughts this rest I find,
For those that rest not here, ther's rest behind.

The above is inserted as a sort of literary curiosity, and to prove that one of the wisest men and greatest scholars in the world, when writing verse, imperceptibly, as it were, was induced to use the quaint and uncouth style and phraseology of his time.

WARM BEER.

THE following I preserve from its whimsicality. It is taken from "A TREATISE OF WARM BEER, wherein is declared by many reasons, that Beer so qualified is farre more wholesome than that which is drunk cold."

Cambridge: Printed by R. D. for Henry Overton, and are to be sold at his shop, in Pope's Head-Alley, near Lombard-Street, in London. 24mo. (No date.)

IN COMMENDATION OF WARM BEER.

WE care not what stern grandsires now can say,
Since reason doth and ought to bear the sway.
Vain grandames saysaws ne'r shall make me think
That rotten teeth come most by warmed drink.
No grandsire no; if you had us'd to warm
Your mornings draughts, as I do, farre lesse harm
Your raggie lungs had felt; not half so soon,
For want of teeth to chew, you'd us'd the spoon.
Grandame, be silent now, if you be wise,
Lest I betray your skinking niggardize.

I wot

I wot well you no physick ken, nor yet
The name and nature of the vitall heat.
Twas more to save your fire, and fear that I
Your pewter cups should melt or smokifie,
Then skill or care of me, which made you swear,
God wot, and stamp to see me warm my beer.
Though grandsire growl, though grandame swear, I hold
That man unwise that drinks his liquor cold.

SIR THOMAS ROE.

THE following specimen of poetical composition, by Sir Thomas Roe, I believe to be the only production of the kind from that distinguished personage. It is taken from the commendatory verses subjoined to a very rare tract, by Richard Stock, which is mentioned in another part of this work.

TO THE LIVING MEMORY OF THE LATE AND LAST

SIR JOHN HARINGTON, KNIGHT, LORD HARINGTON, BARON OF EXETER.

TO THE BOOKE.

GOE and speake truth; it is thy office now
Not onely to informe our lines, but how
By rare examples miracles agree,
With praises and with precepts; this was hee,
His praise will not dishonor simple truth,
To say but what he was, and but a youth.

TO THE WORLD.

If thou wert all dull earth, I should beleeve
Thou hadst no sence to feel, nor soule to greeve,
But O thou art composd of sutler parts,
And seest thy loss engraven in our hearts.
The purest part of all thou art (alas!
How fraile art thou then) was as fraile as grass.

TO

TO ENGLAND.

Thou hast beene beaten many thousand yeares
With seas, and yet art safe, but o' our teares
Will more endaunger thee: he was in thee
The land, thou the sea; where such men bee
Beaten with rage of changes; yet they stand
Safe in themselves, and fix'd as any land.

TO HIS MOTHER AND SISTERS.

Rather than tell how good he was, I will
Perswade you to forget; yet weepe your fill
For such a sonne, O death, and such a brother
Is rare as heavens great eye, that hath no other.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

To all that vertue love I doe commend
This title; it was alone to be his friend
And good; who hath no claime and title now,
He doth not live, but vertue disavow,
And yet he had one nearer than the rest,
He lived at houshould with him; we at feast.

TO THE ARTS.

Joy he is gon; he would haue diu'd into
Your deepest secrets, and your knots undo,
As unknowen tricks discouer'd easy deeme,
He would to us reduce you: not esteeme.

TO RELIGION.

What hast thou lost, O sacred misterie,
Thy nurse, and yet thy childe, he did not die,
To thee, of all the rest, he was aliue,
Thy martyr, and now dead, he doth more thrive

In

In thee, O no: his state takes no increase,
Full of the ioies of God, he liues in peace.

TO DEATH.

Poor uncreated nothing; to contend
To make all things like thee, yet misse thy end,
Canst thou hold him one houre, O enuious death,
Or touch his last yet euerlasting breathe?
O no: that fled where thou shalt neur come,
Though here a while, thou triumph on his toombe.

THOMAS ROE, KNIGHT.

FROM EMBLEMS OF LOVE.

BY PH. AYRES, ESQ.

CUPID to CHLOE weeping.

A SONNET *.

SEE whilst thou weepst, fair Chloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee;
The chearful birds no longer sing,
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing;
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower,
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs speak their woe,
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares,
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastick nymph, that grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against love.
Strange tears! whose power can soften all
But that dear breast on which they fall.

* These lines are also in Prior's poems. This volume of Emblems has no date. Quere, who was the original author?

GEORGE.

GEORGE BUCK.

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL account of this George Buck, or, as it is there spelt, Buc, is given in Mr. Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica, p. 146.

I have before me both editions of his poem, which are so scarce as to merit notice.

The first is,

Δαφνις πολυστεφανος. An Eclog treating of Crownes and of Garlands, and to whom of right they appertaine. Addressed and consecrated to the Kings Majestie. By G. B. Knight.

Quod maximum et optimum esse dicitur oportet esse vnum. ex Arist. Top. li. 7.

At London, printed by G. Eld, for Thomas Adams. 1605. Quarto.

The second edition, according to Ritson, was published "by some fellow" who assumed Buck's name. It is called,

THE GREAT PLANTAGENET, or a continued succession of that Royall name, from Henry the Second to our Soveraigne King Charles. By Geo. Buck, Gentleman.

Quod maximum et optimum, &c.

London: printed by Nicholas and John Okes. Anno Domini. 1635.

The

The first edition has an epistle dedicatory to the King, and a genealogical table, neatly engraved, of the Royal Family of England, down to Henry the First. There is a copy of this edition in the library of the Marquis of Stafford, from which my friend, Mr. G. Isted, transcribed into his own the following lines, written in manuscript by the author.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE GREATEST COUNSELLOR,
SIR THO. EGERTON, KNIGHT,
BARON OF ELLESMERE, LORD CHANCELLOUR OF ENGLAND, MY VERY GOOD LORD.

GREAT and grave Lord, my mind hath longed long
In any thankful maner to declare
By act or word, or were it in a song,
How great to you my obligations are,
Who did so nobly and so timely pluck
From griffins talons your distressed Buck.

The Eclogue itself is a dialogue betwixt Damætas, a woodman, and Silenus, the prophet of the shepherds, and is by no means deficient in poetical vigour. This will appear by the following brief specimen :—

SILENUS SPEAKS.

Now of these flames I will impart to thee,
And happily perhaps thou hast refer'd
The resolution of this doubt to me,
For why this case was argued long agone

In

In Helicon, and I myself it heard,
Where Phœb. amid the muses on his throne,
Established by these sacred maides advise
What ghirlands should be ech acchivements price.

The question grew because Apollos suite
Præfered a plaint against such as præsumed
To weare a garland of his holy fruite,
Without desert a speciall grace divine:
Apollow was much moved, and chafed, and fumed,
And went anone to counsaile with the kine,
And when he had a leafe of laurell eat,
Thus spake as I his speeche can repeat.

The laurel crowne was given, and shall be still,
To peerelesse men, to clarks, and emperours,
And such as in a mood of metrick skill
Could of my favours make their vants at large,
And then that long enduring palme of yours
Was due (my sisters and my sacred charge)
To such as worthily to gaine the price
Had suffered watching, famine, fire, and ice.

And he which had with valiant hand preserved
A citizen, received a crowne of oke,
But he a wreath of olive leaves deserved
Who had with arts and pleas of peace beguiled
The bitter times which discord had forspoke,
Or els some dangerous foe had reconciled,
And he who long had flamed in true loves fire
Received a crowne of mirtle for his hire.

&c. &c. &c.

The two editions vary exceedingly. The first has at the end of the poem various miscellaneous verses, none of which are found in the second. This book, however, has a copy of verses "Vpon King Henrie the Second, the first Plantagenet of England," which are not in the former edition. Both are of great rarity.

SPRINGES FOR WOODCOCKS.

LAQUEI RIDICULOSI, or Springes for Woodcockes. Written by Henry Perrot.

Caveat emptor.

London, for J. Busbie. 1613. 12mo.

Warton, in the beginning of his fourth volume of the History of English Poetry, a posthumous fragment, p. 73, observes in a note:—

"Taylor, the water-poet, has mentioned Perrot's Epigrams. See the folio edition of his works, p. 265, Epig. VII.

My muse hath vowed revenge shall have her swinge,
To catch a *Perrot* in the woodcockes springe.

See also p. 265, Epig. XXXI."

This is one of the rarest books of the kind, but of no particular value for its point, wit, or humour.

The following are a few specimens of the best among the Epigrams:—

VIDEANTUR QUÆ NON SUNT.

SALTUS goes booted to the dauncing schoole,
As if from thence his meaning were to ride,
But Saltus says they keepe his legs more cooll,
And which for ease he better may abide:
Tut, thats a cold excuse. It rather seemed
Saltus silke stockings were not yet redeemed.

SALTEM VIDERETUR.

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed
Which of their lands maintained the greatest state,
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welshman nought his brags abate,
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding fees,
True, quoth the other, each man tosts his cheese.

OPUS ET USUS.

Opus for need consumed his wealth apace,
And neer would cease until he was undone,
His brother Usus livd in better case
Then Opus did, although the eldest sonne;
Twas strange it should be so, but here was it,
Opus had all the land, Usus the wit.

AB EQUIS AD ASINOS.

Brutus, that brave and compleat cavalier,
Who but of late in Fleet-street flourished,
And thought no pleasure or expence too deere,
See now how soone the case is altered;
As that constrained to forsake the street,
He hath betane himselfe unto the Fleet.

There are 216 Epigrams. A copy belonging to Mr. Steevens sold at his sale for one pound fifteen shillings.

ROBERT

ROBERT VILVAIN.

ALL our early collections of English Epigrams are of rare occurrence; and that which I am about to describe was esteemed particularly so by Mr. Brand, to whom my copy belonged. I am not able to speak in the most exalted terms of the merit of these compositions; but it is the first book I have met with, professedly printed to give away among the author's friends. We read thus in the Preface which is addressed:—

Ad lectores omnifarios.
To all sorts of surveiors.

" To tell truth, this pety pocket peece (first intitled memoratio verses) is printed a part in policy, purposly to bestow on friends; being but a catalog of contents belonging to the larger volume; which is grown to so big a bulk beyond du bounds, as wil mount to a far higher valu (that every one may hav one) then my ruined fortune can bear, hoping that al such as know my poverty wil accept this smal mite in lieu of a richer present. My memory cannot reach to remember every patient or party of my ancient acquaintance, to whom I am engaged in amity or courtesy; but my desire is to gratify ech, and send 400 copies, (som bound, som unbound) to

dispers in free gift (without any fee to sender or bringer) that none may be forgotten. Thos that are omitted may repair to Mr. *Hooper*, apothecary, in *Exceter*, near *S. Martins* Lane, who will deliver one *gratis* to any man of quality, my familiar friend.

" Nemo erit e priscis mihi non donatus amicis,
Quin unum excipiet pro meo amore librum.

For lovs sake none of ancient friends shal be,
But he one book shal hav for boon from me."

The above seems to explain the reason why the few copies which are known of this book have generally the author's autograph. The volume is entitled,

ENCHIRIDIUM EPIGRAMMATUM,
LATINO ANGLICUM;

An Epitome of Essays englished out of Latin, without elucidat. Explicatory, *containing Six Classes or Centuries*,

Of 1. Theologicals.
2. Historicals.
3. Heterogeneals.
4. Bryto-Anglicals.
5. Miscellaneals.
6. Mutualeteals.

Beside a fardel of 76 fragments.

Sunt quibus ampla libet versare volumina valde,
Sunt quibus arcta magis volvere scripta placet.

I before

I before remarked that I was not able to pass any very high encomiums on the merit of the English translation of these Epigrams; but a most extraordinary number has been collected from various authors, and the following specimen, taken without particular selection, seems as good as any.

MISCELLANEAL ESSAIS.

Epig. 73.

ÆMULATIO MUSICA,

The two musicians (a natural and artificial, vocal and instrumental) which strove for victory.

Æmula certabat cantu Philomela sonoro,
Ut citharam strepitu vinceret ipsa suo.

A nightingal strov with her loud shril nois
T' excel the lute with high strains of her voice.

ALITER.

Certabat Citharista manu, Philomelaq cantu,
Alter an alterutrum vinceret arte sua.

A lutist with hand strov, with voice Philomel,
Which should ech other in their skil excel.

ALITER.

Inter Lusciniam lis orta est atque chelistum,
Obstrepit hic cantu, litigat ille manu.

Twixt nightingal and luter a strife extended,
In singing she, in playing he contended.

ALITER.

Luscinia infelix Citharædum vincere certat,
Sed tandem in plectrum mortua victa cadit.

Unhappy nightingal with a lutist strived,
But on the lute fell down at length and died.

The author thus facetiously concludes what he terms Mutualeteal Essais.

AD LECTORES OMNIGENOS ULTIMUM VALE.

Scriptori sat ferre dapes et ponere sedes,
Si placet este * domi, sin minus ite foras

Writers can but bring cates, and set forth stools,
If ye like eat, if not you are al ——— welcome.

A FINAL FAREWEL TO AL SORTS OF READERS.

Let none carp, cavil, or complain, that I close up this last distich in prose, contrary to common custom: sith haply prose wil best pleas palats already tired with harsh rythms, to close up queasy stomachs ready to surfet with naisty metres. Indeed necessity enforced it, sith I wanted a word to my mind of like cadence with stools; which if any can supply, there is space left to insert it. Nor can the phrase (ite foras) be better rendered then you are welcom; which men usually giv their friends or guests at dores, when they take their last leave for that visit one of another.

Sic prodesse magis quam delectare cupisco.

Thus to doo good I more desire,
Then with delight mens minds t' inspire.

* Este is put for edite.

THE

THE PLEASANT HISTORIE OF THE CONQUEST OF THE WEAST INDIA,

Now called New Spayne, atchieved by the worthy Prince Hernando Cortes, Marquis of the valley of Huaseacac, most delectable to reade. Translated out of the Spanish Tongue by I. Nicholas. Anno 1578. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman. 1578.

STEPHAN GOSSAN, IN PRAYSE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

THE poet which sometimes hath trod awry,
And sang in verse the force off fyry loue,
When he beholdes his lute with carefull eye,
Thinkes on the dumpes that he was wonte to proue:
His groning spright prickt with tender ruth,
Calles then to minde the follies of his youth.

The harde minde whiche all his honour gotte,
In blouddy fielde by fruyte of deadly farre,
When once he heares the noyse of thirled shotte,
And threatnyng trumpet sounde the poyntes of warre,
Remembers how through pykes he ledde to runne,
When he the pryce of endlesse glory wonne.

The traueller which neare refusde the payne
To passe the daunger of the freightes he founde,
But hoysted sayle to searche the golden bayne
Which natures crafte hath hidden in the grounde,
When he perceives Don Cortes here so pearte,
May well be mindefull of his own deserte.

Then

Then yeelde we thankes to Nicholas for his toyle,
Who strings the lute that putteth us in minde
How doting dayes haue giuen us all the foyle,
Whilste learned wittes in forrayne landes doe finde,
That labour beares away the golden fleece,
And is rewarded with the flower of Greece.

Loe here the trumpe of euerlasting fame,
That rendes the ayre in sunder with his blaste,
And throwes abroade the prayses of their name,
Which ofte in fight haue made their foes agaste,
Though they be dead, their glory shall remayne,
To reare alofte the deedes of hauhty Spayne.

Loe here the trauellér, whose paynefull quill
So lyuely payntes the Spanish Indies out,
That English Gentlemen may vew at will
The manly prowesse of that gallant route,
And when the Spaniarde vaunteth of his golde,
Their owne renowne in him they may beholde.

Stephen Gossan, or Gosson, the author of the preceding verses, was a very distinguished person in his time, and, according to Wood, "for his admirable penning of pastorals, was ranked with Sir P. Sidney, Tho. Chaloner, Edm. Spencer, Abrah. Fraunce, and Rich. Berufield."

Of his poetical talents, great as they were reputed to have been, I find no other specimen than that which I have given; but he was also author of "The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Players,

Jesters, and such like caterpillars of the commonwealth," &c. This was published first in 1579, and afterwards in 1585, and was dedicated to Sir P. Sidney.

Gossan afterwards wrote "Plays confuted in five actions, proving that they are not to be suffered in a Christian commonwealth." This was dedicated to Sir Francis Walsingham. He also printed a Sermon, which he preached at Paul's Cross, and called "The Trumpet of War."

The rare book from which these verses are taken is in Lord Valentia's collection.

THE NEW ATTRACTIVE,

Containing a short Discourse of the Magnet, or Loadstone, and amongst others his Vertues of a new discovered Secret and subtill Propertie concerning the declining of the Needle, touched therewith under the Plaine of the Horizon. Now first found out by Robert Norman, Hydrographer. Hereunto are annexed certain necessary Rules for the Art of Navigation, by the same R. N. Newly corrected and amended by M. W. B. Imprinted at London by E. Allde for Hew Astley. 1592.

" To the Right Worshipfull M. William Borough, Esq. Comptroller of her Maiesties Nauie: Robert Norman wisheth increase of worship in perfecte felicitie.

" Archimedes, after long search made to find out the fraudulent mixture of King Hierams golden crowne, could not by any meanes attain the secret thereof, 'till at length by chaunce, as he was bathing himself, he observed that still as his body entered into the water, it forced the same to rise and runne ouer the vessell: whereupon the matter of the crowne coming to his remembrance, and applying the manner of the wate

water to his present purpose, he was foorthwith mooued with such exceeding ioy, that he leapt sodainlye out of the water, and forgetting himselfe to be naked, came crying to the King, his master, I haue found, I haue found: so I (Right Worshipfull, although in other respects and points of learning and knowledge, I will not presume to compare with Archimedes, who is many wayes incomparable, nor with any other learned mathematician, being myselfe an unlearned mathematician) by occasion of my profession making sundry experiments of the magnet-stone, found at length, amongst many other effectes, this strange and newe propertie of declining of the needle: which forgetting, or rather neglecting, mine owne nakedness, and want of furniture to set forth the matter, I have heere in simple sort proposed and published to the viewe of the world.——Wherein I consider though the occasions were diuers, our cases are not unlike. Pithagoras likewise, that great philosopher, for the singular joy concieued of the invention of that excellente theoreme of rectangle triangles, made a solemne sacrifice, offering therein an oxe vnto the muses, as testifieth Vitrunius, the author also of the former example. So that we se these men, and sundrie other that are mentioned in authors, being caried and ouercome with the incredible delight conceiued of their owne devices and inuentions, though they follow partly the

peculiar

peculiar contentation of their priuat fancies, yet they seme chiefly to respect ether the glory of God, or the furtherance of some publike commoditie. Whose good example in this behalfe I will indeuer to follow, when to reach their rare giftes otherwise, is rather to be wished then hoped for. And seeing it hath pleased God to make mee the instrument to open this noble secret, that his name might be glorified, and the commoditie of my country procured thereby, I thought it my dutie to aduenture my credite, and make my name the object of slanderous and carping tongues, rather then such a secrete should be concealed, and the use thereof unknowen.

" How beneficiall the art of nauigation is to this realme, there is no man so simple but sees by meanes whereof wee being secluded and diuided from the rest of the world, are, notwithstanding, as it were, citizens of the world, walking through euerie corner, and round about the same, and enioying all the commodities of the world.

" How necesarie the perfect knowledge of the nedle or compasse is to the perfection of the art of nauigation, yourselfe, who have long time verie industriously trauailed therein, and thereby in it and other sea causes excell others, can best judge. To attaine unto this perfection, and to frame, as it were, a theorike, with hypotheses, and

and rules for the valuing of the apparent irregularitie of the variation (if it be a thing possible, or within the compasse of man's capacitie) it must doubtlesse be done by due obseruation of this new declining propertie with the variation caused by the admirable efficacie of the magnes stone; wherefore to further the noble studie of nauigation and hydrographie, and to give ocasion to industrious and skilful trauellers by sea and by land, to make diligent obseruation of these effects in sundry places, wher-by some generall conclusion may be inferred, I haue here set downe whatsoever I could finde by exact triall and perfect experiments, and besides this new property, diuers others rare effects that followe this philosophicall stone.

" Wherein although I may seeme to haue discouered my nakednes, and want of eloquence and orderly methode to utter my conceits withall, I trust the reader will either of his curtesie take all things for good that is well ment, or of his grauitie, not regarding the wordes, but the matter, dissemble my faultes, and accept of my paines.——And whereas amongst diuerse learned and expert men in the mathematicall sciences, to whom I haue imparted this secret, I haue first of all, and chiefly from time to time, shewed the manner of it to your Worship, which first gave occasion that I fell into the consideration thereof,

thereof, and through whose encouragement I entred into farther examination of the matter, which otherwise I had neglected. If my trauaile heerein take such effect that others be benifited or pleasured thereby, I have my desire, and they are to be thankfull unto you for the same, for I must neede ascribe the occasion to your good counsaile. To you therfore as the most worthie and best acquainted with the cause, I present the first sight of this my rude and simple draught, which I trust, according to your accustomed curtesie and friendly affection towards me, you will take in as good part, as it proceedes from a hartie good will towardes you, whom I praye God long to preserve with all increase of worship to his good pleasure.

" Your Worships most humble,

" ROBERT NORMAN,

" A. iij."

THE MAGNES OR LOADSTONES CHALLENGE.

Give place ye glittering sparkes,
Ye glimmering diamonds bright,
Ye rubies red and saphires brave,
Wherein ye most delight.

In breefe ye stones inricht,
And burnisht al with golde,
Set forth in lapadaries shops
For jewells to be solde.

Giue place, giue place, I saie,
Your beautie gleame and gle,
Is all the vertue for the which,
Accepted so you bee.

Magnes, the loadstone, I
Your painted sheaths defie,
Without my helpe in Indian seas
The best of you might lie.

I guide the pilats course,
His helping hand I am,
The mariner delights in me,
So doth the marchant man.

My vertue lies unknowen,
My secrets hidden are,
By me the court and commonweale
Are pleasured verie farre.

No ship could saile on seas,
Her course to runne aright,
Nor compasse shew the readie waie,
Were magnes not of might.

Blush then and blemish all,
Bequeath to me thats due,
Your seates in golde, your price in plate,
Which jewellers doo renue.

It's I, its I alone,
Whom you usurpe upon,
Magnes my name, the loadstone cald,
The prince of stones alone.

If this you can denie,
Then seme to make replie,
And let the painefull sea-man iudge,
The which of us doth lie.

THE MARINERS IUDGEMENT.

The loadstone is the stone,
The onelie stone alone,
Deseruing praise aboue the rest,
Whose vertues are unknown.

THE MARCHANTS VERDICT.

THE diamōds bright, the saphirs braue,
Are stones that beare the name,
But flatter not, and tell the troath,
Magnes deserues the fame.

The above is from Lord Valentia's collection, which is far richer than any with which I happen to be acquainted, in rare and curious books of voyages and travels, as well as in various inedited manuscripts of importance to geographical science, some of which I hope his Lordship may hereafter be prevailed upon to give to the world. I have seen more than one, which I am well convinced would be highly acceptable to general readers, and peculiarly interesting and useful to navigators. In the mean time, the liberality and kindness, for which his Lordship is so eminently distinguished, make his valuable library easily accessible to all who may have the desire or occasion to consult it. Among other treasures, this collection contains many important acquisitions of the late accomplished geographer, Mr. Dalrymple.

A TRUE RELATION OF A BRAVE ENGLISH STRATAGEM,

Practised lately upon a Sea Towne in Galizia, (one of the Kingdomes in Spaine) and most valiantly and successfully performed by one English Ship alone, of 30 Tonne, with no more than 35 Men in her. As also with two other remarkeable Accidents betweene the English and Spaniards, to the Glory of our Nation. Printed for Mercurius Britannicus. 1626.

SUPPLY;

Conteining many Things of principall Importance belonging to Nauigation, with the Description and Vse of diverse Instruments, framed chiefly for that Purpose, but seruing also for sundry other of Cosmography in generall: the particular Instruments are specified on the next Page.

"They that goe downe to the sea in ships, and employ their labour in the great waters; they see the workes of the Lorde, and his wonders in the deepe." *Psal.* 107.

Imprinted at London by G. Bishop, R. Newbery, and R. Barker. 1597.

TO

TO THE READER.

THIS booke was written by a bishops sonne,
And by affinitie to many bishops kinne,
Himselfe a godly pastour prayse hath wonne,
In being diligent to conquer sinne.

If to thee, Reader, it may welcome bee,
The critickes censure it will feare the lesse:
For being young from feare it is not free,
Which otherwise more courage might professe.

Reade, way and try, but reade and often trye,
The rules of skill whereto it doth direct,
Triall may bring as much authoritie,
As neunesse hinder it of due respect.

But yet when time shall to it ripenesse giue,
It will haue credite of it selfe to liue.

O God, whose power heauen, earth, and sea declare,
Which being by thy word, thy word obey:
And in their workes, which natures called are,
Worke but that will of thine which all doth sway.
Hearken, o hearken for thy Christ his sake,
Vnto the prayer which in heart I make.

Looke downe with mercie from thy mercie seate,
Vpon man-kinde dispersed here and there,
From Noah's familie, which grewe so greate,
For at the first all but one people were,
Which but one law, which but one languag knew,
One God alone to serue God onelie true.

As yet mans heart did seeke no name of prayse,
In stately towers which threaten might the skie,
When pride began great Babel for to rayse,
Speach was confounded with varietie.
Since then deuided tongues deuided heartes,
By sea and land into a thousand partes.

Yet since thy spirit of true vnitie,
In clouen tongues did on apostles sitte,
That so thy cursing might a blessing be,
And clouen tongues deuided people knitte,
Let that thy spirit breathe in euery place,
That all may know the gospel of thy grace.

And since the sea doth some so farre deuide,
That they may seem an other world to bee;
Teach us our ships like horses so to ride,
That we may meete in one and all in thee.
And as the needle doth the north respect,
So all in Christ may onely thee affect.

In Lord Valentia's collection.

A TRUE REPORTE OF THE LATE DISCOVERIES AND POSSESSION

Taken in the Right of the CROWNE of ENGLANDE of the NEW FOUND LANDES; by that valiaunt and worthye Gentleman, Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight. Wherein is also breefely set downe her Highnesse lawfull Tytle thereunto, and the great and manifolde Commodities, that is likely to grow thereby, to the whole Realme in generall, and to the Aduenturers in particular. Together with the Easines and Shortnes of the Voyage. Seene and allowed. At London, printed by J. C. for John Hinde, dwelling in Paules Church-yarde, at the Signe of the Golden Hinde. Anno 1583.

"To the Right Honourable Sir Ffraunces Walsingham, Knight, principall Secretarie to the Queene, her most excellent Maiestie.

"How much more happie might I account myselfe (Right Honourable Sir) if I had so well applied my time in vniversitie, as through my more diligent studye, I were able to handle the matter (which I haue in this Treatise taken uppon me) as the worthynes thereof dooth meryte.

" Truely, Sir, I was for a time drawen into a doubtfull ballaunce whether I should proceede therein as my affection inlised me, or leave it off as good discretion aduised mee. Eftsoones haue I righte hartely wished that some of those rype and perfect witts, adorned with like iudgement, (wherewith God hath plentifully blessed this our age) woulde haue imploied their pennes learnedly to haue sette foorth thys cause: But seeing that in wishing I doo fynde nothing but to wish, and that the case so standeth, as eyther the thyng, right woorthye both knowledge, and practise, shall styll lie in a slumber, or rather rest buryed in the graye of oblivion, unless I doo make publique my weaknesse and insufficiencye, and thereby subject myselfe to the diuersitye of mens iudgements, I haue made choyse rather to indure the disgrace of the one, then that my countrey should sustaine the inconuenience of the other, trusting that your honour (who hath hetherto beene a principall patron of this action) will upon my humble sute vouchsafe your fauourable protection heereof. For wee doo reade (Right Honourable) that Archimides, in respect of his grauitie and wisdome, helde that reputation amongst the Suracusans, that whatsouer he allowed was accounted for good; which historye, if I should apply vnto your honor perticularlie, as both aptlie and truely I could, I might (in the opinion of some men) incurre the suspition

of flattery, and receiue from your Honour but the like aunswer which King Theseus made vnto blind Oedipus.

"I doe not (quoth hee) O Oedipus, honour myselfe with other mens words, but with mine owne works. In silence therefore will I passe your ready and vertuous disposition, bothe honourably to fauour, and fauourably to further all such attemptes as seeme pleasing to God, and profitable to your countrey, both which (by the testimony of good writers, the opinion of wise men, and experience of great trauailors) these VVesterne discoueries doo certainly promise.—In regarde whereof I doo the rather presume to preferre this pampflet to be patronized by so woorthy a personne, whereby my escapes may be the more easilye excused, my willing paynes the better accepted, and the voyage more effectually supplyed.

"Thus beeing lothe any longer to detayne your Honour from your weightye affayres, I humblye take leaue, beseeching God manie yeeres to lengthen your life with much encrease of honour: From my lodging in Oxforde, the tweluth of Nouember.

"Your Honours poore scholler,
"in all seruice to vse,
"G. P."

SIR WILLIAM PELHAM, KNIGHT,

IN COMMENDATION OF THE DISCOURSE FOLLOWING.

Like as the fishes breeding in the deepe,
Through all the ocean are allowed to raung:
Nor forst in any certaine boundes to keepe,
But as their motions carry them to chaung.
To men like libertie dooth reason give,
In choise of soile through all the world to live.
To valiaunt mindes each land is a native soile,
And vertue findes no dwelling place amis,
Regard of honour measures not the toyle,
To seeke a seate wherein contentment is.
That seat, that soile, that dwelling place of rest,
In this discourse most liuelie is exprest.
Our forren neighbours bordring hard at hand,
Haue found it true, to many a thousands gaine,
And are inritcht by this abounding land,
While pent at home, like sluggardes we remaine.
But though they haue, to satisfie their will,
Inough is left, our cofers yet to fill.
Then England thrust among them for a share,
Since title iust, and right is whollie thine:
And as I trust the sequell shall declare,
Our lucke no worse than theirs before hath beene,
For where the attempt on vertue dooth depend,
No doubt but God will blesse it in the ende.

WILLIAM PELHAM.

SIR

SIR FRAUNCES DRAKE, KNIGHT,

IN COMMENDATION OF THIS TREATISE.

WHO seekes by worthie deedes to gaine renowne for hire,
Whose hart, whose hãd, whose purse is prest to purchase
his desire,
If anie such therebee, that thirsteth after fame,
Lo, heere a meane, to winne himselfe an euerlasting name.
Who seekes by gaine and wealth to aduance his house and
blood,
Whose care is great, whose toile no lesse, whose hope is
all for good,
If anie one there bee that couettes such a trade,
Lo heere the plot for commonwealth, and priuate gaine is
made.
He that for vertues sake will venture farre and neere,
Whose zeale is strong, whose practize trueth, whose faith
is void of feere,
If any such there bee inflamed with holie care,
Heere may hee finde, a readie meane, his purpose to de-
clare.
So that for each degree, this Treatise dooth unfolde,
The path to fame, the proofe of zeale, and way to purchase
golde.

FRAUNCES DRAKE.

MR. JOHN HAWKINS,

HIS OPINION OF THIS INTENDED VOYAGE.

If zeale to God, or countries care, with priuate gaines accesse,
Might serue for spurs unto th' attempt this pamflet doth expresse,
One coast, one course, one toil, might serue at ful to make declard,
A zeale to God with countries good, and priuate gaines regarde:
And for the first this enterprise the name of God shall founde,
Among a nation in whose eares the same did neuer sounde;
Next as an endles running streame her channels doth discharge,
That swell aboue theyr boundes into an ocean wide and large:
So England that is pestered nowe and choakt through want of ground,
Shall finde a soile where room inough, and perfecte doth abounde.
The Romains when the number of their people grewe so great,
As neither warres could waste, nor Rome suffice them for a seate,
They led them forth by swarming troupes to forraine lands amaine,
And founded diuers colonies unto the Romaine raigne.
Th' Athenians us'de the like deuice the Argiues thus haue doone,
And fierce Achilles myrmidons when Troy was ouerunne.

But

But Rome, nor Athens, nor the rest, were never pestered so,
As England, where no roome remaines her dwellers to bestow,
But shuffled in such pinching bondes, that very breath dooth lacke,
And for the want of place they craule one ore anothers backe.
How noblie then shall they prouide that for redress herein
With ready hand and open purse this action dooth beginne,
Whence glory to the name of God, and countries good shall spring,
And unto all that further it a priuate gaine shall bringe;
Then noble youthes couragiously this enterprise discharge,
And age that cannot mannage armes, let them support the charge.
The yssue of your good intent undoubted shall appeare,
Both gratious in the sight of God, and full of honour heere.

JOHN HAWKINS.

MAISTER CAPTAINE CHESTER,

HIS COMMENDATION OF THIS TREATISE.

MARKE well this booke when you to reade beginne,
And finde you shall great secretes hid therein,
For with your selves you may imagine thus,
That God hath left this honor unto us.
The journie knowne, the passage quicklie runne,
The land full rich, the people easilie wunne.

Whose

Whose gaines shall be the knowledge of our faith,
And ours such ritches as the country hath.
Pinche not for pence to set this action out,
Poundes will returne, thereof be not in doubt,
Your countrey shall be bounde due thankes to give,
For that the poore heereby you may releive.
Unto your prince good seruice you shall doo,
And unto God a worke right gratefull to.

JOHN CHESTER.

MATHEW ROYDON, MAISTER OF ARTE,

TO HIS FELLOW STUDENT,

To praise thy booke because I am thy freende,
Though it be common, and thy due indeede,
Perhaps it may some daintie eare offende,
Reproofe repines that vertue hath her meede,
Yet neuerthelesse how ever thinges succeede,
Sith to no other ende thy booke was made,
All that I wish is that thou mayest perswade.

MATHEW ROYDON.

MAISTER

MAISTER ANTHONY PARKHURST,

IN COMMENDATION OF THIS TREATISE.

BEHOLDE a worke that dooth reueale
The ready way to welth and fame,
Commodious to the common weale,
And iust without impeache of blame.
Which followed as the course doth lie,
May make all Englande thriue thereby.—
It is not fond surmisde report,
Nor phantasie vaine heades to feede:
The mention of the trueth coms short,
And lesser then the thing indeede,
Of record many thousandes are,
That can all this and more declare.
Howe happy were our England then,
Sith neither men nor shipping want,
Some good and well disposed men
An other England there would plant,
And so employ a number there,
Whose persons may be spared heere.
The attempt could neuer faile his fame,
Nor poofe returne without effect,
For commonlie all actions frame,
Where Christian cause hath cheefe respect.
And he that in the heauens aboue doth raigne,
(No doubt) will blesse the sequell of theyr payne.

ANTHONIE PARKHURST.

ARTHUR

ARTHUR HAWKINS,

IN COMMENDATION OF THIS TREATISE.

My freendes, if at th' Exchaunge a man shoulde go and tell
That such and such commodities he had to sell,
Whereof we stood in neede, and scarcelie to be founde,
Whereby a quicke returne with profit woulde redounde.
I doubt not ere I past but you woulde craue the sighte
Of these commended wares, and buy them if you might.
Y' are proferd at this time, fayre grapes to make your wine,
The pleasaunt fruites of Spaine, the figs and orenge fine,
The speckled Russian furres, that Esterlings us sendes,
The rasen, pitch, and deales, that Dansk and Denmarke lendes;
The mettall here is shewne that with a quenchles fire
Inflames our thirsting hartes unstaunched in desire;
A bargaine may you have, 'tis put into your handes,
Of all commodoties you have from other landes;
And at so easie price, you can not choose but gaine,
A trifle is the most, together with your paine:
But what is that some sayes, our Englishmen giues eare,
Onelie to gaine God shielde it shoulde be true I heare.
If we religious be, lets rigge our shippes with speede,
And carry Christ to these poor soules that stande in neede.
Why pause yee thereupon, the fraight will quite the charge,
For what is doone to God dooth finde rewarde full large.

A. H.

JOHN

JOHN ACHELLEY,

CYTTYZEN AND MARCHANT TAILOUR, OF LONDON,

FOR CONCLUSION.

If truth and praise haue power to make this matter gratious,
What neede we then extoll the thing hath been commended thus,
And by the better sorte that wright of truth and knowledge so,
As nothing of this worke they promised further then they know.
Beleeve them, for they bee our freendes, and with our counties weale,
Let us embrase that God, and truth so louinglie reueale;
Whereof the merrit is no lesse then is the crested fame,
Aske strangers and that noble minde that did attempt the same.
To whom we owe the titles that to vertues nimpes are due,
So good a knight whom English men in vertue should persue.
No doubt but God will blesse th' attempt, succeed him roundly then,
And in this voyage follow fast you that bee Englishmen.
With such supplie from time to time as what is well beganne,
Wee not for want of men and aide through slackfulness undoone:

So shall you harbour in your hartes the seedes of magnanimitie,
A vertue where with all the Romaines did enlarge their empery.
Be you prepared for euery foe, and be couragious then,
For that you slippe through negligence will fall to other men.
Enuie hath eyes to see afarre your new attempts will whet
A number more to seeke therefore, if you yourselues forget.
Send foorth with speede, get footing there, and make prouision,
Tis ill for us to linger thus, and talke thereof so longe.

JOHN ACHELLY.

The above most uncommon book is also in Lord Valentia's collection.

Such an assemblage of distinguished names very rarely occurs. Sir John Hawkins, as he afterwards was, became one of the most distinguished naval heroes in the reign of Elizabeth. The other names also are of high consideration, but it is probable that no other examples of their poetical exertions are to be met with.

Sir William Pelham was knighted by James I. His son Henry was distinguished in the civil wars of Cromwell.

A DECLA-

A DECLARATION of the TRUE CAUSES of the GREAT TROUBLES presupposed to be intended against the REALME of ENGLAND. Wherein the indifferent Reader shall manifestly perceave by whome and by what Meanes the Realme is broughte into these pretented Perills. Seene and allowed. Anno M.D.LXXXII. 12mo.

Concerning this very rare Tract, see Herbert's Ames, p. 1719.

" Mr. Baker remarked to Mr. Ames, that this book is a very dangerous libel against the Queen and Government, but more particularly against the Lord Burghley, and his second son, Sir Robert Cecil. It was looked upon to be so dangerous a piece, as to receive an answer from Bacon, (afterwards Lord Verulam) printed at large in resuscitatio, under this title ' Certain Observations upon a Libell published this present Year, 1592, intituled as above, in about fifty pages in folio, very well worth reading, being a good antidote against the poyson contained in this book.' The libel, I presume, was printed abroad, containing too much treason to be published in England, and yet the print is English."

The author, by his stile and partiality to the Spanish monarchy, is presumed to be Parsons, the jesuit. Certain publications are specified at the conclusion of the volume, as intended for the express purpose of deluding the multitude. This part I should have quoted, but I find they are transcribed in Herbert.

The Tract is dated from Colen, March 26, 1592.

After the address to the "Indifferent Reader," the following verses are subjoined:—

OF THE FAINED HAPPINESSE OF ENGLAND, THE VAUNT OF THE PRETENDED GOSPEL.

No triumphes of the gospells lighte,
But truthe that shyneth cleere,
Not wordes but actions just and righte,
Makes vertue to apeere:
See then what force this faith hath found,
More then of elder dayes,
And let the vices that abound
Confirme the present praise.

THE BOAST OF CONTINUAL PEACE.

The tokens of continued peace
By plenty are best showen,
But signes of warr that dothe not ceasse,
By comon wants are known:

Such

Such is the peace we then preferr,
And eke our plenty so,
That thousands hath consumde in warr,
And millions left in wo.

THE PRESENT SEATE OF TROUBLES.

And all expyred dayes and yeares,
And famed pleasures past,
Converted are to sundry feares
Of dangers at the last:
Would God no former cause had beene,
Revenges to attend,
Since happinesse is ever seene
Best by the happy end.

In the body of the work is introduced the following Epitaph on the Earl of Leicester:—

Heere lies the woorthy warrior
That never bloodied swoord,
Heere lies the loyall courtier
That never kept his woord,
Heere lies his noble excellence
That ruled all the states,
Heere lies the Earle of Leicester,
Whom earth and heaven hates.

The author speaks thus of Cecil:—

" And touching the present estate of the nobilitie, wherewith the stately courtes of former princes were adorned, their armies in the feild conducted, the comons of the countrie by their great hospitalitie relieved, look whether they are not brought unto that seruilitie, that yf they applie not themselues to Cecils humour, they must not liue in their countries, but be tyed unto the courte, or allotted their dwelling as yf they were his perpetuall wardes, yea rather as pupils that are kept under with roddes, not daring to speake what they think and know, but are set to be ayme-giuers, while others do hurt their marckes.

" Some of them he hathe undeservedly brought into the disfauor of the prince. Sundry he hathe drawne upon fained fauours of the courte to consume themselues to beggery.

" Others he hathe sent foorth to become pirates and sea rouers. And the lyues of some of the principall, by guylfull pretended crymes he hathe taken away, and by one meanes or other he hathe brought such as be yet lyuing into those termes, that none may be permitted to cary any credit in the comonwelth, except it be some very fewe, whose wisdomes he can easely ouer-

rule.

rule. By which meanes there is in England none of more opulence, none of more authoritie, nor none of more power, then himself, and therefore none to withstand his entended matche betweene the Lady Arbella and his grand-child. Whereby England may happen to haue a King Cecille, the first that is suddainly metamorphosed fro a grome of the wardrobe to the wearing of the best robe within the wardrobe."

I am indebted for the loan of this rare and curious book to Mr. George Isted.

JOHN NICCOLS.

JOHN NICCOLS PILGRIMAGE; wherein is displaied the Lives of the proude Popes ambitious Cardinals, lecherous Bishops, fat-bellied Monks, and hypocriticall Jesuites.

APOC. xviii.

"It is false, it is false, Babylon that great citie, and is become the habitation of divels, and a cage of every uncleane and hateful birde."

APOC. xvii.

"And in her was founde the blood of the prophets, and of the saints, and of all that were slaine upon the earth."

Imprinted at London by Thomas Dawson, for Thomas Butler and Isaac Godfrey. 1581.

This very uncommon book has three dedications:—

I. Illustrissimæ serenissimæque Principi Angliæ Reginæ Elizabethæ, &c. fidei Catholicæ defensori, &c. in Latin.

II. To the indifferent Reader, in English.

III. To the Reader, in Italian.

At

At the end of the volume are these verses:

THE COMPLAINT OF A SINNER.

Like as the thiefe in prison cast,
With wofull wayling mones,
When hope of pardon cleane is past,
And sighes with dolefull grones.
So I a slave to sinne,
With sobs and many a teare,
As one without thy helpe forlorne,
Before thy throne appeare.
O Lorde, in rage of wanton youth
My follies did abounde,
And eke since that I knew the trueth,
My life hath beene unsounde:
Alas! I doe confesse
I see the perfecte way,
Yet frailtie of my feeble flesh
Doth make me run astray.
Aye me, when that some good desire
Would move me to doe well,
Affections fond make me retire,
And cause me to rebell.
I wake, yet am asleepe,
I see, yet still am blinde,
In ill I runne with headlong race,
In good I come behinde.
Loe thus in life I dayly die,
And dying shall not live,
Unlesse thy mercy speedily
Some succour to me give:

I die,

I die, O Lord, I die,
If thou doe me forsake,
I shall be likened unto those
That fell into the lake.
Yet though my hard and stony heart
Be apt to run astray,
Yet let thy goodnesse mee content,
So that I not decay.
Sweete God doe rule my plaints,
And sheelde me from annoy,
Then my poore soule this life once past,
Shall rest with thee in joy.

These lines are prefaced by a sort of prayer for the queen, the nobility, bishops, &c. &c.

John Niccols, the author of this singular volume, was a most eccentric character. A detailed account of him may be found in Wood, Vol. I. p. 215. He was first a Protestant; he then went over to the Church of Rome. Returning from the continent to England, he was seized and committed to the Tower, and again recanted. Afterwards, going a second time abroad, he was apprehended and imprisoned, and a second time was reconciled to the Romish persuasion. What finally became of him I do not know, but he is said to have died miserably. How the writing of this book should ever have been forgiven him by the Roman Catholic clergy it is not easy to imagine, as it is replete with the most

most virulent abuse of them, and scandalous representations of their licentiousness and vices.

The copy which I have used is in the collection of Lord Viscount Valentia.

Care must be taken not to confound the author of the above work with another John Niccols, who was a native of Norwich, and after having been brought up in the rigorous discipline of the Church of Rome, became a zealous Protestant.

JOHN WEEVER.

EPIGRAMMES in the oldest Cut and newest Fashion. A twise seven Houres (in so many Weekes) Studie. No longer (like the Fashion) not unlike to continue. The first seven, John Weever.

Sit voluisse sit valuisse.

At London: printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushell, and are to be sold at his shop, at the great North doore of Paules. 1599. 12mo.

The above I believe to be a unique book. It is in the collection of Mr. Comb, of Henley, who obligingly lent it me.

It is inscribed,

"To the Right Worshipfull and worthie honoured Gentleman, Sir Richard Houghton, of Houghton Tower, Knight, Justice of Peace and Quorum, High Sheriffe of Lanchishire, &c. adorned with all giftes that valour may give, or vertue gaine."

The introduction is succeeded by some verses "in commendation of the worke and the author." One of these is in Greek hexameters and pentameters; one in Latin.

Of

Of the English verses, the following is the best:—

IN AUTHOREM.

I WISH my rough-hewne lines might gratifie
The first born of thy pleasing poesie,
These be but blossomes what will be the fruite,
When time and age hath made thee more accute,
Meanwhile how ever Momus bite the lippe,
Each man will praise the Weevers workmanship,
When withe verse is worthily regarded,
Then shall thy verse be thankfully rewarded.

The commendatory verses are succeeded by some introductory stanzas by the author, in which he tells the reader that he was one

That twenty twelve months yet did never know.

And consequently entreats that his work may be perused without severe criticism. Describing himself, he says,

The liquid waves nor did I ever plash,
Of silver-channeld Isis purling river,
Yet Nestor-old nymph-nursing Grant will wash
His nymphs, and scorn preheminence to give her,
Nor have I spent in Troinovant my dayes,
Where all good witts some say are crownd with bayes.

I cannot

I cannot shew them in a sugred vaine,
Wit, judgment, learning, or invention,
I cannot reach up to a *Delians* straine,
Whose songs deserve for ever your attention,
Nor Draytons stile, whose hony words are meete,
For these your mouths far more than hony sweete.

Before I come to the Epigrams, I should observe, that although Weever informs us above, that he was only scarcely twenty years old when he wrote these poems, yet it appears, from the date of the print of him by Cecill, that he was twenty-three when they were printed, 1599.

Of the Epigrams, no great deal can be said; like most publications of the kind about the same period, they are more remarkable for quaintness than elegance, for coarseness than for wit. I subjoin one or two specimens.

THE FIRST WEEKE.

EP. 10. DE FAMA ET AMORE.

Flie thou from Love, and it will follow thee,
But follow Fame, and it will flie from thee;
Then flie from Fame, and follow Love if either,
Then thou'lt lose Fame, and yet attain Love neither.
Since divers are the waies of Love and Fame,
No marvel then though Love offend with shame.

THE

THE FOURTH WEEKE.

EP. 22. AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE.

HONIE-TONGD Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them, and none other,
Their rosie-tainted features clothed in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddesse said to be their mother.
Rose cheeckt Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her,
Chaste Lucretia virgine-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquine seeking still to prove her,
Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not,
Their sugred tongues and power attractive beauty,
Say they are saints, althogh that Sts they shew not,
For thousand vowes to them subjective dutie,
They burn in love thy children Shakespeare let them
Go wo thy muse more nymphish brood beget them.

The following is taken, though without acknowment, from the Latin poet Marullus:—

THE FIFTH WEEKE.

EP. 18. DE ROLLO.

PERFORCE (Roll said) from Sull a kisse he tooke,
And twixt her lips his soul (not knowing) left him,
But then he sent his heart his soule to looke,
And her bright eybeams of his heart bereft him:

If

If with that kisse he had not drawn a breath,
Whereby sustained his soulelesse body is,
That day had beene his dismall day of death,
Wherein he snatched from chafed Sull a kisse.
Tis strange her kisse was then so pleasing cold,
Wherewith the best she burnt the boy of old.

The two last lines are not in the original.

The following translation from the original Latin was published by me in a small poetical collection in the year 1788:—

TO NEÆRA.

Once from the struggling fair a kiss I stole,
But on her lips ill-fated left my soul,
Anxious I waited its return again,
In all the anguish of protracted pain;
To seek its friend I sent my trembling heart,
But that too felt her eyes all-conquering dart;
Had not her lips some vital heat bestowed,
Which thro' my languid frame reviving glowed,
That without doubt my latest hour had proved,
In which I kiss'd the lips of her I loved.

I am sorry not to have the original work at hand, to enable the reader to judge of the fidelity of the above verses.

OLD SONGS.

AS the collection of old songs in my second volume appears to have given general satisfaction, and is indeed adapted to the taste of readers of every description, I have no hesitation in appropriating another portion of the work to similar specimens of old poetry. I have taken care, as far as my experience and observation extend, to insert none which are to be met with in the modern and deservedly popular compilations of Ritson, Ellis, Aikin, &c.

SONG.

THE fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe,
Starres shine all night, though undeserned by day,
And trees doe spring, yet are not seene to growe,
And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay,
In winters woe is buried summers blisse,
And Love loves most when love most secret is.

The stillest streames descrie the greatest deepe,
The clearest skie is subject to a shower,
Conceit's most sweete when as it seemes to sleepe,
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lower,

The silent groves sweete nymphes they cannot misse,
For Love loves most where love most secret is.

The rarest jewels hidden vertue yeeld,
The sweete of traffique is a secret gaine,
The yeare once old doth shew a barren field,
And plants seeme dead, and yet they spring again.
Cupid is blind, the reason why is this,
Love loveth most when love most secret is.

From "The Muses Gardin of Delights," being Songs set to Music by Robert Jones, in Lord Stafford's Library.

Quæ prosunt singula, multa juvant.

Printed by the assignees of William Barley, 1610.

SONG.

Ladies whose smooth and dainty skin,
Rosie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win,
Yet insult not—sparks within
Slowly burn eer flames begin,
And presumption still has been
Held a most notorious sin.

By Mr. Harrington.

SONG.

SONG.

THOUGH your strangeness frets my heart,
Yet must I not complaine,
You persuade me tis but art,
Which secret love must faine.
If another you affect,
Tis but a toy to avoide suspect,
Is this faire excusing?
Oh no, all is abusing.

When your wisht sight I desire,
Suspition you pretend,
Causelesse you yourselfe retire,
Whilst I in vaine attend.
Thus a lover, as you say,
Still made more eager by delay,
Is this faire excusing?
Oh no, all is abusing.

When another holds your hand,
Youll sweare I hold your heart,
Whilst my rival close doth stand,
And I sit farre apart.
I am neerer yet than they,
Hid in your bosome as you say,
Is this faire excusing?
Oh no, all is abusing.

Would a rivall then I were,
Some else your secret friend,
So much lesser should I feare,
And not so much attend.
They enjoy you every one,
Yet must I seeme your friend alone,
Is this faire excusing?
Oh no, all is abusing.

From "The Musicall Dreame," being Songs set to Music by Robert Jones, in Lord Stafford's Library. Printed for J. Windel, 1609.

SONG.

If in this flesh where thou indrencht dost lie,
Poore soule thou canst reare up thy limed wings,
Carry my thoughts up to the sacred skie,
And wash them in those heavenly hallowed springs,
Where joy and requiem the holy angels sings,
Whilst all heavens vault with blessed ecchoes rings.

Awaked with this harmony divine,
Oh how my soule mounts up her throned head,
And gives againe with native glory shine,
Wash with repentance then thy dayes misled,
Then joyes with requiem mayest thou with angels sing,
Whilst all heavens vault with blessed ecchoes ring.

From the same.

SONG.

SONG.

FAINE would I speake, but feare to give offence
Makes me retire, and in amazement stand,
Still breathing forth my woes in fruitlesse silence,
Whilst my poore hart is slaine by her faire hands,
Indeed the guiders of the dart,
That from her eyes were levelled at my heart.

Those eyes, two pointed diamonds, did engrave
Within my heart the true and lively forme
Of that sweet saint whose pitty most I crave,
Whose absence makes me comfortlesse to mourne,
And sighing say, (Sweet) would she knew my love,
My plaints perhaps her mind may somewhat move.

But if she knew't, what if she did reject,
Yet better twere by her sweete doome to die,
That she might know my deare loves true effect,
Than thus to live in unknowne misery;
Yet after death it may be she would say,
His too much love did worke his lifes decay.

From the same.

SONG.

SOFT, Cupid, soft, there is no haste,
For all unkindnesse gone and past,
Since thou wilt needs forsake me so,
Let us part friends before thou go.

Still shalt thou have my heart to use,
When I cannot otherwise chuse,
My life thou mayst command sans doubt,
Command, I say, and goe without.

And if that I doe ever prove
False and unkind to gentle Love,
I'll not desire to live a day,
Nor any longer than I may.

I'll dayly blesse the little god,
But not without a smarting rod,
Wilt thou still unkindly leave me,
Now I pray God, all ill goe with thee.

From "Jones's Muses Gardin," &c.

SONG.

SONG.

Joye in thy hope, the earnest of thy love,
For so thou mayst enjoye thy hearts desire,
True hopes things absent do as present proove,
And keepe alive loves still renewing fires.

But of thy hope let silence be the tongue,
And secresie the heart of loving fire,
For hopes revealed may thy hopes prolong,
Or cut them off in prime-time of desire.

Sweete are those hopes that doe themselves enjoy,
As vowed to themselves to live and dye,
Sweetest those joyes, and freest from annoy,
That waken not the eye of jealousie.

L'Envoy.

Thy love is not thy love if not thine owne,
And so it is not if it once be knowne.

From the same.

SONG.

How many new yeres have grown old,
Since first your servant old was new,
How many long howres have I told,
Since first my love was vow'd to you;
And yet, alas! shee doth not know
Whether her servant love or no.

How

How many wals as white as snow,
And windows cleere as any glasse,
Have I conjured to tell you so,
Which faithfully performed was;
And yet youll sweare you do not know
Whether your servant love or no.

How often hath my pale leane face,
With true characters of my love,
Petitioned to you for grace,
Whom neither sighs nor teares can move
O cruell yet, doe you not know
Whether your servant love or no.

And wanting oft a better token,
I have been faine to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdaine hath broken,
Nor can you heal 't by any art;
O look upon 't, and you shall know
Whether your servant love or no.

From the same.

SONG.

The sea hath many thousand sands,
The sunne hath motes as many,
The skie is full of starres—and love
As full of woes as any;
Beleeve me that doe knowe the elfe,
And make no tryall by thyselfe.

It

It is in trueth a prettie toye
For babes to play withall,
But O the honies of our youth
Are oft our ages gall;
Selfe-proofe in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so.

A prophet that, Cassandra like,
Tels trueth without beliefe,
For headstrong youth will runne his race,
Although his goale be griefe;
Loves Martyr when his heat is past,
Prooves Cares Confessor at the last.

From the same.

SONG.

Once did my thoughts both ebbe and flowe,
As passion did them moove,
Once did I hope, straight feare again,
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
And tell how many minutes moove,
Once did I wishing waste the day,
And then I was in love.

Once by my carving true loves knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and teares were both our lot,
And then I was in love.

Once

Once did I breath anothers breath,
And in my mistress move,
Once was I not mine owne at all,
And then I was in love.

Once woare I bracelets made of hayre,
And collers did approve,
Once wore my clothes made out of waxe *,
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soule in numbers move,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then I was in love.

Once in my eare did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove,
Once, in a word, I was a foole,
And then I was in love.

* I suppose made to fit as neat as wax.

From the same.

SONG.

Whoever thinks or hopes of love for love,
Or who beloved in Cupid's lawes doth glorie,
Who joyes in vowes, or vowes not to remove,
Who by this light god hath not ben made sorrie;
Let him see me eclipsed from my sun,
With darkest cloudes of care quite overrunne.

Who

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honor armed,
Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden,
Who thinks that change is by entreaty charmed,
Looking on me, let him know loves delights
Are treasures hid in caves, but kept by sprights.

From Dowland's Collection.

SONG.

Go, chrystal teares, like to the morning showers,
And sweetly weepe into thy ladies brest,
And as the deawes * revive the dropping flowers,
So let your drops of pittie be addrest,
To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Hast haplesse sighs, and let your burning breth
Dissolve the ice of her indurate harte,
Whose frozen rigor, like forgetful death,
Feels never any touch of my desarte,
Yet sighs and teares to her I sacrifice,
Both from a spotles hart and pacient eyes.

* Dews.

From the First Booke of Songes or Ayres, of foure Partes, with a Tableture for the Lute, composed by John Dowland, Lutenist, and Bachelor of Musicke in both the Universities. Printed by Peter Short, dwelling in Bred-street-hill, at the Signe of the Starre. 1597.

SONG.

FAIR is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold,
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old,
The lillys white, yet in one day tis done,
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun,
So white, so sweet, was my fair mistress face,
Yet altered quite in one short houres space;
So short-lived Beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
Breathing delight to-day, but gone to-morrow.

From Gibbon's Madrigals, dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton.

The following is an extract from the dedication:—

"They were most of them composed in your own house, and do therefore properly belong unto you as lord of the soil; the language they speak you provided them; I only furnished them with tongues to utter the same."

Are we to understand from this that Sir Christopher Hatton wrote these Songs?

SONG.

DAINTY fine bird, thou art encaged there,
Alas! how like thine and my fortunes are;
Both pris'ners be, and both singing thus,
Strive to please her that hath imprisoned us,
Only thus we differ—thou and I—
Thou livest singing, but I sing and die.

From the same.

SONG.

1.

I WEIGH not fortunes frown nor smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys,
I seek not state, I reck not stile,
I am not fond of fancied toys,
I rest so pleasd with what I have,
I seek no more, no more I crave.

2.

I tremble not at noise of war,
I quake not at the thunders crack,
I shrinke not at a blazing star,
I sound * not at the news of wrack,
I fear no loss, I hope no gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

* Swoon.

I see

3.

I see ambition never pleasd,
I see some Tantals starve in store,
I see golds dropsy seldom easd,
I see curst Midas gape for more,
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enoughs a feast, content is crownd.

4.

I feign not friendship when I hate,
I fawn not on the great for grace,
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Ne yet too lofty, nor too base,
This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
A mind content, a conscience clear.

From the same.

SONG.

Draw on, sweet night, best friend unto those cares
That do ensue from painful melancholy,
My life so ill from want of comfort fares,
That I to thee do consecrate it wholly.

Sweet night, draw on my griefs when they be told,
To shades and darkness find me ease from paining,
And whilst thou all in silence dost enfold,
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

From

From Welbye's Madrigals.

SONG.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walkt
Alone, I with my sighs thus talkt:
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess.

Thou foole, said Love, knowst thou not this,
In every thing thats good she is,
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek.

In that enameled pancy by,
There thou shalt find her curious eye;
In bloom of peach, in roses bud,
There waves the streamer of her blood.

Tis true, said I, and thereupon
I went and pluckt them one by one,
To make of parts an union,
But on a sudden all was gon.

At which I stopt—said Love, these be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
For as these flowers thy joy must dye,
Een in the turning of an eye,
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do these flowers when knit together.

MOTHER'S SONG TO A CHILD.

SWEET golden slumbers kiss your tender eyes,
Sweet smiles awake you when you mean to rise,
Sad care is heavy, therefore sleep awhile,
So shall sweet sleep thy sad faced care beguile:

Stay,

Stay, gentle Morpheus, while she sleeps her fill,
And bless her with some sweet allusion still;
Sleep, gentle creature, sleep and cease to cry,
While I sit here, and sing thy lullaby.

SONG.

Careless of love, and free from fears,
I sate and gazed on Stella's eyes,
Thinking my reason or my years
Might keep me safe from all surprize.

But love that hath been long despised,
And made the baud to others trust,
Finding his deity surprised,
And changed into degenerate lust,

Summoned up all his strength and power,
Making her face his magazine,
Where Virtues grace and Beautys' flower,
He placed his godhead to redeem.

So that too late, alas! I finde
No steeled armour is of proof,
Nor can the best resolved mind
Resist her beauty and her youth.

But yet the folly to untwist,
That loving I deserve no blame,
Were it not atheisme to resist,
When gods themselves conspire her flame.

By Mr. Carew Raleigh.

A SONG

A SONG

IN COMMENDATION OF MUSICKE.

When whispering straines doe softly steale
With creeping passion through the heart,
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat, and beare a part;
When threads can make
A heart string quake;
Philosophy
Can scarce denye
The soule consists of harmony.

When unto heavenly joyes we feigne
What-ere the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explaine
By musicke of the winged host,
Whose layes wee thinke
Make starrs to winke;
Philosophy
Cannot deny
The soule consists of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming ayr,
My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool, thy fallings are;
Soft like a spirit, are thy feet:
Griefe who need feare,
That hath an eare;
Downe let him lye,
And slumbring dye,
And change his soule for harmony.

From Wit Restor'd. 12mo. London, 1658. p. 95.

THE ROYAL SLAVE.

THE play from which the following Songs are taken, was exhibited at Oxford, by the students of Christ Church, before Charles the First, and his Queen, and was written by William Cartwright. It is remarkable, that the celebrated Dr. Busby, afterwards head master of Westminster, bore a distinguished part in it; and it communicated so great satisfaction to the Royal hearers, that the Queen commanded it to be represented by her own regular actors at Hampton Court. Her Majesty sent for the same scenes, and the same dresses, that she might be able to form an adequate idea of the merits of the different performers. It was said by the courtiers foolishly enough, that the boys at Christ Church had beaten the actors at their own trade—not very likely. The songs were set to music by that most excellent composer, Dr. Lawes.

The first song is founded on the supposed custom among the Persians, that after any great victory, one of the captives was selected, and for three entire days allowed all the honours and privileges of the sovereign, and afterwards was sacrificed to the sun, the great Persian deity. To him, thus selected, is addressed the

PRIEST'S

PRIEST'S SONG.

COME from the dungeon to the throne,
To be a king, and straight be none;
Reign then a while, that thou mayst be
Fitter to fall by Majesty.

CHORUS.

So beasts for sacrifice we feed,
First they are crowned, and then they bleed,
Wash with thy blood what wars have done,
Offensive to our god the sun,
That as thou fallest we may see
Him pleased, and set as red as thee;
Enjoy the gloryes then of state,
Whiles pleasure ripens thee for fate

SONG.

1.

COME, my sweete, whiles every strayne
Calls our soules into the eare,
Where the greedy listning fayne
Would turne into the sound they heare,
Lest in desire
To fill the quire,
Themselves they tye
To harmony,
Lets kisse and call them back agayne.

2.

Now lets orderly conveigh
Our soules into each others brest,
Where interchanged let them stay
Slumbring in a melting rest,
Then with new fire
Let them retire,
And still present
Sweet fresh content,
Youthfull as the early day.

3.

Then let us a tumult make,
Shuffling so our soules, that we
Carelesse who did give or take,
May not know in whom they be,
Then let each smother,
And stifle the other,
Till we expire
In gentle fire,
Swiming the forgetful lake.

SONG.

Now, now the sunne is fled,
Downe into Tethys bed,
Ceasing his solemn course awhile,
What then?
Tis not to sleepe, but be
Merry all night as we,
Gods can be mad sometimes as well as men.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Then laugh wee, and quaffe wee, untill our rich noses
Grow red, and contest with our chaplets of roses.

If he be fled, whence may
We have a second day,
That shall not set till we command,
Here see
A day that does arise,
Like his, but with more eyes,
And warmes us with a better fire than hee.

CHORUS.

Then laugh we, &c. &c.

Thus then wee chuse the night,
With these true floods of light,
This Lesbian wine which with its sparkling streames
Darting diviner graces,
Casts glories round our faces,
And dulls the tapers with majestique beames.

CHORUS.

Then laugh we, &c. &c.

SONG.

From EDGAR, an Heroick Tragedy, by T. Rymer.

Ah lay by your lute,
Ah Lucasia forbear,
Whilst your tongue I may hear,
Other musicke is mute,
Ah lay by your lute,
For the heavens have decreed that my heart should submit
To none but the charms of your wit.

The conflict was hot
When I first met your eyes,
Yet my heart would still rise,
Though through and through shot,
The conflict was hot,
But your wits great artillery when drawn to the field,
Oh then twas my glory to yield.

To satisfy all,
When an empire is due,
To each beauty in you,
The world is too small
To satisfie all,
With the rest you in triumph shall sit and survey,
But give wit all the spoils of the day.

SONG.

SONG.

From HENRY THE THIRD OF FRANCE, a Tragedy, by Thomas Shipman. 1678.

SPIRIT SINGS.

AFTER I had your orders last night,
I met with a path all paved with light,
And yet with my passing I made it more bright;
Then through the lowest region I flew,
Sousing thro falling bogs of dew,
By the moons orb then swiftly I past,
No lightening nor thought made ever such haste;
Nor did I stay till Venus I found,
All covered with roses and with myrtles crowned,
Each rose did in native scarlet appear,
Yet every rose was outblushed by her,
Because I found Mars in the midst of her sphear.
Your summons she read and obeyd with a nod,
I had neer gained else that stubborn god,
Then I flew to an orb that was much more than bright,
With diamonds studded and roofed oer with light:
I knew it could be none
But Jupiters throne;
My summons he read, and obeyd with a frown,
And now all the three are here coming down,
No fate neer so dark escape can their sense,
Since each of them is an intelligence,
Look, Sir, they hover, all three hover here,
Wave but your wand, and all three will appear.

From the same.

SPIRIT SINGS.

I COME from the deeps below,
Where coral branches bud,
From where the rubies grow
From the rocks richest blood;
Altho in the deeps little darkness we know,
The diamonds our sun,
The pearl is our moon,
And the rest of our jewels are stars there below.

A LOVE SICK SONNET

LOVE is a sicknesse full of woes,
All remedies refusing,
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using,
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyd, it sighing cries
Hey ho!

Love is a torment of the minde,
A tempest everlasting,
And Jove hath made it of a kinde
Not well, nor full, nor fasting,
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyd, it sighing cries
Hey ho!

From

From "FANCIES AND FANTASTICKES," a curious and scarce Volume, consisting of Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c. in 12mo. Printed in 1654.

SONG.

MEN, if you love us, play no more
The fools or tyrants with your friends,
To make us sing still o're and o're
Our own false praises for your ends,
We have both wits and fancies too,
And if we must, lets sing of you.

Nor doe we doubt but that we can,
If we would search with care and pain,
Find some one good in some one man,
So going thorough all your strain,
Wee shall at last of parcells make
One good enough for a song sake.

And as a cunning painter takes,
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,
Than when tis made, why so will we,
And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

From

From the same.

DISSUASIVE FROM WOMEN.

1.

Come away, doe not pursue
A shadow that will follow you,
Women lighter than a feather,
Got and lost, and altogether
Such a creature may be thought
Void of reason, thing of nought.

2.

Come away, let not thine eyes
Gaze upon their fopperies,
Nor thy better genius dwell
Upon a subject known so well,
For whose folly at the first
Man and beast became accurst.

3.

Come away, thou canst not find
One of all thats faire and kind,
Brighter be she then the day,
Sweeter then a morne in May,
Yet her heart and tongue agrees
As we and the Antipodes.

4.

Come away, or if thou must
Stay a while, yet doe not trust,
Nor her sighs, nor what she swears;
Say she weep, suspect her tears,

Though

Though she seem to melt with passion
Tis old deceipt, tho new in fashion.

5.

Come away, admit there be
A naturall necessity,
Doe not make thy selfe a slave
For that which she desires to have,
What she will, or doe, or say,
Is meant the cleare contrary way.

6.

Come away, or if to part
Soon from her affects the heart,
Follow on thy sports awhile,
Laugh and kisse, and play awhile,
Yet as thou lovst me, trust her not,
Lest thou becomst—I know not what.

AN ANSWER TO IT.

1.

Stay, oh stay, and still pursue,
Bid not such happinesse adue,
Knowst thou what a woman is,
An image of celestiall bliss?
Such a one is thought to be
The nearest to divinity.

Stay,

2.

Stay, oh stay, how can thine eye
Feed on more felicity?
Or thy better genius dwell
On subjects that doe this excell?
Had it not been for her at first
Man and beast had liv'd accurst.

3.

Stay, O stay, has not there been
Of beauty and of love a queen?
Does not sweetnesse term a she
Worthy its only shrine to thee,
And where will vertue chuse to ly,
If not in such a treasury?

4.

Stay, oh stay, wouldst thou live free,
Then seek a nuptial destiny,
Tis not natures blisse alone,
(She gives) but heaven's, and that in one,
What she shall or doe, or say,
Never from truth shall goe astray.

5.

Stay, O stay, let not thine heart
Afflicted be, unlesse to part
Soone from her. Sport, kisse, and play,
Whilst no howers enrich the day,
And if thou dost a cuckold prove,
Impute it to thy want of love.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

Good women are like stars in darkest night,
Their vertuous actions shining as a light
To guide their ignorant sex, which oftimes fall,
And falling oft, turns diabolicall:
Good women sure are angels on the earth,
Of these good angels we have had a dearth,
And therefore all you men that have good wives,
Respect their vertues equall with your lives.

FUNERAL

FUNERAL SONG.

WHILST wee sing the doleful knell
Of this princesse passing bell,
Let the woods and vallies ring
Ecchoes to our sorrowing,
And the tenor of their song
Be ding dong, ding dong dong,
ding dong dong,
ding dong.

Nature now shall boast no more
Of the riches of her store,
Since in this her chiefest prize
All the stocke of beautie dies,
Then what cruell heart can long
Forbeare to sing the sad ding dong,
Ding dong, &c.

Fawnes and silvans of the woods,
Nimphes that haunt the cristall flouds,
Savage beasts more milder then
The unrelenting hearts of men,
Be partakers of our mone,
And with us sing ding dong dong,
Ding dong, &c.

From Swetnam, the Woman-Hater. Anonymous. 1620.

THE

THE NIGHTINGALE, SHERETINE, and MARIANA—A HAPPY HUSBAND—EFFIGIES on the DEATH of QUEENE ANNE—SONGS and SONNETS, by PATRICK HANNAY, Gent. 8vo. For Mat. Butler. 1622.

The above is by no means a book of common occurrence, and I hope the reader will think the following specimens worth preserving.

EXPERIENCED Nature in this latter age,
Willing her master piece should then be wroght,
Such my faire Celia set on earths large stage,
As all the gods in emulation brought,
For they did thinke if Nature only might
Brag of her worth, she should insult ore them,
Wherefore they 'greed to have an equall right,
That they of her perfection part might claime:
Pallas gave wisdome, Juno statelinesse,
And the milde Morning gave her modestie;
The Graces cariage, Venus lovelinesse,
And chaste Diana choisest chastitie.
Thus heaven and earth their powers did combine
To make her perfect, kind love made her mine.

TO

TO CÆLIA.

ONCE early as the ruddy bashfull morne
Did leave wan Phœbus purple streaming bed,
And did with scarlet streames east heaven adorne,
I to my fairest Cælias chamber sped:
She, goddesse like, stood combing of her haire,
Which like a sable vaile did cloath her round,
Her ivorie combe was white, her hand more faire,
She straight and tall, her tresses trailed to ground,
Amazed I stood, thinking my deere had beene
Turnd goddesse, every sense to sight was gone,
With bashfull blush my blisse fled I once seene,
Left me transformed as it were in stone,
Yet did I wish so ever to have remained,
Had she but stayd, and I my sight retained.

COMPLAINT AGAINST CUPID.

Set to Music by H. Lawes.

VENUS, redresse a wrong thats done
By that yong sprightful boy thy son,
He wounds, and then laughs at the sore,
Hatred itself could do no more;
If I pursue, he's small and light,
Both seen at once, and out of sight,
If I doe fly, he's wing'd and then
At the first step I'm caught again;
Lest one day thou thy selfe mayst suffer so,
Or clip the wantons wings, or break his bow.

CARTWRIGHT.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO SEA.

FAREWELL, fair saint, may not the sea and wind
Swell like the hearts and eyes you leave behind,
But calm and gentle as the looks you beare,
Smile in your face, and whisper in your eare;
Let no bold billow offer to arise,
That it may never look upon your eyes,
Lest wind and wave enamoured of your forme,
Should throng and crowd themselves into a storme:
But if it be your fate, vast seas, to love,
Of my becalmed breast learn how to move;
Move then but in a gentle lover's pace,
No furrows nor no wrinkles in your face;

And ye fierce winds, see that you tell your tale
In such a breath as may but fill her sail,
So whilst you court her each your several way,
Ye may her safely to her port convey,
And lose but in a noble way of wooing,
Whilst both contribute to your own undoing.

By Mr. Thomas Cary, son to the Earl of Monmouth. Set to Music by Lawes.

SONG.

AMARANTHA sweet and fair,
Forbear to brade that shining hair,
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovring round thee let it flye,
Let it flye as unconfined
As its calm ravisher the wind,
Who's left his darling east
To wanton ore this spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clew of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled,
Do not then wind up that light
In ribbands, and o're cloud in night,
Like the sun in's early ray,
But shake your head, and scatter day.

By Lovelace. Set to Music by Lawes.

YOUTH

YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

Thou art so fair and yong withall,
Thou kindl'st yong desires in me,
Restoreing life to leaves that fall,
And sight to eyes that hardly see
Halfe those fresh beauties bloom in thee.

These under sevrall hearbes and flowers,
Disguised were all Medea gave,
When she recal'd Times flying howrs,
And aged Æson from his grave,
For beauty can both kill and save.

Youth it enflames, but age it cheers,
I would go back, but not return
To twenty, but to twice those yeers,
Not blaze, but ever constant burn,
For fear my cradle prove my urn.

By Mr. Aurelian Townshend. Set to Music by Lawes.

NO CONSTANCY IN MAN.

Begone, begone, thou perjured man,
And never more return,
For know that thy inconstancy
Hath changed my love to scorn;
Thou hast awaked me, and I can
See clearly theres no truth in man.

My love to thee was chast and pure,
As is the morning dew,
And twas alone like to endure,
Hadst thou not proved untrue;
But I'm awaked, and now I can
See clearly theres no truth in man.

Thou mayst perhaps prevaile upon
Some other to believe thee,
And since thou canst love more than one,
Nere thinke that it shall grieve me;
Thou hast awaked me, and I can
See clearly theres no truth in man.

By thy apostasie I find
That love is placed amiss,
And ca'nt continue in the mind,
Where virtue wanting is;
I'm now resolved, and know there can
No constant thought remain in man.

The above beautiful Song was written by Henry Lawes, who also set it to Music.

THE CAPTIVE LOVER.

If my mistress fix her eye
On these ruder lines of mine,
Let them tell her how I lye,
Fettered by her looks divine;
Tell her it is only she
Can release and set me free.

Tell

Tell her yet tis my desire
To remain her captive still,
Neither can I ayme at higher
Hope or fortune then her will,
So she will my thraldome pay
But with one kind look a day.

By Mr. Harrington. Set to Music by Lawes.

SONG.

Thou shepheard whose intentive eye
On ev'ry lamb is such a spy,
No wily foxe can make them lesse,
Where may I find my shepheardess?

A little pausing then sayd hee,
How can that jewell stray from thee?
In summers heat, in winters cold,
I thought thy brest had been her fold.

That is indeed the constant place
Wherein my thonghts still see her face,
And print her image in my heart,
But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

With that he smiling sayd, I might
Of Chloris partly have a sight,
And some of her perfections meet
In ev'ry flow'r was fresh and sweet.

The growing lilly bears her skin,
The violet her blew veins within,
The blushing rose new blown, and spread
Her sweeter cheek, her lips, the red.

The winds that wanton with the spring,
Such odours as her breathing bring,
But the resemblance of her eyes
Was never found beneath the skies.

Her charming voyce who strives to hit,
His object must be higher yet,
For heav'n and earth, and all we see
Dispierc'd, collected, is but shee.

Amaz'd at this discourse, me thought
Love both ambition in me wrought,
And made me covet to engrosse
A wealth would prove a publick losse.

With that I sigh'd, asham'd to see
Such worth in her, such want in me;
And closing both mine eyes, forbid
The world my sight since she was hid.

By Mr. Townshend. Set to Music by Lawes.

SONG,

SONG,

FROM A LADY TO HER INCONSTANT LOVER.

1.

When on the altar of my hand,
Bedewed with many a kisse and teare,
Thy now revolted heart did stand,
An humble martyr thou didst sweare,
Thus, and the god of love did hear,
By those bright glances of thine eye,
Unlesse thou pitty me I dye.

2.

When first these perjured lips of thine,
Bepaled with blasting sighs, did seale
Their violated faith on mine,
From the bosome that did heale
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steale,
My soule enflamed with thy false breath,
Poysoned with kisses, suckt in death.

3.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or mercy to procure
From the offended god of love:
My curse is fatall, and my pure
Love shall beyond thy scorn endure,
If I implore the godds, they'll find
Thee too ungrateful, me too kind.

By Carew.

SONG.

THE REFORMED LOVER.

1.

Till now I never did believe
A man could love for vertues sake,
Nor thought the absence of one love could grieve
The man that freely might another take;
But since mine eyes betrothed my heart to you,
I find both true,
Thy innocence has so my love refined,
I mourn thy bodys absence for thy mind.

2.

Till now I never made an oath,
But with a purpose to forsweare,
For to be fixd upon one face were sloath,
When every ladys eye is Cupids sphear;
But if she merits faith from every brest,
Who is the best
Of woman kind? how then can I be free
To love another, having once loved thee?

3.

Such is the rare and happy power
Of goodness, that it can dilate
Itselfe to make one vertuous in an houre,
Who lived before perhaps a reprobate;

Then

Then since in me this wonder thou hast done,
Prithee work on
Upon thy selfe, thy sex doth want that grace,
My truth to love more than a better face.

By Sir Thomas Nevill, who, according to Wood, was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and was heir to Sir Henry Nevill, and succeeded to the Barony of Abergavenny.

SONG,

TO HIS MISTRESS ON HIS GOING TO TRAVEL.

Dearest do not now delay me,
Since thou knowst I must be gone,
Wind and tyde 'tis thought doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From thy breath, whose native smell
Indian odours doth excell.

Oh then speake my dearest fayre,
Kill not him who vowes to serve thee,
But perfume the neighbouring ayre,
For dumb silence else will starve me;
'Tis a word is quickly spoken,
Which restrained, a heart is broken.

By Mr. Henry Harington, son to Sir Henry Harington.

SONG.

SONG.

LOVE ABOVE BEAUTY.

Lovely Chloris, though thine eyes
Far outshine the jewelled * skies,
That grace which all admire in thee,
No nor the beauties of thy brest,
Which far outblaze the rest,
Might ere compared be
To my fidelitie.

Those alluring smiles that place
Eternal April on thy face,
Such as no sun did ever see,
No nor the treasures of thy brest,
Which far outblaze the rest,
Might ere compared be
To my fidelitie.

By Mr. H. Reynolds.

* Jewells of the skies.

SONG.

And why so saye? see for thy taste I bring
The first and richest treasures of the Spring,
The Indies shall be ransacked for thee,
No place unsearched, soe thoult be kind to me:
See how the master of our hearts does fly,
For fruits to satisfy thy taste and eye,
Bee not ungratefull then, but swiftly prove
What he invites you to, the taste of love.

Oh I'm undone, pray doe not look away,
The reason I affect you tis your fair,
Which when you know then all my hopes prove aire,
Oh do not kemb those golden tresses there,
My heart is bound in those curles of your hair,
I am a prisoner, dont you see me lie
There by that glasse—oh love me, or I dye.

Anonymous.

SONG.

BEAUTIES ECLYPSED.

Ladies who gild the glittering room,
And by reflection mend its ray,
Whose lustre makes the sprightful sun
To dance as on an Easter day,
What are ye now the Queen's away?

Couragious

Couragious eagles, which have shut
Your eyes upon majestic light,
And thence derived such martial heat,
As still your looks maintained the fight,
Which are ye since the king's good nyght.

As an obstructed fountains head
Cuts the intaile from offe the streame,
All brooks are disinherited,
Honour and Beauty are but dreames,
Since CHARLES and MARY lost their beams.

By Mr. Francis Lenton.

SONG,

UPON A CROWNED HEART SENT TO A CRUEL MISTRESS.

Go thou emblem of my heart,
Tell my mistress whose thou art,
If with love she doe receive thee,
Happy then thou art to leave me,
But if she do chance to frown,
Let her only spoyl that crown,
And all wounded home return thee,
Where no other flame shal burn thee,
For empaled in my brest,
Though thou breake my peaceful rest,
Yet I vow in thy defence,
Love no more shal fire thee hence.

By Mr. Harington.

SONG.

SONG.

O THE fickle state of lovers,
A heart perplext with hopes and fears,
To day a world of joy discovers,
And tomorrow's drownd in tears.

A lovers state, like April weather,
Rain and sunshine both together,
If his mistress do but smile,
A heaven of joy is in his heart.
If her brow but frown awhile,
Hell can send no greater smart,
In a lovers breast doth dwell
Very heaven or very hell.

By Francis Quarles.

SONG.

COME Chloris, hie we to the bower,
To sport us ere the day be done,
Such is thy power that every flower
Will ope to thee as to the sun.

And if a flower but chance to dye,
With my sighs blasts, or mine eyes raine,
Thou canst revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make't sweet againe.

The wanton suckling and the vine
Will strive for th' honour who first may
With their green arms encircle thine,
To keep the burning sun away.

SONG.

A SMILE OR FROWN.

THOUGH my torment far exceeds
His whose heart the vulture feeds,
And my endless pains excell
His that rowls the stone in hell,
If my Julia do but smile,
I can laugh and sing the while.

Though my fortunes greater were
Then the Macedonians heire,
Could I boast of greater glory
Then the Scithian shepheards story,
If my Julia do but frown,
All my pompe were overthrown.

By Mr. Harrington.

SONG.

TROIS choses sont tout d'un accord,
L'Eglise, la Cour, et la Mort,
L'Eglise prend du vif, du mort,
La Cour prend le droit et le tort,
La Mort prend le foible et le fort.

Englished.

There be three things do well agree,
The Church, the Court, and Destinie,
For none will ought to other leave,
The Church from live and dead doth reeve,
The Court takes both the right and wrong,
And Death takes both the weak and strong.

From the World of Wonders. 1608.

SONG,

TO A LADY PUTTING OFF HER VEILE.

KEEP on your veile, and hide your eye,
For with beholding you I dye,
Your fatall beauty, gorgon like,
Dead with astonishment will strike
Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
Are worse than basilisks to me.

Hide

Hide from my sight those hills of snow,
Their melting valley do not show,
Those azure paths lead to despair,
O vex me not, forbear, forbear,
For while I thus in torments dwell,
The sight of heaven is worse than hell.

Your dainty voice and warbling breath
Sounds like a sentence past for death,
Your dangling tresses are become
Like instruments of finall doome,
O if an angell torture so,
When life is done, where shall I go?

By Dr. Stroud.

PSALME 13.

Lord, how long, how long wilt thou
Quight forget and quight neglect me?
How long, with a frowning brow,
Wilt thou from thy sight reject me?

How long shall I seeke a way
Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,
Where my griev'd mind, night and day,
Is with thinking, tir'd and vexed!

How long shall my scornefull foe
(On my fall his greatnes placing)
Build upon my overthrowe,
And be grac'd by my disgracing!

Heare,

Heare, O Lord and God, my cries;
Mark my foes' unjust abusing;
And illuminate mine eies,
Heavenly beams in them infusing!

Lest my woes too great to bear,
And too infinite to nomber,
Rock me soone, 'twixt hope and fear,
Into Death's eternal slomber!

Lest my foes their boasting make,
Spight of right on him we trample!
And a pride in mischief take,
Heartned by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure
At thy mercies sacred anchor,
And undaunted will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancor.

These black clowdes will overblowe,
Sun shine shall have his returning;
And my grief-dull'd heart, I knowe,
Into mirth shall change his mourning.

Therefore I'll rejoyce, and sing
Hymnes to God in sacred measure,
Who to happie passe will bring
My just hopes, at his good pleasure!

FR. DAVISON.

From *Divers selected Psalmes of David (in Verse) of a different Composure from those used in the Church. By Fra. Davison, Esq. deceased, and other Gentlemen.*—Among the Marquis of Stafford's Manuscripts.

SONG,

TO A LADY WEEPING.

O NOW the certain cause I know
Whence the rose and lilly grow
In your fair cheeks, the often showers
Which you thus weep, do breed these flowers

If that the flouds could Venus bring,
Or warlike Mars from flowers spring,
Why may not hence two gods arise,
This from your cheeks, that from your eyes.

By Mr. W. Cartwright.

SONG.

SONG.

GRIEVE not, dear love, although we often part,
  But know that nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up with tender art,
  To brook the day when we must part for ever.

For nature doubting we should be surprized
  By that sad day whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Doth keep us dayly schooled and exercised,
  Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us.

By John Earl of Bristoll.

THE following tender and elegant Song is worth preserving, but I do not remember where I transcribed it.

SONG.

1.

LOVE is a prettie frenzie,
A melancholy fire,
Begot by lookes, maintain'd with hopes,
And heithend by desire.

2.

Love is a prettie tyrant,
By our affections armed,
Take them away, none lives this day,
The coward boy hath harmed.

3.

Love is a prettie idol,
Opinion did devise him:
His votaries are sloath and lies,
The robes that do disguise him.

4.

Love is a prettie painter,
And counterfeiteth passion;
His shadow'd lies make fansies rise,
To set beliefe in fashion.

Love

5.

Love is a prettie pedler,
Whose packe is fraught with sorrowes,
With doubts, with feares, with sighs, with teares,
Some ioyes; but those he borrowes.

6.

Love is a prettie nothing,
Yet what a quoile it keepes,
With thousand eyes of iealousies,
Yet no one ever sleepes.

THE FOLLOWING POEM is copied from a Manuscript in the HARLEIAN COLLECTION.

TO A FAYRE LADY WEEPING FOR HER HUSBAND COMMITTED BY THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

AH let them keepe him if they can,
Hee's not in hold whilst you are free,
Come sigh no more, but pledge the man,
Who though in fetters, he can be
A prisoner to none but thee;
Dry your eyes, for every teare
Makes them like drowned worlds appeare.

Fast through the ayre my fancy went,
With wings disguised, and then stood by,
When he was brought to the Parliament,
Straight to the barre, the barre, they cry,
The smiling Captain asked why,
With that they soone brought in his charge,
Lady you shall hear 't at large.

Imprimis he is marryed late,
With a ring too, unto a saint,
Would make the best of us a mate,
Witty, pretty, young and quaint,
And fairer than our wives can paint,
Her lips will set mens teeth an edge,
Sure thats a breach of privilege.

Nay,

Nay, her malignant beauty can
  Provoke us all at once to rise,
May make our general prove a man,
  And the star chamber of her eyes,
  Rob subjects of their liberties,
And then her voyce keeps eares in awe,
Like the high commission law.

She keepes an altar on her browe,
  Her eyes, two tapers at each side,
There superstitious lovers bow,
  Her name is Mary too beside,
Lets clap him up till further leisure,
And send for her to wayte our pleasure.

Then goe, fayre lady, follow him,
  Feare no trumpet, feare not drum,
Fair women may prevail with Pimme,
  And one sweet smile when there you come
  Will quickly strike the speaker dumbe,
If not then, let one teare be spent,
And twill dissolve the Parliament.

From Morgan's Phœnix Britannicus.

Contendunt specimen pistor, pietorque, uter edat
Pulchrius, hic fuco, doctior ille foco.
Hic fecisse deum se jactat. Retulit ille;
Corpus ego verum; tu simulacra facis.
Dentibus assidué deus teritur hic tuus inquit.
Corrodunt vermés retulit ille, tuum.
Pictor ait; multos meus integer ætat in annos:
Sepé una innumeros devorat hora tuos.
At tibi vix toto deus unus pingitur anno,
Pistor ait; decies mille dat hora mihi.
Parcite, ait mystes, frustrá contendere verbis;
Nile sine me poterit vester uterque deus;
Et quis utrumque deum facio, mihi servit uterque;
Namque hic mendicat, manditur ille mihi.

A Painter late contended with a Baker,
Who best deserv'd for making of his maker.
Painter. My pencil draws a god in colours fine.
Baker. Bare shadows thine, but solid substance mine.
Painter. Thy god with teeth is torn, with palate tasted.
Baker. And thine with gnawing worms is daily wasted.
Painter. For many years endures this god of mine,
One hour devours a thousand such as thine.
Baker. Ere thou cans't trim one draught whole years expire,
To bake a loaf I scarce one hour require.

To

To stint their strife a mass priest 'gan to frown,
And said (but swore first by his shaven crown)
PRIEST. St. Mary, Sirs! 'tis strange you are no wiser,
Who can make gods none but the sacrificer;
Your varnish'd picture, and your simple cake,
I consecrate, and both divine must make.
Your gods both do my business, let me tell me,
One begs my coin, the other fills my belly.

From the same.

As well for variety sake, as to fill up this vacant page, I take the following verses, said to have been written originally at Rome, in Italian, about 1679, and by Pasquin, addressed to his then Holiness. This version, which appeared in 1680, is fathered on a certain English Cardinal.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE ENGLISHMAN.

THE free born English, generous and wise,
Hate chains; but do not government despise.
Rights of the crown, tributes and taxes, they,
When legally exacted, freely pay.
Force they abhor, and wrongs they scorn to bear,
More guided by their judgment than their fear,
Justice with them was never held severe.

There,

There, pow'r by tyranny was never got:
Laws might, perhaps, enslave them; force cannot.
Kings are less safe in their unbounded will,
Join'd with the wretched power of doing ill:
Forsaken most when they're most absolute,
Laws guard the man, and only bind the brute.
To force that guard with its worst foe to join,
Can never be a prudent king's design:
What prince would change to be a Catiline?
Break his own laws, shake an unquestion'd throne,
Conspire with vassals to usurp his own!
Let France grow proud beneath the tyrant's lust,
While the rack'd people crawl and lick the dust:
The manly genius of this isle disclaims
All tinsel slavery, or golden chains.
England to servile yoke could never bow:
What conqu'rors ne'er presum'd who dares do now!
In vain your Holiness does rack your brain,
No son of yours that happy isle can gain,
Arm'd with true gospel and undated law,
They guard themselves, and keep the world in awe.
While Charles survives, and Parliaments can sit,
They scorn your tories swords, and jesuits wit.

From

From the same.

ON THE GRAND QUESTION, "WHO'S TO BE IN, AND WHO OUT."

1.

The peace coming on,
The German and Don
Being come to themselves as tis rumoured,
Let's lay aside piques,
All frolickes and freaks,
And be to each other good humour'd.

2.

The question's no doubt,
Who's in and who's out?
There's nothing besides it pretended,
Let the outs be the ins,
And we soon shall begin
To see all our matters well mended.

3.

The very same things,
With which the town rings,
And about which we make such a pother,
In a sessions or two,
For the next set will do,
And the one be the same as the other.

4.

Since this the plain case is,
As nose on man's face is,
Why should you and I vex at the matter,
Let the world turn about,
With thre in and thre out,
Shall we be the leaner or fatter.

SPAIN's king with navies huge the seas bestrew'd,
T' augment with English crown his Spanish sway,
Ask you what caus'd this proud attempt, 'twas lewd
Ambition drove, and av'rice led the way.
Tis well ambition's windy puff lies drown'd
By winds, and swelling hearts by swelling waves.
Tis well the Spaniards, who the world's vast round
Devour'd, devouring sea most justly craves.
But thou, O queen, for whom winds seas do war,
Oh thou sole glory of the world's wide mass,
So reign to God still, from ambition far,
So still, with bounteous aids, the good embrace.
That thou do England long, long England thee enjoy,
Thou terror of all bad, thou ev'ry good man's joy!

ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

O RADST thou serv'd thy heroine all thy days,
Had fate from storms of envy screen'd thy bays,
Had'st thou still flourish'd in a warlike reign,
Thy sword had made a conquest like thy pen;
But nought to such untimely fate could bring
The valiant subject, but a coward king.

AN

AN OLD SYLVAN CHARM.

Fawns and fairies keep away,
While we in these coverts stay,
Goblins, elves, of Oberon's train,
Never in these plains remain,
Till I and my nymph awake,
And do hence our journey take;
May the night-mare never ride us,
Nor a fright by night betide us,
So shall heavens praise sound as clear
As the shrill voyced chanticleer.

LOVE.

Love, what's thy name? a phrensie, whence thy birth?
From heaven—how comes it then thou livst on earth?
I live not there—yet each usurps thy name,
Tis true, indeed, but hence redounds their shame:
I live not there, my nature's pure and just,
But lust lives there, and love's a foe to lust.

From a Commentary on the Miller's Tale, and Wife of Bath's Tale, of Chaucer, by R. B.; that is, Richard Brathwait; a rare little book, printed in 1665. 12mo.

From

From Claudian.

JUPITER in paros cum cerneret æthera vitro
Risit et ad superos talia dicta refert,
Huccine mortatis progressa potentia curæ?
Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor
Jure poli, rerumque fidem, legesque deorum
Ecce Syracusius * transtulit arte senex
Inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astris
Et vivum certis motibus urget opus,
Percurrit proprium mortitus signifer annum
Et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit.

Translated thus by Mr. Nathaniel Carpenter, in his Geography:—

IN a small glass when Jove beheld the skies,
He smiled, and thus unto the gods replies:
Could man extend so far his studious care,
To mock my labours in a brittle sphear,
Heaven's laws, man's ways, and nature's sovereign right,
This sage of Syracuse translates to sight
A soul within on various stars attends,
And moves the quick work unto certain ends;
A feigned zodiac runs its proper year,
And a false Cynthia makes new months appear;
And now bold Art takes on her to command,
And rule the heavenly stars with humane hand,
Who can admire Salmoneus harmless thunder,
When a slight hand stirs nature up to wonder.

* Archimedes.

The

The above lines are taken from a book not commonly met with; the title of which is, "Humane Industry, or a History of most Manual Arts," 12mo. 1661; but the four lines which conclude the Epigram from Claudian are omitted. They are these:—

Jamque suum volvans audex industria mundum,
Gaudet et humana sidere mente regal,
Quid falso insortem tenetru Salmonea miror,
Æmula naturæ parva reperta manus.

GROTIUS.

IN CURRUS VELIFEROS.

Ventivolam Typhis deduxit in æquóra navem
Jupiter in terras, æthereamque domum,
In terrestre sólum virtus STEVINIA, nam nec
Typhis tuum fuerit, nec Jovis istud opus.

ALIUD IN EOSDEM.

Hactenus immensum Batavi percurrimus æquor,
Oceani nobis invia nulla via est,
Nerea cattorum soboles consumpsimus omnes,
Jam nihil est ultra, velificatur humus.

TRANSLATED.

TRANSLATED.

Typhis to sea the first ship brought, and Jove
To heaven, where Argo now a star doth move,
But first by land in ships STEVENIUS went,
For that not Jove, nor Typhis did invent.

ANOTHER.

The vast sea hitherto the Dutch have sayled,
Searched every coast, found each point and prevailed,
The oceans all made pervious by their hand,
Now nothing more is left they sayle by land.

From the same.

TO HIS MISTRES.

THE firmament with golden stars adorned,
The saylers watchful eies full well contenteth,
And afterward with tempest overspred,
The absent lights of heaven he sore lamenteth.

Your face the firmament of my repose,
Long time have kept my waking thoughts delighted,
But now the clouds of sorrow overgoes
Your glorious skies, wherewith I am affrighted.

For I that have my life and fortunes placed
Within the ship that by those planets saileth,
By envious chaunce am overmuch disgraced,
Seeing the loadstar of my courses faileth.

And yet content to drowne without repining,
To have my stars affoord the world their shining.

MEL HELICONIUM,

Or Poeticall Honey gathered out of the Weeds of Parnassus. The first Book divided into VII Chapters, according to the first VII Letters of the Alphabet, containing XLVIII Fictions, out of which are extracted many Historicall, Naturall, Morall, Politicall and Theologicall Observations, both delightfull and usefull, with XLVIII Meditations in Verse. By Alexander Rosse, his Majesties Chaplein in Ordinary. Printed by L. P. and J. J. for William Leek. 12mo. 1642.

I make a poetical transcript from this book more on account of its rarity, than for the excellence of the specimen about to be exhibited. It must, however, be allowed to involve matter both of interest and curiosity, when the period in which it was written is remembered.

THE HAPPINESSE OF BRITAIN.

Clap hands, oh happy British clime,
Thrice happy, if thou knew the time
Of this thy happinesse:
Wherein thou dost injoy sweet peace,
With health and freedom, and increase
Of wealth and godlinesse.

Thy roses and thy thistles blow,
Thy fields with milk and honey flow,
Thy ships like mountains trace
In Neptune's watery kingdom, and
With traffick they enrich the land,
And goods from every place.

From where the morning wings are spread,
From where the evenings face looks red,
And from the Torrid Zone,
And from the Pole and freezing Bares
Thou furnishest thyself with wares,
And with provision.

Thou hast no foe to crosse thy gain,
Thy altars are not made profane
With vain idolatry,
Thy priests are cloathed with holinesse,
Thy saints sing all with joyfulnesse,
And calm security.

Here each man may at leasure dine
Under the shadow of his vine,
Thou hearst no canons rore,
Thou hearst not drums and trumpets sound,
Dead carkasses spread not thy ground,
Thy lands not red with goare.

Thy temples hymns and anthems ring,
And panegyrics to the king
Of this great universe;
Down from thy sounding pulpits fall
Gods words like nectar, who can all
Thy happinesse rehearse?

Sure

Sure thou art that Parnassus hill,
On which Deucalion did dwell,
When all the earth was drowned,
So whilst the earth now swims in blood,
And men walk through in crimson flood
Thy head with peace is crowned.

Here all the muses, with their king,
Bay-browd Apollo sit and sing
Their envied quietnesse,
So nothing's wanting, as we see,
To make thee blest, except it bee
Submissive thankfulnesse.

Here we have just Deucalions,
Who make wise men of stupid stones,
And who behinde them cast
The love of earth, whose innocence
Keeps off the floods of war from hence,
So that our hill stands fast.

Much of this happinesse we gain
By him whose sacred brows sustain
The three-fold diadem
Of these sea-grasping isles, whose ground
Jove's brother doth not onely round,
But as his own doth claim.

Great God, prime author of our peace,
Let not this happinesse decrease,
But let it flourish still;
Take not thy mercie from this land,
Nor from the man of thy right hand,
So shall we fear no ill.

The book, which is in the excellent collection of my esteemed friend, Mr. Freeling, is inscribed, "To the Right Honourable William, Marquesse of Hartford, Lord Governour to the Prince his Highnesse."

A copy of Greek hexameters, addressed to the author, have the signature of ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥΣ.

Quere, Who was this Alexander Rosse? The Alexander Rosse, immortalized in Hudibras, is represented by the author of the General Biographical Dictionary as born in 1640. The Mel Heliconium has the date of 1642.

POEM,

TOUCHING THE ASSOCIATION OF THE ENGLISH TOUNG WITH THE FRENCH, ITALIAN, OR SPANISH.

FRANCE, Italy, and Spain, ye sisters three,
Whose toungs are branches of the Latian tree,
To perfect your odd number, be not shy
To take a fourth to your society.
That high Teutonick dialect which bold
Hengistus with his Saxons brought of old
Among the Brittains, when by knife and sword
The first of England did create the word.
Nor ist a small advantage to admitt,
To make a speech to mix with you and knitt,
Who by her consonants and tougher strains
Will bring more arteries 'mong your soft veins,
For of all toungs Dutch hath most nerves and bones,
Except the Pole, who hurles his words like stones.
Some feign that when our Protoplastick fire
Lost Paradis by heavens provoked ire,
He in Italian tempted was, in French
Fell a begging pardon, but from thence
He was thrust out in the high Teuton toung,
Whence English, though much polished, since is sprung.
This book is then an inlaid peece of art,
English the knots which strengthen every part:
Four languages are here together fixed,
Our Lemsters die with Naples silk is mixt.

The Loire, the Po, the Thames, and Tagus glide
All in one bed, and kisse each others side;
The Alpes and Pyrenean mountains meet,
The rose and flower-de-luce hang in one street.
May Spain and red-capt France a league here strike,
If 'twixt their kings and crowns there were the like.
Poore Europe should not bleed so fast, and call
Turbands at last unto her funerall.

From Howell's Lexicon Tetraglotton.
Fol. 1660.

THE

THE following whimsical Verses are taken from a curious book, of which there are two editions, one printed at Edinburgh, the other at London. The former is classed among English books of rarity. The title is, "A WORLD OF WONDERS, or an Introduction to a Treatise touching the Conformitie of ancient and moderne Wonders, or a Preparative Treatise to the Apologie for Herodotus; the Argument whereof is taken from the Apologie for Herodotus, written in Latine by HENRY STEPHENS, and continued here by the Author himselfe. Translated out of the best corrected French Copie. Edinburgh. Imprinted by Andrew Hart and Richard Lawson. 1608. Folio."

The Andrew Hart mentioned in the above title-page, was one of those who materially promoted the successful establishment of printing in Scotland. His folio Bible, printed in 1610, is very remarkable for its fidelity and elegance. This I have particularly described in my second volume, p. 232. Hart also printed the Muses Welcome to King James at Edinburgh, 1618, which is praised by Watson in his curious account of the Scottish printers.

1.

Mes freres, je vous prie de suiure,
Quelque honneste façon de viure
En simplesse et sobrieté,
Et laisser vostre ebrieté,
Eguillon de toute malice,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

2.

Voire, mais viuans sobrement,
Vous seruiriez Dieu purement:
Et puis chacun auroit enuie
De suiure vostre bonne vie.
Mieux vaut suiure vertu que vice,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

3.

Mais c'est chose à Dieu detestable,
D'estre assis trois heures à table.
A yvrongner et gourmander.
Voulez vous point vous amender
De peur que Dieu ne vous punisse?
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

4.

Mais ayant beu vingt fois d'autant
Nul de vous n'est jamais content,
Sentant vuider son gobelet.
Car il demande à son valet,
Qu'incontinent il le remplisse,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

5.

Mais vos devis et vos propos
Sont tous de putains et de pots,
Aussi pleins de lasciveté,
Que vous estes d'oisiveté,
Et tousiours songez à malice,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

6.

Mais pensez vous séruir à Dieu,
Blasphemons son nom en tout lieu,
Et ne pensans pour penitence,
Fors qu'a croistre vostre pitance,
Ou crocheter un benefice?
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

7.

Mais pensez vous qui soit assez,
De prier pour les trespassez,
Qui ont fait du bien au convent,
Si vous ne priez Dieu souvent,
Que sa grace vous soit propice?
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

8.

Mais quel seruice appelez vous
D'ainsi murmurer contre nous,
Tout confondre en piteux desordre,
Et despiter Dieu, nous et l'ordre,
Si vostre pitance appetisse,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

Mais

9.

Mais dequoi seruent tous vos chants,
Quand vous estes trompeurs meschans,
Que n'avez vertu ne science,
Qu'a regratter la conscience,
De quelque femmelette nice,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

10.

Mais que sert d'aller au moustier,
Et psalmodier le psautier,
Et rechanter en cent façons,
Verseta, antiennes, leçons,
Ayans le coeur à la saucisse?
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

11.

Mais quoi? vostre devotion
N'est rien que simulation,
Et vostre chant melodieux
N'est à Dieu sinon odieux,
Aimant par cœur qui le benisse,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

12.

Mais c'est peu de seruir de bouche,
Si le seruice au coeur ne touche,
Avoir l'esprit à la cuisine
En chantant au temple matine,
Ne sert qu'aux poulmons d'exercice,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

Mais

13.

Mais pour le seruice diuin
Vous faites seruice de vin,
En fredonnant vos doux accords,
Mais que nourrissiez vostre corps,
Peu vous chant que l'ame perisse,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

14.

Mais vous estes si desreiglez,
Et en vous maux tant aueuglez,
Qu'il n'y a homme si sauant,
Par ses raisons vous poursuiuant,
Qui de rien amender vous puisse,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

15.

Mais nous ne donnez jamais rien,
Et ne vous chant quand ne combien,
Ne qui, ne quoi, n'en quelle sorte,
On vous donne, et on vous apporte,
Mais que le convent enrichisse,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

16.

Mais vous n'auez ni soin ni cure
De lire la saincte escriture,
De l'estudier ni entendre
De la retenir et l'apprendre,
Au sot et ignorant nouice,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

17.

Pour response au Souprieur faire,
Le conuent dit, qu'il n'y a frere,
Qui n'accomplisse et ne consente
A l'exhortation presente,
Et de bon coeur n'y obeisse,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

18.

Mais quand je di, frere Simon,
Pourquoi n'allez vous au sermon ?
Frere Gringoire et frere Gille,
Que ne preschez vous l'Euangile?
Chacun dit, je fai mon office,
Pater, en disant le seruice.

19.

Or ne sauroit ou tant prescher,
Tant exhorter, tant reprocher,
Leur mauvais train, pour les confondre,
Que ne les oyez tous respondre,
Quelque chose que dire puisse,
Monsieur nous faisons le seruice.

That is,

1.

To you, Sir friars, this note I make,
That some good course of life ye take,
In single heart and sobernesse,
And leave your dayly drunkennesse,
Which of all ill doth stirr the fire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

Ye

2.

Ye do: but if you sober live,
To God ye shall right worship give:
And in the people breed a strife,
To tread in steps of your good life.
Vertue than vice hath better hire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

3.

But vnto God 'tis detestable
To sit full three houres at the table,
In drunkennesse and belly cheare.
Why do ye not amend this geare?
Lest God you punish in his ire;
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

4.

But when y'have drunke carrowses twentie,
If once ye find your mazors emptie,
Not one of you doth rest content,
But cals for fresh replenishment
Vnto his nouice or apple squire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire

5.

But what's all your discourse and talke
Of Queans, and how the pots may walke?
As full of lust and wantonnesse,
As you your selues of idlenesse.
Ye muse of ill in towne and shire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

6.

But thinke you God ye serve aright,
His name blaspheming day and night?
Ne're thinking of contrition,
But how t' encrease your pension,
Or some fat benefice t' acquire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

7.

But thinke you 'tis enough at least,
To pray for such as are deceast,
And to your conuent something gave?
While you ne pray that God ye save,
And with his grace your hearts inspire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

8.

But what a seruice call you this,
If of your commons ought ye misse?
In spite of God, vs, and our calling,
To make such murmuring and such brawling,
Enough to set the world on fire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

9.

But wherefore serue your songs so grave,
When each you playes the cosining knave?
And hath no vertue nor science,
Saue to vexe womens conscience,
Which are full nice in their attire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

But

10.

But what auaileth 't to go to kirke,
To sing the booke of Dauid's worke:
To descant in an hundred sorts,
Your lessons, anthemes, and reports:
When pudding is your chief desire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

11.

But this your inuocation
Is deep dissimulation,
And these your songs melodious
Are unto God but odious,
Who doth of th' heart require,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

12.

But little auailes to sing with voyce,
Except the heart sing and rejoice.
It is but exercise of lungs,
To straine your sides, and wag your tungs,
The while your mind's at kitchen fire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

13.

But you in stead of worke diuine,
Best service offer vnto wine:
Their ayres you chant most sweet and fresh,
And so you pamper may the flesh,
You care not for the soule a brier,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

But

14.

But you are so inordinate,
So hoodwinck'd in your foule estate,
That not the wisest man alive
Can argument so well contrive,
T'amend the life of Monks or Frier,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

15.

But nought you giue, and all you take,
Regardlesse how, and for whose sake,
Of whom, or why, (so that you have
The thing your greedy gut doth crave.)
What care you so y'enrich the priour?
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

16.

But never comes it in your head,
The sacred scriptures once to reade:
To study them, or marke their frame,
To think thereon, or teach the same
Your nouices, for thanks or hire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

17.

For answer vnto the subpriour,
The conuent saith there's not a frier
But well accepts and doth fulfill
Their exhortation, heart and will,
Obedient as child to sire,
And all say (Sir) we serue the Quire.

18.

But when I say to him, or him,
Why mist you sermon, frier Sim?
Sir Giles, and you Sir Gregory,
Why preach you not the Gospell? why?
An't please your worship, saith the frier,
I do my dutie in the Quire.

19.

And thus they answer all and each,
(What ere we say, what ere we preach:)
Nor can the voice of man so sound,
As their ill guises to confound:
But still in answer they conspire,
An't please you (Sir) we serue the Quire.

I am not acquainted with many books which are more replete both with curious anecdote and entertaining information, than the above translation of the Apology for Herodotus. The following Epigram, which is prefixed, applies very happily to its contents:—

Non juvat assidue libros tractare severos,
Bartole sive tuos, sive Galene tuos,
Sed libet ad dulces etiam descendere lusus
Atque animum doctis exhilarare jocis.

ABEL REDIVIVUS.

THE following Elegiac inscriptions are selected from a great many which are to be found in the above curious book, by Fuller. They are principally, as the author relates in his Epistle to the Reader, by Quarles the Elder and his Son.

"The most part of the poetry was done by Master Quarles, father and son, sufficiently known for their abilities therein. The rest the stationer got transcribed out of Mr. Holland and other authors."

Fuller's book is not now very common, and the anecdote above communicated by no means generally known.

ON LUTHER.

WELFARE those gentle quils (whose ere they be)
Whose meritorious labours shall set free
The true imprisoned dust of that renown'd
Thrice famous Luther: let his head be crown'd
With sacred immortality, and rais'd
Much rather to be wondred at than prais'd.
Let babes unborn, like fruitfull plants, bring forth
To after days new monuments of his worth,

And time out lasting name: that Babel's whore
And all his bald-pate panders may e'en rore
For very anguish, and then gnaw and bite
Their tongues for malice, and their nailes for spite,
While men made perfect in his well known story,
May all turne patrons, and protect his glory.

ON ERASMUS.

This famous and renowned writer,
Erasmus, author and inditer
Of many learned works of worth,
Which in his life-time he set forth;
Was (for his learning) and rare parts,
His wit, his wisdome, skill in arts
And languages, and vertues rare,
Wherein he justly might compare
With his contemporaries best,
In such esteeme and high request
With all the princes, potentates,
And learned clerkes of all the states
In Christendome, which knew or saw him,
That they contended who should draw him,
To live with them, him to enjoy,
And with them his rare parts t'employ,
Sending him many gifts most great,
His presence with them to entreat.
But, crown'd (at last) with honour's bayes,
In Basil he did end his days,
As full of yeeres as fragrant fame,
Leaving behinde an honoured name.

ON ZUINGLIUS.

THEY that are willing to engage, and prove
Themselves true souldiers in the field of love,
Must follow Zuinglius, whose ample glory
Affords the world an everlasting story,
Ye prelates of these times, stoope down and see
The wisdome, valour, and the constancie
Of this renowned father; whose deserts
Ought to be printed in all noble hearts:
He fell with honour, and all those that fell
Guarded with truth, deserve a funerall
Adorn'd with angels, that all tongues may say,
Here lyes relig'ons and the churches stay,
Brave Zuinglius dy'd (though it be hard to doe)
A valiant souldier, and a martyr too.

ON FAGIUS.

READER, behold, here stands before thine eye
The perfect embleme of true gravity:
Turne from his face, then read, and thou shalt finde
The rare endeavours of a serious minde:
He was a man, whose ever active heart
Was alwayes digging in the mines of art;
And (like a bee) he labour'd every houre
To sucke some hony from each spreading flowre.
'Twas not the face of poverty could fright
His soule from goodnesse; heaven was his delight,

And

And earth his scorne: he study'd how to give
A life to language, and make vertue live.
It is unfit, that he, whose workes affords
So many languages, should want for words.

ON RIDLEY.

READ in the progresse of this blessed story
Rome's cursed cruelty, and Ridley's glory:
Rome's sirens song; but Ridley's carelesse eare
Was deaf: they charm'd; but Ridley would not heare:
Rome sung preferment; but brave Ridley's tongue
Condemn'd that false preferment which Rome sung:
Rome whisper'd wealth; but Ridley (whose great gaine
Was godlinesse) he wav'd it with disdaine:
Rome threatened durance; but great Ridley's mind
Was too too strong for threats or chaines to binde:
Rome thundred death; but Ridley's dauntlesse eye
Star'd in death's face, and scorn'd death standing by:
In spite of Rome, for England's faith he stood,
And in the flames he seal'd it with his blood.

ON MELANCTHON.

WOULD thy ingenious fancy soare and flye
Beyond the pitch of moderne poesye;
Or wouldest thou learne to charme the conquer'd eare
With reth'rick's oyly magick? wouldest thou hear

The majesty of language? wouldest thou pry
Into the bowels of philosophy,
Morall, or naturall? or wouldest thou sound
The holy depth, and touch the unfathom'd ground,
Of deep theology? nay, wouldest thou need
The sisteme of all excellence, and feed
Thy empty soule with learning's full perfection:
Goe search Melancthon's tomes, by whose direction
Thou shalt be led to fame, if his rare story
Can make thee emulous of so great a glory.

ON JEWELL.

Holy learning, sacred arts;
Gifts of nature, strength of parts;
Fluent grace, an humble minde;
Worth reform'd, and wit refinde;
Sweetnesse both in tongue and pen;
Insight both in bookes and men:
Hopes in woe, and feares in weale;
Humble knowledge, sprightly zeale;
A liberall heart, and free from gall;
Close to friends, and true to all.
Weight of courage in truth's duell,
Are the stones that made this Jewell;
Let him that would be truly blest,
Weare this Jewell in his breast.

ON BEZA.

Who knows not learned Beza, what dull eare
Hath not large volumes of his hist'ry there?
Or what ill furnisht gallery cannot show
His reverend picture marshall'd in the row
Of rare and modeme worthies, to advance
The glory of his pen, renowned France?
From whose most painfull and illustrious quill
Such quintessence of sweetnesse did distill,
Which like the dropping Hermon's pearly dew,
Refresht faire Syon's plants, and did renew
Their drooping spirits, wasted heretofore,
And blasted with the breath of Babel's whore;
To whose blest name let every heart that did
Ere prize true vertue, turne a pyramid.

ON ABBOTT.

Surry, Oxford, Sarum claim
Their severall interests in our Abbott's name;
Surry bore him, Oxford bred him,
Sarum ripe for high promotion led him
To honor's chayre. To whom he gave
More lasting honor than he could receive;
This, like a momentary blaze,
Lent a fair light, but vanisht with his dayes;
But that, like Titan's brighter flame,
Continues coeternall with his name:
Nor is't the least addition to his glory,
That learned Featlye's pen hath writ his story.

THE PHŒNIX NEST.

I HAVE studiously avoided encroaching upon the province of any contemporary writer, and with this feeling I did not intend to make mention of the following most rare and curious book, but as I have found no account of it, but a very concise one in the third volume of the Censura Literaria, to which work, however, I am inclined to demonstrate all possible respect, I think the readers of Early English Poetry will not be displeased with the following extracts.

I give the title of the book from my friend Mr. Freeling's copy. "THE PHŒNIX NEST. Built up with the most rare and refined Workes of Noblemen, woorthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and brave Schollers; full of Varietie, excellent Inventions, and singular Delight, never before this time published.—Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman. Imprinted at London by John Jackson, 1593."

The contributors to this collection were Vere, Earl of Oxford, Sir William Herbert, Lodge, Watson, George Peele, Nicholas Breton, and William Smith.

Now

Now I finde thy lookes were fained,
Quicklie lost, and quicklie gained:
Softe thy skin, like wooll of wethers,
Hart vnstable, light as feathers,
Toong vntrustie, subtill sighted,
Wanton will with change delighted.
Sirene pleasant, foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for this treason;
Of thine eies I made my myrror;
From thy beutie came mine error:
All thy words I counted wittie:
All thy smyles I deemed pittie:
Thy false teares that me agreeved,
First of all my trust deceived.
Sirene pleasant, &c.

Fain'd acceptance when I asked,
Louely words with cunning masked;
Holie vowes, but hart vnholie:
Wreathed man my trust was follie:
Lillie white, and pretie wincking,
Solemne vowes, but sorie thinking.
Sirene pleasant, &c.

Now I see, O seemely cruell,
Others warme them at my fuell:
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Since in love is no assurance:
Change thy pasture, take thy pleasure,
Beautie is a fading treasure,
Sirene pleasant, &c.

Prime

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,
And make white these tresses yelow:
Wrinckled face, for lookes delightfull,
Shall acquaint the dame despitefull:
And when time shall date thy glorie,
Then too late thou wilt be sorie.
Sirene pleasant, &c.

By T. L. Gent.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Now what is love, I praie thee tell?
It is that fountaine and that well,
Where pleasure and repentence dwell;
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That tols all in to heaven or hell,
And this is love as I heare tell.

Yet what is love, I praie thee saie?
It is a worke, on holie day;
It is December matched with Maie,
When lustie blouds in fresh araie,
Heare ten months after of the plaie,
And this is love as I heare say.

Yet what is love, I praie thee saine?
It is a sunshine mixt with raine;
It is a tooth-ache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gaine:
The lasse saith no, and would full faine,
And this is love as I heare saine.

Yet

Yet what is love, I pray thee say?
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretie kinde of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soone away:
Then take the vantage while you may,
And this is love as I heare say.

Yet what is love, I pray thee shoe,
A thing that creeps, it cannot goe,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for two,
And he that proves must finde it so,
And this is love (sweet friend) I troe.

Sir painter, are thy colours redie set?
My mistresse can not be with thee to day,
Shee's gone into the field to gather May,
The timely prymrose, and the violets.
Yet that thou maist not disappointed be,
Come draw hir picture by my fantasee.

And well for thee, to paint hir by thine eare,
For should thine eie vnto that office serve,
Thine eie, and hand, thy art, and hart, would swerve,
Such maiestie her countenance doth beare;
And where thou wert Apelles thought before,
For failing so, thou shouldst be prais'd no more.

Drawe

Drawe first hir front, a perfect ivorie white,
Hie, spatious, round, and smooth on either side,
Her temples brancht with veins, blew, opening wide
As in the map, Danubius runs in sight:
Colour hir semicircled with iet,
The throne where love triumphantly doth set.

Beyond hir eie, hir eie, a woondrous part,
It woundeth deepe, and cureth by and by,
It drives away, and draweth courteously;
It breeds and calmes the tempest of the hart,
And what to lightning Jove belongeth too,
The same hir lockes with more effect can doe.

Hir cheeke resembleth euery kinde of way
The lillie, stainde with sweete Adonis blood,
As wounded he strai'd vp and downe the wood,
For whome faire Venus languisht many a day,
Or plainly more to answere your demaune,
Hir cheekes are roses, quercast with lawne.

Hir louely lip doth others all excell,
On whom it please (ay me) a kisse bestoe,
He neuer tasteth afterward of woe,
Such speciall vertue in the toutch doth dwell,
The colour tempred of the morning red,
Wherewith Aurora doth adorn her head.

Hir ample chest, an heauenly plot of ground,
The space betweene, a paradise at least,
Parnassus like, hir twifold mounting breast,
Hir heauenly graces heapingly abound,
Loue spreads his conquering colours in this feeld,
Whereto the race of gods and men doe yeeld.

The

The other parts which custom doth conceale,
Within a sarcenet veile thou must convay,
In due proportion well discerne I may;
What though the garment doe not all reueale,
The shadow of a naked thigh may freeight
His head brim full, hath any fine conceit.

Before hir feete, vpon a marble stone,
Inflamed with the sunbeams of her eie,
Depaint my hart that burneth passionately,
And if thy pensill can set down such mone,
Thy picture selfe with feeling * semblance make,
Of rathe and pitie for my torments sake.

How now Apelles, are thy senses tane?
Hast drawne a picture, or drawne out thy harte?
Wilt thou be held a master of thine art,
And temper colours tending to thy bane?
Happie my hart, that in hir sunshine fries,
Above thy hap that in hir shadow dies.

WOULD I were chaunged into that golden showre
That so divinely streamed from the skies,
To fall in drops upon the daintie floore,
Where in hir bed she solitarie lies,
Then would I hope such showres as richly shine,
Would pearce more deepe than these wast teares of mine.

Or would I were that plumed swan snowe white,
Under whose forme was hidden heavenly power,
Then in that riuer would I most delite,
Whose waues doe beate against her stately bower,
And in those banks so tune my dying song,
That hir deafe ears would think my plaint too long.

* I know of no such word, and presume it to be a misprint for *feeling*.

Else

Else would I were Narcissus, that sweete boy,
And she hir selfe the sacred fountaine cleere,
Who ravisht with the pride of his owne ioy,
Drenched his lims with gazing ouer neere:
So should I bring my soule to happie rest,
To end my life in that I loued best.

Or ceasles thoughts my mind hath fram'd his wings,
Wherewith he soares and climes above conceit,
And midst his flight for endles joy he sings,
To spie those double lampes, whose sweete receit
Must be the heaven whereas my soule shall rest,
Though by their shine my bodie be deprest.

Hir eies shrowd pitie, pretie and pure,
Hir face shields roses, lillies, and delight,
Hir hand hathe powre to conquere and allure,
Hir hart holds honor, love, remorce, and right,
Hir minde is fraught with wisdome, faith, and love,
All what is hirs is borrowed from above.

Then mounte my minde, and feare no future fall,
Exceed conceit, for she exceeds conceit,
Burne lovely lampes, to whom my looks are thrall,
My soule shall glorie in so sweete receit,
Tho in your flames my corse to cinders wend,
Yet am I proud to gaine a Phœnix end.

I VERY reluctantly conclude these Poetical Extracts, and therefore select for this purpose, as the most desireable and pertinent of various Extracts of Early Poetry which are before me, the following singular Poem, which is to be found at the end of Watson's History of the Art of Printing. This is a book of very high price, and I presume, also, proportionably scarce.

A CONTEMPLATION

UPON THE MYSTERY OF MAN'S REGENERATION, IN ALLUSION TO THE MYSTERY OF PRINTING.

GREAT blest MASTER PRINTER, come
Into thy composing room:
Wipe away our foul offences;
Make, O make our souls and senses,
The upper and the lower cases;
And thy large alphabet of graces
The letter, which being ever fit,
O, haste thou to distribute it;
For there is (I make account)
No imperfection in the fount.
If any letter's face be foul,
O wash it ere it touch the soul:
Contrition be the brush, the lye
Tears from a penitential eye.

Thy

Thy graces so distributed,
Think not thy work half finished:
On still, O Lord, no time defer,
Be truly a COMPOSITER.
Take thy composing-stick in hand,
Thy holy word, the firmest band;
For sure that work can never miss,
That's truly justify'd in this.
The end of grace's distribution
Is not a mere dissolution,
But that from each part being cited,
They may be again united:
Let righteousness and peace then meet,
Mercy and truth each other greet;
Let these letters make a word,
Let these words a line afford,
Then of lines a page compose,
Which being brought unto a close,
Be thou the direction, Lord;
Let love be the fast binding cord.
Set, O Lord, O set apace,
That we may grow from grace to grace;
Till tow'rds the chace we nearer draw
The two strong tables of thy law,
Of which the two firm crosses be,
The love of man, next after thee;
The head-sticks are thy Majesty,
The foot-sticks Christ's humility;
The supplications of the saints,
The side-sticks, when our faith e'er faints;
Let the quines be thy sure election,
Which admits of no rejection;
With which our souls being join'd about,
Not the least grace can drop out;

Thy

Thy mercies and allurements all,
Thy shooting-stick and mallet call.
But when all this done we see,
Who shall the CORRECTOR be;
O Lord, what thou set'st cann't be ill,
It needs then no corrector's skill.
Now tho' these graces all are set,
Our hearts are but white paper yet;
And by Adam's first transgression,
Fit only for the worst impression,
Thy Holy Spirit the pressman make,
From whom we may perfection take;
And let him no time defer,
To print on us thy character.
Let the ink be black as jet;
What though, it is comely yet,
As courtains of King Solomon,
Or Kedar's tents to look upon.
Be victory the press's head,
That o'er oppression it may tread.
Let divine contemplation be
The skrews, to raise us up to thee:
The press's two cheeks (unsubdu'd)
Strong constancy and fortitude:
Our slavish flesh let be the till,
Whereon lay what trash you will:
The nut and spindle gentleness,
To move the work with easiness;
The platten is affliction,
Which makes good work, being hard set on:
The bar the spirits' instrument,
To satisfie our punishment:
The blankets a resemblance hath
Of mercy in the midst of wrath:

The frisket, thy preventing grace,
Keeps us from many a sully'd face:
Christ Jesus is the level stone,
That our hearts must be wrought upon:
The coffin, wherein it doth ly,
Is rest to all eternity:
The cramp-irons, that it moves on still,
Are the good motions of the will:
The rounce the spirit's inspiration,
Working an holy agitation:
The girts the gift of continence,
The tether of th' unbridled sense:
The winter, whereon all doth ly,
Is patience in adversity:
The footstep humbleness of mind,
That in it self no wróth can find.
If there be such a chance as this,
That any letter batter'd is,
Being come unto thy view,
Take it out, put in a new.
Or if Satan, that foul fiend,
Marr, with a pretence to mend,
And being at thy goodness vext,
Makes blasphemy of thy pure text,
Find it out, O Lord, and then
Print our hearts new o'er agen.
O Lord, unto this work make hast,
Tis a work that long will last;
And when this white paper's done,
Work a reiteration.

PROSE

PROSE WRITERS.

PROSE WRITERS.

I CONCLUDE very reluctantly the poetical part of this last volume, both because I know from experience that it will not be that which is least acceptable to the reader, and because I have still in my possession, many pleasing and beautiful specimens from early printed books. But "sat prata biberunt," I have another promise and another duty to fulfil, towards which much curiosity has been excited, but which I must also, and for a similar reason, be compelled to discharge partially and imperfectly. It seemed necessary and expedient to finish the undertaking within the compass of six volumes: a copious Index to the whole was also much called for: I must satisfy myself, therefore, with compressing in the limits which remain, as many literary rarities as I can, and endeavour to make them as miscellaneous as possible.

 I shall

I shall begin this portion of my work with VOYAGES and TRAVELS of less common occurrence, of which the very extensive and valuable library of my noble friend, Lord Valentia, supplies me with equal abundance and variety. I make use of no arrangement, either with respect to chronology, or the different quarters of the globe visited and described, for none indeed seems necessary; but shall use my memorandums of the more important among them as they occur in succession.

I beg to premise, that my own particular knowledge of works of this character is not remarkably extensive, and in this various and extensive collection I may not have done justice to many books more curious and more valuable than those which will here be specified. I am, however, very certain, that I have mentioned none which are not of considerable rarity and importance.

I begin with

THE

THE first Booke of THE HISTORIE of the DISCOVERIE and CONQUEST of the EAST INDIAS, enterprised by the Portingales in their dangerous Navigations in the Time of King Don John, the second of that Name, which Historie conteineth much Varietie of Matter very profitable for all Navigators, and not unpleasaunt to the Readers; set foorth in the Portingale Language by Hernan Lopes de Castaneda, and now translated into English by N. L. Gentleman. Imprinted at London by Thomas East. 1582.

This book is of uncommon rarity, and when it occurs sells at a prodigious price. It is a small quarto; and Lord Valentia's copy was formerly in the possession of Mr. Dalrymple, who has enriched it with a number of curious and very interesting notes, and has corrected various errors both of dates and typography.

The book is dedicated to SIR FRAUNCES DRAKE by the translator, who signs himself Nicholas Lichefield. He was a distinguished person in his day, a great traveller, and was present at many eminent battles. He translated a book, de Re Militari, from the Spanish, which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney. The above information is from Wood.

What little dependence is to be placed in these very early publications on subjects of geography, appears from the very second page of this volume, where the "Emperour of Æthiopia," which is he of whom Marco Polo maketh mention in his book, is represented as conquered by "the great Cam of Catayo," that is, the Emperor of China. Can greater nonsense be imagined?

This book, or rather the copy, affords a remarkable example of the curious attention which its former possessor, Mr. Dalrymple, paid to the object of his immediate pursuit.

It demonstrates also the great estimation in which he held it, for almost every page exhibits proofs of his care and diligence in the examination of its contents.

In the first page is found in his Autograph, "Read in the end of 1772;" and from a subsequent memorandum, it should seem that it employed him for an entire week.

NEWES of the COMPLEMENT of the ART of NAVIGATION, and of the mightie Empire of CATAIA; together with the Straits of Anian. 4to. 1609.

The signature of the author is A. L. and the book was printed by Felix Kyngston. It is of rare occurrence.

A. L. is Antony Lynton.

DRAKI (FR.) EXPEDITIO in INDIAS ORIENTALES. 4to.

This is a very curious book. It was printed at Leyden in 1588, and has some very extraordinary maps. It is of much value.

THE DECADES of the NEW WORLD, or West India, conteyning the Navigations and Conquestes of the Spanyards, &c. &c. Written in the Latine Tounge by Peter Martyr, of Angleria, and translated into Englishe by Rycharde Eden.

This volume contains the first, second, and third Decades, and was printed in 1555 by Robert Toye.

Lord

Lord Valentia has also the following book, containing the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth Decades:—

THE HISTORIE of the WEST INDIES, &c. Printed in 1612 by Thomas Adams.

Whereof three have been formerly translated into English by R. Eden, whereunto the other five are newly added by the Industrie and powerful Travaile of M. Lok. Gent. There is a Latin Preface.

It is unnecessary to expatiate upon the rarity and value of these volumes.

THE

THE HISTORY of the WARRES betweene the TURKS and the PERSIANS, written in Italian by John Thomas Minadoi, and translated by Abr. Hartwell, containing the Description of all such Matters as pertaine to the Religion, to the Forces, to the Government, and to the Countries of the Kingdome of the Persians; together with a new Geographicall Mappe of all these Territories, and last of all is discoursed what Cittie it was in the old Time which is now called Tauris, &c.

This book has the device of John Wolfe, and was printed by him in 1595. This is also a quarto, and perhaps not of more frequent occurrence than that which precedes.

It is dedicated to John, Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambehith, "this New Yeares Day, 1595."

There is an epistle from the author to the reader, and to be perfect should be accompanied by a map, which Herbert's copy appears to have wanted.

Of

Of Abraham Hartwell, the translator, the following is the best account I am able to give.

He was a Member of the University of Cambridge, Fellow of King's College, and Secretary to John, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a great traveller, and published, in 1597, an Account of the Kingdom of Congo, which is perhaps of greater rarity than the present, but which is also in Lord Valentia's collection; translated from the French. He also translated from the Latin, Walter Haddon's celebrated Answer to Osorius, mentioned by me in my fifth volume. He published also a Latin Poem, on the Visit of Queen Elizabeth to Cambridge, and appears to have been a very considerable person in his time.

THE DESCRIPTION of a VOYAGE made by CERTAIN SHIPS of HOLLANDE into the EAST INDIES, who set forth on the second of Aprill, 1595, and returned on the fourteenth of August, 1597. Translated out of Dutch by W. P. 4to.

This most rare and curious volume was printed by John Wolf, in 1598. W. P. means William Philip, as we learn from the dedication to Sir James Scudamore. The name of the original author was Barnardt Langhenez, who dedicates his work to the Bayliefes, Burghemaisters, and Counsell of Middleburgh, in Zeelande.

It is a small tract, consisting of no more than forty leaves, but it has maps, and specimens of the money used in Java, very neatly cut from blocks of wood.

A MOST EXECRABLE and BARBAROUS MURDER, done by an EAST INDIA DEVIL, 22 Octob. 1641. 4to. Printed at London in 1642.

A most rare and curious tract.

TYMME (T.) BRIEF DESCRIPTION of HIERUSALEM, and the Suburbs thereof, as it flourished in the Time of Christ. 4to. 1595.

This book is very curious on many accounts. There is what the author calls a "lively and beautifull

beautiful mappe of Hierusalem;" but what is of greater consequence, there is a catalogue of all the authors who had previously written on the subject of Jerusalem.

Thomas Tymme, or Timme, was a clergyman, and author of a great variety of works chiefly on religious subjects.

TRAVELS of R. D. an ENGLISH MERCHANT, into the INLAND PARTS of AFRICA. 4to. 1672.

I am induced to mention this uncommon book from the circumstance of its containing a whimsical account of the inhabitants of a city changed into stone.

LIBRI TRE DELLE COSE DE TURCHI. 12mo. Venet. 1539.

I have no other reason for noticing this book, which apparently comes from the Aldine press, except that Renouard observes, that he never saw a book of this date printed by Aldus, except a spurious edition of Paulus Jovius.

EARL of CARLISLE'S RELATION of THREE EMBASSIES by CHARLES the SECOND to the DUKE of MUSCOVY. 8vo. 1669.

This rare and curious book is reprinted in Harris's Voyages. It is mentioned here chiefly on account of the portrait by Faithorne, which is very difficult to obtain, and of great value.

For

For a similar reason I notice also the following.

QUO VADIS? a just Censure of Travell, as it is commonly undertaken by Gentlemen of our Nation. By Jos. Hall, D. of Divinitie, 12mo. for Nathaniel Butler, 1617.

This is a rare and curious tract, producing a considerable sum; and Lord Valentia's copy has the farther recommendation of a most rare portrait of the author, in his eighty-second year, which, however, does not properly belong to the book.

What a whimsical idea this enlightened and amiable prelate entertained of the communication between his countrymen and foreign nations, appears by the annexed extract.

To the Right Honorable my singular good Lord Edward, Lord Denny, Baron of Waltham.

Right Honorable,

If ever any men had reason to be in love with the face of a forraine entertainment, those are they which were admitted to the attendance of the truly generous and honourable Lord Hay, your most noble sonne, in his late embassage to

France, in which number my unworthinesse was allowed to make one, who can therefore well witnesse that no man could receive more honour from a strange countrey, or doe more honour to his owne. What wanted there that might make men confesse themselves more welcome then strangers? Neither doubt I but that after many ages, France itselfe will wonder at the bountifull expressions of her own fauours. But whiles others were enioying the noble courtesie of the time, my thoughts entertained themselves with searching into the proofe of that ordinary trauell wherewith I saw men commonly affected, which I must neede confesse the more I saw the lesse I liked. Neither is it in the power of any forraine munificence to make mee thinke ours any where so well as at home. Earthly commodities are no part of my thought: I looked as I ought at the soule, which I well saw vses not only to gather no mosse in this rolling, but suffers the best graces it hath to moulder away insensibly in such vnnecessary agitation. I haue now beene twice abroad, both times (as thinking myselfe worthy of nothing but neglect) I bent my eyes upon others, to see what they did, what they got, my inquirie found our spirit all losse so palpable, that now at last my heart could not chuse but breake forth at my hand, and tell my countrymen of the dangerous issue of their curiositie.

I meddle

I meddle not with the common iourneyes to the minerall waters of the spa, to which many sicke soules are beholden for a good excuse: who whiles they pretend the medicinall use of that spring, can freely quaffe of the puddle of Popish superstition, poisoning the better part, instead of helping the worse. These I leave to the best physitian authoritie, which if it may please to vndertake the cure, may perhaps saue as many English soules from infection, as that water cures bodies of diseases. I deale only with those that professe to seeke the glory of a perfect breeding, and the perfection of that which we call ciuilitie in trauell; of which sort I haue (not without indignation) seene too many lose their hopes and themselues in the way, returning as empty of grace and other vertues, as full of words, vanitie, misdispositions. I dedicate this poore discourse to your Lo: as (besides my daily renued obligations) congratulating to you the sweet libertie and happy vse of your home; who like a fixed starre may well ouerlooke these planets, and by your constant settlednesse giue that aime to inferiour eies, which shall be in vaine expected from a wandring light. The God of heauen, to whose glorie I haue intended this weake labour, giue it fauor in the sight of his church, and returne it back; but with this good newes, that any one of the sons of Japhet is hereby persuaded to dwell euer in the tents of Sem: vnto that diuine

protection, I humbly betake your Lo: justly vowing myselfe

Your Lo: humbly devoted

In all faithfull and

Christian obseruance,

Jos. HALL.

This curious tract thus concludes:—

"Euery of our nouices hath learned to make no difference of men; and dare breathe in the poisonous aire of Italie itselfe, and touch the very pommell of the chaire of petelence.

"It is this licentious freedome (which wee now call open hearted ingenuitie) that vndoes vs. Doe wee not see the wary closenesse of our aduersaries, which will not so much as abide one of our books (a mute solicitor) to harbour in any of their coasts? How many of the Italian or Spanish noblesse have wee knowne allowed to venture their education in our courts or vniversities? doe they lie here at the locke, and doe wee open our breast and display our armes, and bid an enemie strike vs where hee list? Since then wee have no more wit, or care, then to bee willingly guiltie of our owne shame, oh that the hands of supreme authoritie would be pleased to locke

locke vs within our owne doores, and to keeps the keyes at their owne girdle.

" And (to speake truth) to what purpose are those strait and capitall inhibitions of the returne of our factious fugitiues into this kingdome, if whiles the wicket is shut vpon them, that they should not come to vs, the posterne be open to vs, that we may goe to them, as all intercourse is perillous, so that is most which is by our owne provocation. Here yet they dare but lurke in secret and take only some sudden snatches at a weake prey, like vnto euening wolves, that neuer walke forth but vnder the cloake of the night; but in their owne territories, they can shew the sunne their spoiles, and thinke this act worthy of garlands and trophies. Here we have mastives to secure our flockes: here the prey goes stragling alone to the mouth of their dennes, without protection, without assistance, and offers to be deuoured. Ye whom the choice of God hath made the great shepheards of his people, whose charge it is to feed them by gouernment, suffer not their simplicitie to betray their lieues vnto the fangs of these cruell beasts; but chase them home rather, from the wilfull search of their owne perdition, and shut them vp together in your strong and spacious folds, that they may be at once safe, and yee glorious.

" Lastly, for those whom necessary occasions draw forth of their owne coasts (that wee may

haue done with those, which like foolish papists goe in pilgrimage to see another blocke better dressed then that at home) let mee say to them, as Simeon, that prophetical monk, said to the pillers which hee whipped before the earthquake, stand fast, for yee shall be shaken; and therefore, as the crane, when shee is to flie against an high winde, doth ballace her selfe with stones in her bill, that shee may cut the aire with more steddinesse; so let them carefully fore instruct, and poise themselves with the sound knowledge of the principles of religion, that they may not bee carried about with euery winde of doctrine. Whereto if they adde but those lessons, which they are taught by the state, in their letters of passage, there may be hope, they shall bring backe the same soules they carried. It was at least an inclination to a fall, that Eve took boldnesse to hold chat with the serpent. And as subtill luwers desire no more aduantage in the quarrel, which they would picke at conueyances, then many words, so neither doe our aduersaries. Whiles our eares are open, and our tongues free, they will hope well of our very denials. Errour is craftie, and out of the power of his rhetoricall insinuations, oftimes carries away probabilities from truth. I remember in that famous embassie of the three philosophers, which Athens sent to Rome, Critolaus, Diogenes, and Carneades; there falling

out,

out, many occasions of discourse, wise Cato persuaded the senate to a speedie dismission of these (otherwise welcome) guests; because (said hee) whiles Carneades disputes, scarce any man can discerne which is the truth. There is more danger of these spirituall sophisters, by how much the businesse is more important, and their subtiltie greater. Let our passenger therefore (as that wise Grecian serued his fellowes) stop up his eares with waxe against these syrens.

"Our Sauiour would not give Satan audience euen whiles hee spake true; because hee knew that truth was but to countenance errour. There is euer true corne strewed vnder a pit-fall: those eares are full and weightie, which wee dresse with lime to decive the poore birds in a snow. The fisher lets downe an emptie hooke, but clothed with a proper and pleasing bait.

"These impostors have no other errand but deceit: if hee love himself, let him bee afraid of their fauours, and thinke their frownes safer then their smiles. And if at any time (as no flie is more importunate) they thrust themselues into his conuersation, let him (as those which must necessarily pass by a carrion in the way) hold his breath, and hasten to be out of their aire. And if they yet follow him in his flight, let him turne backe to them with the angels farewell,

INCREPIT TE DOMINUS."

HUDSONI HEN. Descriptio Geographica detectionis Freti sive Transitus ad occasum supra Terr. Americanas. 4to. Amsterdam. 1612.

There are few rarer books than the above, neither is this which succeeds much less so.

CERTAINE ERRORS in NAVIGATION, arising either of the ordinarie erroneous making or vsing of the Sea Chart, Compasse, Crosse, Staffe, and Tables of the Declination of the Sunne and fixed Starres detected and corrected. By E. W. Printed at London by Valentine Sims. 4to. 1599.

E. W. is Edward Wright, who has inscribed this curious volume to the Right Honourable George Earl of Cumberland, Baron Clifford, Lord Bromflet, Atton, Vescie, and Vipont, Lord of Westmoreland, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter. In the dedication the author complains, that part of his work had been unjustly forestalled, another part stolen, and a third lately published by another in his own name.

The preface to the reader is elaborately written, and will well repay the attention of the curious. It is in fact a treatise on the art of navigation, with the progress of the various discoveries and improvements which tended to facilitate the intercourse of nations.

Some curious figures and plans are introduced, and at the end is the voyage of the Right Honourable George Earl of Cumberland to the Azores, with a chart. This is the same nobleman to whom the work is dedicated. Still more rare than the two which precede is

CHRISTOPHERI FURERI AB HAIMENDORF, Equitis Aurati, Duumviri Reip. Noribergensis Primarii, &c. &c.

ITINERARIUM Ægypti, Arabiæ, Palæstinæ, Syriæ aliarumque Regionum Orientalium.

Addita est Oratio funebris et Carmina Exsequialia PIS manibus summi viri scripta cum auctario aliorum ejusdem honori nuncupatorum.

Norimbergæ. Ex officina Ab. Wagenmanni. 1621. 4to.

This curious book has a beautiful portrait of the author, and a number of fine plates illustrative of Jerusalem, and other parts of Syria.

The work is introduced by some complimentary verses, and among others is a copy by the celebrated Baudius.

The Elegiac verses at the end, in honour of the author, fill a third of the volume, and are composed by G. Remus, Conradus Rittershusius, C. Hofman, Cellarius, and various other distinguished characters.

The following, when it occurs, is also a book of great price:—

A TRUE REPORT of the SERVICE done upon CERTAINE GALLIES passing through the NARROW SEAS.

Written to the Lord High Admirall of England by Sir Robert Mansell, Knight, Admirall of her Maiesties Forces in that Place.

At London, printed by Felix Kyngston, and are to be sold by John Newbery, at his Shop in Paules Church-yard. 1602.

A TRUE

A TRUE DISCOVRSE

Of the late Voyages of Discouerie, for the finding of a Passage to Cathaya by the North-vveast, under the Conduct of Martin Frobisher, Generall. Deuided into three Bookes.

In the first whereof is shewed his first voyage; wherein also by the way is sette out a geographicall description of the worlde, and what partes thereof haue bin discouered by the nauigations of the Englishmen. Also, there are annexed certayne reasons to prove all partes of the worlde habitable, with a generall map adioyned.

In the second is set out his second voyage, vvith the aduentures and accidents thereof.

In the thirde is declared the strange fortun which hapned in the third voyage, with a seuerall description of the countrey, and the people there inhabiting, with a particular card thereunto adioyned of Meta Incognita, so farre forth as the secretes of the voyage may permit.

At London, imprinted by Henry Bynneyman, seruant to the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Vizchamberlaine. Anno Domini 1578.

What commodities and instructions may be reaped by diligent reading this discourse.

First,

First, by example, may be gathered how a discouerer of new countries is to proceede in his first attempt of any discouerie.

2. Item, how he shoulde be prouided of shipping, victuals, munition, and choice of men.

3. Howe to proceede and deale with strange people, be they neuer so barbarous, cruell, and fierce, eyther by lenitie or otherwise.

4. Howe trade of marchandize may be made withoute money.

5. Howe a pilot may deale, being enuironed wyth mountaines of ise in the frosen sea.

6. How lengths of dayes, chaunge of seasons, summers and winters, do differ in sundry regions.

7. How dangerous it is to attempt new discouries, eyther for the length of the voyage, or the ignorraunce of the language, the want of interpetters, newe and accustomed elementes and ayres, straunge and unsauery meats, daunger of theeves and robbers, fiercenesse of wilde beastes and fishes, hugenesse of woddes, daungerousenesse of seas, dreade of tempestes, feare of hidden rockes, steepenesse of mountaines, darkenesse of sodaine falling fogges, continuall paines taking withoute anye reste, and infinite others.

8. How pleasaunt and profitable it is to attempt new discouries, eyther for the seuerie sights

sights and shapes of strāge beastes and fishes, the wonderful workes of nature, the different manners and fashions of diverse nations, the sundry sortes of gouernemente, the sight of straunge trees, fruite, foules, and beastes, the infinite treasure of pearle, gold, and silver, the newes of new found landes, the sundrie positions of the spheres, and many others.

9. How valiaunt captaines use to deale upon extremetie and otherwise.

10. How trustie souldiers dutifully use to serue.

11. Also here may be seene a good example to be obserued of any priuate person in taking notes and making obseruations of al such things as are requisite for a discouerer of new countries.

12. Lastly, the reader here may see a good paterne of a well gouerned seruice, sundrie instructions of matter of cosmographie, geographie, and nauigation, as in reading more at large may be seene.

A TRUE

A TRUE RELATION

Of the ADVENTURES of Mr. R. D. an ENGLISH MERCHANT, taken by the Turks of Argeir, in 1666. With his three years Travells into the Inland Country of Affrica, with a true Description of a City near the Mountain Gubell, within five days journy of Trippoly, where the men, women, and children, with all living creatures, as birds, beasts, with all manner of goods belonging to the city, both moveables and immoveables, are fruits, trees, gardens, and orchards, were (by God's Almighty power) turned into firme and sollid stone, as monuments of his displeasure against them for the vitiousness. Also in Arabia (near a place called Tezrim) in a meadow there he saw the perfect stature of a man, of firm stone, as God had transformed him for his beastual and filthy lust. With many other observations worthy to be observed during the time of his captivity, till he was releast by Sir Edward Spragge in this expedition, and is now returned home in the Hampshire frigate. Sent in a letter to his honoured friend, Mr. S. B. London: printed for Philip Brooksby, near the Hospitall gate, in West Smithfield, 1672.

EXTRAICT

EXTRAICT OV RECUEIL DES ISLES,

Nouvellement trouuees en la grand Mer Oceane, temps du Roy d'Espaigne, Fernad et Elizabeth sa Femme, faict premierement en Latin par Pierre Martyr de Millan, et depuis translate en Languaige Francoys.

Item trois narrations : dont la premiere est de Cuba, et commence au fueillet 132.

La seconde qui est de la mer oceane commence au fueillet 155.

La tierce qui est de la pruise de Tenustitan commence au fueillet 192.

On les vend a Paris, rue Sainct Iehan de Beauvais, chez Simon de Colines, au Soleil dor. Cum priuilegio.

A Tresnoble Adolescent, Monseigneur Charles Duc d'Angolesme, tiers fils du Roy tres Chrestien Francoys, premier de ce nom.

Ces trois Decades, cest adire trois dezaines des liures du nouueau monde de la mer oceane, et de Cuba, qui a este estimee terre continente, et continue aux Inde, ont est mise en Latin par noble historiographe, Pierre Martyr, desquelles

Decades

Decades les deux premiers liures de la premiere, furent dediez par luy au cardinal Ascane, au temps du pape Alexandre Sixiesme, et les autres de ladicte premiere Decade, iusques au diziesme a tresreuerent seigneur Loys, cardinal d'Arragon, nepueu du Roy Fernand, Roy d'Espaigne.

Le dixiesme et dernier de la premiere Decade, feut dedie a Ignace Lopes, cote de Tendile et Virey en Grannate. Les deux sequentes Decades furet dediees au pape Leon Dixiesme.

Parquoy pouons entendre que les choses contenues en ces trois Decades, enuoyees et adressees a grans personnaiges, ont este diligemment congeneues et escriptes au plus vray que a este possible, comme a este recite au escripte en partie aux Roys d'Espaigne, et audict historiographe coseiller dedictz Roys par celeux qui ont nauige et conuerse suffisamment aux lieux tant de temps incongneuz.

Veu docques que ces choses son nouuelles et plaisantes a auyr et par auant tousiours a nous incogneues et a tous historiens au cosmographes, Hebrieux, Greez, et Latins, ont este mises en lague vulgaire et Fracayse, en trois Decades abregees; dediees a tres noble adolescent Monseigneur Charles Duc d'Angolesme, tiers filz du Roy tres Chrestien Francoys, premier de ce nom; pource que sa tres-noble adolescence se delecte a auyr, ou lire choses nouuelles, et contenantes aucune

aucune congnoissance des oeuvres de Dieu, et de sa prouidence. Et encores luy sera tres-plaisant quant congnoistra que Dieu a done aux Chresties la grace deuironner tout la terre de Loccident par le mydi iusques a Lorient aussi plus auttre que na cogneu Petrolomee et les historiographes. Et depuis Loccident par lopposite du Mydi iusques au Leuant, et du Leuant par le Mydi iusques a Loccident, dot estoiet partis. Laquelle chose ont faict ceulx qui en lan mil cinq cens vingt, et vingt vng ont faict le voyage aux isles de Mollucque. Et encores est occasion de plus grande ioye, que en tout le circuit de la terre, le nom de Jesu-christ a este auy et que ia plusieurs y obeissent. Dieu tout puissant, vueille tourner ce descou-urement de tout le mõde, a son honeur et a sa gloire. Amen.

Lord Valentia gave four guineas for his copy of this book, which is the only one I had ever the opportunity to examine.

TRUE and ALMOST INCREDIBLE REPORT of an ENGLISHMAN, who travelled from Cambaya (the farthest part of the East Indies) thro many unknowne Kingdoms and great Cities. By Captain Robert Covert. 4to. 1631.

The above is of singular curiosity and scarceness, and is printed in black letter.

The TRUE and STRANGE DISCOURSE of the TRAVAILES of TWO ENGLISH PILGRIMES to JERUSALEM, GAZA, GRAND CAIRO, and ALEXANDRIA. 4to. 1611.

This book is of more curiosity and value, perhaps, than any which have preceded. I know of no other copy than this belonging to Lord Valentia.

TRAVELS of FOUR ENGLISHMEN and a PREACHER into AFRICA, ASIA, TROY, THRACIA, the BLACK SEA, &c. 4to. 1612.

A curious and uncommon book.

SAFEGUARD

SAFEGUARD of SAYLERS, a great Rutter. By Robert Norman Hurlocke. 1632.

This is of great rarity, but not improbably copied from a similar publication, printed at Rochelle in 1534.

The RUTTER of the SEE, with the Havens, Rodes, Soundynges, Kennynges, Wyndes, Floodes and Ebbes, Daungers and Costes of dyvers Regions, with the Laws of the Yle of Auleron, and the Judgmentes of the See.

This is a translation from the French, and was the first book apparently printed by Thomas Petyt, whom Ames supposes to be a relation of the celebrated French printer of that name. It is a small duodecimo, and has the date of 1536.

The NEW FOUNDE WORLDE, or ANTARCTIKE, wherein is contained wōderful and strange Things, as well of humaine Creatures as Beastes, Fishes, Foules, Serpents, Trees, Plantes, Mines of Golde and Silver, garnished with many learned Authorities, travailed and written in the French Tong, by that excellent learned Man, Master Andrew Theret, and now newly translated into

English, wherein is reformed the Errours of the Auncient Cosmographers. Printed by Bynneman for Thomas Hacket, and inscribed by this last to Sir Henrie Sidney. Verses are prefixed in praise of the Author.

Few more rare or curious books are to be found than the above.

The MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION of EIGHT ENGLISHMEN in GREENLAND. 4to. 1631.

The author of the above most singular tract was Edward Pelham.

HISTORICAL TREATISE of the TRAVELS of NOAH into EUROPE. 4to. Printed by Islip. 1601.

ESSAY on the MEANES how to make our TRAVELS more profitable and honourable. 4to. 1606.

This was printed for Matthew Lownes, by Thomas Palmer, and is of great rarity; not, however, in this respect, to be compared with that which follows.

TRUE

TRUE DESCRIPTION of THREE VOYAGES to the NORTH SIDES of NORWAY, MUSCUVIA, and TARTARIA, shewing the Discoverie of Nova Zembla, and the Countrie lying under 80 Degrees. 4to. 1609.

This is in black letter, and was translated by William Philip. There was a copy in the collection of Mr. Steevens, which at the sale of his books sold for 5l. 12s. 6d.

The NOTABLE HISTORIE of the SARACENS, PERSIANS, &c. Printed by William Howe, for A. Veale. 4to. 1575.

The above most rare book is in black letter, and has escaped the notice of Ames. The author was THOMAS NEWTON, a very considerable person in his time, and author of various works of reputation.

He was a native of Cheshire, and educated by John Brownsword, who is represented by Wood as one of the best Latin poets of his day. Newton studied first at Oxford, but afterwards and principally at Cambridge, from whence he returned to his native country, and became a schoolmaster at Macclesfield, under the patronage of Robert, Earl of Essex. He afterwards had the living of Ilford, where also he was a

schoolmaster. A catalogue of Newton's different works may be found in Wood: all of them are of great rarity. He translated the Thebais of Seneca, whose other tragedies were about the same period rendered into English by John Studley, Alexander Nevil, the author of the book De Furoribus Norfolciensium, and Jasper Heywood, of known celebrity.

The above are but very few of the literary rarities which are to be found in Lord Valentia's numerous collection of Voyages and Travels. I have not improbably omitted some of still greater value and scarceness than those which I have specified, but I am obliged to turn from the subject, however inviting and agreeable, to find place for other articles necessary to the completion of my plan, which, after all, will not be filled up to my wishes and first intentions.

The following makes a suitable concluding article on the subject.

Vitæ et Icones Sultanorum, Turcarum principum, Persarum, &c. a Boissardo. De Bry. Franck. 1596.

A book of great beauty as well as rarity.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

THE WORLDES HYDROGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION;

Wherein is proued not onely by Aucthoritie of Writers, but also by late Experience of Trauellers, and Reasons of substantiall Probabilitie, that the Worlde in all his Zones, Clymats, and Places, is habitable, and inhabited, and the Seas likewise universally nauigable, without any naturall anoyance to hinder the same; whereby appeares that from England there is a short and speedie Passage into the South Seas to China, Malucca, Phillipina, and India, by Northerly Navigation, to the Renowne, Honour, and Benifit of her Maiesties State and Communalty. Published by J. Dauis, of Sandrudg, by Dartmouth, in the Countie of Deuon, Gentleman, Anno 1595, May 27. Imprinted at London by Thomas Dawson, dwelling at the Three Cranes, in the Vinetree, and are there to be sold. 1595. 12mo.

The above is to be reckoned among the rarest of our English books. It was written by Davis,

the celebrated navigator, who gave his name to the straights so called. The following is an extract:—

" And after that Syr Frauncis was entred into the South Seas, he coasted all the westerne shores of America, untill he came into the septentrionall latitude of forty-eight degrees, being on the backe syde of Newfoundland. And from thence shaping his course towardes Asia, found by his trauells that the ills of Molucca are distant from America more then two hundreth leages, howe then can Asia and Africa be conioyned and make one continent to hinder the passage, the men yet liuing that can reproue the same; but this conceipt is the bastard of ignorance, borne through the fornication of the malitious multitude, that onely desire to hinder when themselues can doe no good. Now their onely resteth the north partes of America, vpon which coast myselfe haue had most experience of any in our age, for thrise I was that wayes imployed for the discouery of this notable passage, by the honerable care and some charge of Syr Frauncis Walsingham, knight, principal secretory to her Maiestie, with whom diuers noblemen and worshipfull merchantes of London ioyned in purse and willingness for the furtherance of that attempt; but when his Honour died, the voyage was frindles, and mens mindes alienated from aduentring

aduentring therein. In my first voyage, not experienced of the nature of those clymattes, and hauing no direction either by chart, globe, or other certayne relation, in what altitude that passage was to be searched, I shaped a northerly course, and so sought the same towards the south; and in that my northerly course I fell upon the shore which in antient time was called Groynland, five hundred leagues distant from the durseys, west nor west northerly, the land being very high, and full of mightie mountaines, all couered with snow, no viewe of wood, grasse, or earth to be seene, and the shore two leages of into the sea so full of yse, as that no shipping cold by any meanes come neere the same. The lothsome vewe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yse, was such as that it bred strange conceipts amōg vs, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sencible or vegitable creatures, wherupō I called the same desolation; so coasting this shore towardes the south, in the latitude of sixtie degrees, I found it to trend towardes the west: I still followed the leading thereof in the same height, and after fiftie or sixtie leages, it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirtie leages sayling upon the west side of this coast, by me named desolation, we were past all the yse, and found many greene and plesant ills bordering vpon the shore, but the mountains of the maine were still couered

couered with great quantities of snowe, I brought my shippe among those ylls, and there mored to refreshe ourselues in our wearie travell, in the latitude of sixtie-foure degrees, or thereabout. The people of the country having espyed our shipps, came down vnto vs in their canoes, holding vp their right hand to the sunne, and crying Yliaout, would stricke their brestes, we doing the like: the people came aborde our shippes, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed, and of tractable conditions, by whom, as signes would permit, we vnderstoode that towardes the north and west there was a great sea; and vsing the people with kindnesse, in giuing them nayles and knifes, which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from yse, supposing ourselues to be past all daunger, we shaped our course west nor west, thinking thereby to passe for China, but in the latitude of sixtie-sixe degrees, wee fell in with another shore, and there founde another passage of 20 leages broade, directly west, into the same, which we supposed to bee our hoped strayght; we entered into the same thirty or fortie leages, finding it neither to wyden nor straighten; then considering that the yeere was spent, for this was in the fyne of August, and not knowing the length of this straight, and dangers thereof, we tooke it our best course to retourne, with notice of our good successe for this small time of search. And

so

so retourning in a sharpe fret of westerly windes, the 29 of September, we ariued at Dartmouth. And acquainting master secretary, with the rest of the honorable and worshipful aduenterers, of all our procedinges, I was appointed againe the seconde yeere to search the bottome of this straight, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by vs laboured for. In this second attempt, the merchants of Exeter, and other places of the west, became aduenterers in the action, so that being sufficiently furnished for sixe monthes, and hauing direction to search this straight vntill we found the same to fall into another sea vpon the west side of this part of America, we should agayne retourne, for then it was not to be doubted, but shiping with trade might safely be conveied to China, and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and ariuing vnto the south part of ye cost of desolatiō, costed ye same vpon his well shore to the lat. of 66 degres, and there ancored among the ylls bordering vpon the same, where wee refreshed ourselues: the people of this place came likewise vnto us, by whome I understood through their signes that towardes the north the sea was large. At this place the chiefe shipe wherupon I trusted, called the Mermayd of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontētment, and being vnwilling to proceede, she there forsooke me. Then considering howe I had given my fayth,

fayth, and most constant promise, to my worshipfull good friend, master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest aduenterer in that action, and tooke such care for the performance thereof, that hee hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any fiue others whatsoeuer out of his owne purse, when some of the company haue bin slacke in giuing in their aduenture. And also knowing that I should lose the fauour of master secretory, if I should shrinke from his direction, in one small barke of thirty tonnes, whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone, without farther comfort or company, I proceeded on my voyage, and ariuing vnto this straights, followed the same eightie leages, vntill I came among many ylandes, where the water did eb and flowe sixe fadome vpright, and where there had beene great trade of people to make trayne. But by such thinges as there we found, wee knewe that they were not Xtians of Europe that vsed that trade; in fine, by searching with our boate, wee founde small hope to passe any farther that way, and therefore retourning againe, recouered the sea; and in so doing, (for it was to late to search towardes the north) wee founde another great inlett, neere fortie leages broade, where the water entred in with violent swiftnes: this we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt but the north partes of America are all ylands,

by

by ought that I could perceiue therein, but because I was alone in a small barke of thirtie tonnes, and the yeere spent, I entered not into the same, for it was now the seuenth of September, but coasting the shore towardes the south, we saw an incredible number of birdes; hauing diuers fishermen aborde our barke, they all concluded that there was a great scull of fish: wee being unprouided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle mayde a hoke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lynes, before the bayte was changed wee tooke more then fortie great cods, the fishe swimming so aboundantly thicke about our barke, as is incredible to be reported, of which, with a small portion of salte that we had, wee preserued some thirtie couple, or thereabouts, and so returned for England. And hauing told to master secretary the whole successe of this attempt, hee commanded mee to present vnto the most honorable lorde high thresurer of England some part of that fish, which when his lordship saw and hearde at large the relation of this seconde attempt, I receiued fauorable countenance from his honour, aduising mee to prosecute the action, of which his lordship conceiued a very good opinion. The next yeere, although diuers of the aduenterers fel from the action, as al the western merchantes, and most of those in London, yet some of the aduenterers, both honorable and worshipfull, continued

tinued their willing favor and charge, so that by this meanes the next yeere 2 shippes were appointed for the fishing, and one pynace for the discouery.

" Departing from Dartmouth, through Gods merciful fauour, I arived to the place of fishing, and there, according to my directiō, I left the 2 shipps to follow that business, taking their faithful promise not to depart vntill my returne vnto them, which shoulde bee in the fine of August; and so in the barke I proceeded for the discouery, but after my departure, in sixteene dayes, the shippes had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, without regard of their promise, myselfe not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded in the discouerie, and followed my course in the free and open sea, betweene north and nor west, to the latitude of sixtie-seven degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and Desolation east; then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would proove but a gulfe, notwithstanding desirous to knowe the full certaintye, I proceeded, and in sixtie-eight degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the westerne shore: thus I continued to the latitude of seuentie-fiue degrees, in a great sea, free from yse, coasting the westerne shore of Desolation; the people came continually rowing out vnto me in their canoas, twenty, forty, and one hundred

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at a time, and would giue me fishe dried, samon, samon peale, cod, caplin, lumpe, stone base and such like, besides diuers kindes of birdes, as partrig, fesant, gulls, sea birdes, and other kindes of fleshe. I still laboured by signes to know from them what they knew of any sea towards the north: they still made signes of a great sea, as we vnderstood them; then I departed from that coast, thinking to discouer the north parts of America, and after I had sayled towardes the west neere fortie leages, I fell vpon a great bancke of yse; the wind being north, and blewe much, I was constrained to coast the same towardes the south, not seeing any shore west from me, neither was there any yse towards the north, but a great sea, free, large, very salt, and blue, and of an vnsearchable depth. So coasting towardes the south, I came to the place wher I left the shippes to fishe, but found them not. Then being forsaken and left in this distresse, referring myselfe to the mercifull prouidence of God, shaped my course for England, and vnhoped for of any, God alone releving me, I ariued at Dartmouth. By this last discouerie, it seemed most manifest that the passage was free, and without impediment, towards the north, but by reason of the Spanish fleete, and unfortunate time of master secretaryes death, the voyage was omitted, and neuer sithens attempted. The cause why I vse this particular relation of

all my procedinges for this discouery, is to stay this obiection, why hath not Dauis discouered this passage, being thrise that wayes imployed. How far I proceeded, and in what fourme this discouery lyeth, doth not appeare vpon the globe, which master Sanderson, to his verye great charge, hath published, whose labouring indeuour for the good of his countrie deserueth great fauour and commendations. Made by master Emery Mullineux, a man well qualited, of a good iudgment, and verye expert in many excellent practises, in my selfe being the onely meane with master Sanderson to imploy master Mullineux therein, whereby he is nowe growne to a most exquisite perfection."

It is much to be lamented that no account of this eminent personage is to be found in any of our biographical collections.

The above extract may appear somewhat too long, but it is very curious in itself, and I never saw but one copy of the book, which is now, I believe, in the possession of Mr. Wilbraham.

SIR WILLIAM WALLER.

Sir William Waller, author of this book, was son of Sir Thomas Waller, knight, constable of Dover Castle, and chief butler of England, by his wife Margaret, the daughter of Sampson Lennard, Lord Dacre; and being instructed to fence and ride the great horse in the academy of Paris, he went into the German wars, and served in the army of the confederate princes against the emperour. After his return he was knighted, and elected a burgess for Andover in the parliament of 1640, where he shewed himself very active against the prerogative. When the rebellion broke out, he was had in so great esteem for his martial skill, that he was constituted by the parliament one of the Generals to fight against the King in 1642, in which year he performed so many notable exploits, that his fame was almost raised to a competition with their Captain-General, Robert, Earl of Essex, but soon after greatly lessened by the loss of two of the parliament armies; yet in 1646, when Winchester-House was disgarrisoned, it was given to him for his former good services.

In the year 1647, when the quarrel between the Presbyterians and Independents was at the height, he took part with the Presbyterians in the House of Commons, and was on that account impeached, with several others, of high treason, by the army, who sided with the Independents; whereupon he absconded for a time, and then returned again to his place, but was soon after turned out of the House, with 40 other members, by the army.

About a month or five weeks after, he was apprehended, and being kept prisoner, till the King's Restoration, to hinder him and his brethren from carrying on their plots to bring in the King, he recovered his reputation with the Royalists, was counted an honest man, and came in for a reward when King Charles the Second obtained the throne. Agreeably to this, in Meditation X. page 71, he expresses his resentment on his imprisonment, that he was under the power of a frantick people, that have cast off their obedience to all lawful authority, &c.; page 81, he calls them despisers of dominion; page 82, that as they have not the will to obey, so they have not the wit to command, and therefore break and divide among themselves, and settle nothing.

There are several things in print under this author's name, viz.

Four Narrations, or Letters of Victories, obtained by him at Malmesbury, in Wilts. Mar. 23, 1642.

1. In taking the Town and Castle of Arundel, in Sussex, Dec. 20.
2. Jan. 6, 1643, at Alton, in Surrey.
3. Dec. 13, 1643, against Sir James Long.
4. Sheriff of Wiltshire, at the Devises.
5. The Meditations.
6. A Vindication of his taking Arms against the King.
7. A military Discourse of ordering Soldiers.

He died in 1668.

The following is perhaps the least common of his productions :—

DIVINE MEDITATIONS upon several Occasions, with a Dayly Directory, by the excellent Pen of Sir William Waller, Knt. 12mo. 1680.

The Contents of the Volume.

1. Upon waking in a dark Night.
2. The Sun rising.
3. Rising out of Bed.
4. Retirement in the Closet.
5. Contentment in Books.
6. Entertainment of Godly Friends.

7. The Sight of a full Table.
8. A Fit of the Gout.
9. Recovery from the Gout.
10. Imprisonment.
11. Release.
12. Sight of a fair House.
13. Sight of Pictures.
14. A Parrot in a Cage.
15. Hearing good Musick.
16. The Sight of a pleasant Garden.
17. Sight of a Horse well managed.
18. Bowlers in a Green.
19. Hunting.
20. Of Fishing.
21. Sun-setting.
22. Lying down to rest.

The book concludes with what is called a Daily Directory.

The 10th Meditation on his Imprisonment was composed by the author when confined in the Tower by Cromwell, in 1647, and has, among others indicative of a well-regulated mind, the following expressions:—

"But what if this imprisonment should be but præcursory to a further, a greater, and it may be a capital punishment? I may consider in what hands

hands I am; that I am under the power of a frantick people, that have cast off their obedience to all lawful authority, and know not how to weigh out justice unto any, without putting their sword into the scales."

The author continued in his confinement till the Restoration, when he was released.

The composition of this book has much singularity of phraseology, such as cautelous for cautious, indelaid for undelayd; Solomon is constantly spelt Salomon, exprobation for reproach, buisiness for business, ferity for ferociousness, &c. &c.

Sir William Waller's vindication of himself, for taking arms against the king, was republished in 1793. The editor was supposed to be Lord Roslyn, then Lord Chancellor, of which a particular account with many curious incidents relative to the author, may be found in the British Critic, Vol. ii. p. 32.

Lord Roslyn was in possession of an original manuscript of this work, and was, I believe, descended from the author.

A GLASSE FOR THE TIMES,

By which, according to the Scripture, you may clearly behold the true Ministers of Christ how farre differing from false Teachers. With a briefe Collection of the Errors of our Times, and their Authors Names, drawn from their own Writings. Also Proofes of Scripture by way of Confutation of them, by sundry able Ministers. Collected by T. C. a Friend to Truth. London: printed by Robert Ibbitson. 1648.

The above most singular and rare Tract is in quarto, and the copy of which I have had the use is, as far as I know, unique. It is in the collection of my friend Mr. Todd.

The publication is curious from the circumstance of its recording the names of those who were considered as the great propagators of error in their day; among whom we find the illustrious MILTON. He is enumerated among those whose errors are "so grosse they need no further confutation."

The writer, whoever he is, after noticing the error, subjoins the passage in Scripture, where its

its confutation may be found. For example:—
" Errour of E. Avery, cited by the London Ministers: That there is no resurrection of the naturall body, but onely mysticall; that the bodies of flesh belonging to the saints shall be annihilated, and that the soul is God; that hell is a nonentity; that no soules are yet in hell; that all torments of men and devills are yet to come; that beasts shall rise again; that devills shall bee tormented in the bodies of the wicked." Confutat. John v. 29; Job xix. 25, 26, 27; 1 Cor. xv. 12, 13; 1 John iii. 2; Col. iii. 4; Matt. xxv. 41; Jude 6.

Milton's name is thus introduced:—

(Error.) On the doctrine of divorce by John Milton. " That unfitnesse or contrariety of minde betwixt man and wife, from a naturall cause, which hindereth solace and peace, are a great reason of divorce."

Before the title is a frontispiece, representing " the Orthodox True Minister" preaching to his regular congregation in a church, and " the Seducer and false Prophet" preaching to the rabble out of the window of an alehouse.

NICOLAS BRETON.

ALL the pieces of this writer, both in prose and verse, are become remarkably scarce, and never fail to produce a very large sum when they are met with at auctions. Many of them are enumerated by Ames, Warton, Ritson, Ellis, &c. but I do not remember to have seen much description or mention of the following, which came into my possession by one of those accidents which occurred more frequently in the time of George Steevens, Major Pearson, Isaac Reed, and the collectors of that date, than at present. I copy the title-page:—

"CHARACTERS upon ESSAIES MORALL and DIVINE. Written for those good Spirits that will take them in good Part, and make use of them to good Purpose. London: printed by Edw. Griffin, for John Gwillim, and are to be sold at his shop in Britaines Burse. 1615. 12mo."

It is thus inscribed to Sir Francis Bacon:—

"To the honorable and my much worthy honored, truly learned and judicious Knight, Sir

Sir Francis Bacon, his Ma^tie^s Attourney Generall, increase of honor, health, and eternall happinesse.

" Worthy Knight, I have read of many essaies, and a kinde of charactering of them by such as when I lookt into the forme or nature of their writing, I have beene of the conceit that they were but imitators of your breaking the ice to their inventions, which how short they fall of your worth, I had rather thinke then speake, though truth neede not blush at her blame: how for myselfe vnworthy to touche neere the rocke of those diamonds, or to speake in their praise, who so farre exceede the power of my capacitie, vouchsafe me leave yet, I beseech you, among those apes that would counterfet the actions of men, to play the like part with learning, and as a monkey that would make a fall like a man, and cannot so to write like a scholler, and am not; and thus not daring to adventure the print vnder your patronage, without your fauorable allowance in the devoted service of my bounden duty, I leauve these poore travells of my spirit to the perusing of your pleasing leasure, with the further fruites of my humble affection to the happie employment of your honorable pleasure.

" At your service
" In all humblenesse,
" Nich. Breton."

There

There are commendatory verses signed W. D. "Ad Authorem;" "In laudem Operis," signed W. P. and a third copy with the signature of J. B. Those by W. P. are not much amiss.

IN LAUDEM OPERIS.

Wordes are the pensils, whereby drawne we finde
The picture of the inward man, the minde:
Such thoughts, such words; such words, such is the man,
Say—is this spirit a plebeyan?
That like the singing larke doth mount so high,
We cannot reach them with an earthly eye.

W. P.

I subjoin a specimen of one of the characters:—

KNOWLEDGE.

"Knowledge is a collection of vnderstanding gathered in the grounds of learning by the instruction of wisdome. Shee is the exercise of memory in the actions of the minde, and the imployer of the senses in the will of the spirit. Shee is the notary of time, and the tryer of truth, and the labour of the spirit in the love of vertue. She is the pleasure of wit, and the paradise of reason, where conceit gathereth the sweet of vnderstanding. She is the kings councellor, and the councells grace, youths guarde, and ages glory.

glory. It is free from doubts, and feares no danger while the care of Providence cuts off the cause of repentance. Shee is the enemy of idlenesse, and the maintayner of labour, in the care of credit and pleasure of profit. Shee needs no aduice in the resolution of actions, while experience in obseruation findes perfection infallible. It cleares errors, and cannot be deceived; corrects impuritie, and will not be corrupted. Shee hath a wide eare, and a close mouth, a pure eye, and a perfect heart. It is begotten by Grace, bred by Vertue, brought vp by Learning, and maintainde by Loue. Shee conuerseth with the best capacities, and communicates with the soundest judgments; dwells with the diuinest natures, and loues the most patient dispositions. Hir hope is a kind assurance; hir faith is continuall expectation; hir loue an apprehension of joy, and hir life the light of eternitie; hir labours are infinite: hir wayes are vnsearchable; hir graces incomparable, and hir excellencies inexplicable; and therefore being so little acquainted with hir worth, as makes me blush at my vnworthinesse, to speake in the least of hir praise: I will onely leaue hir aduancement to Vertue, hir honour to Wisdome, her grace to Truth, and to Eternitie her glory."

My copy of this book belonged to Mr. Herbert, as did this also which follows; by no means common,

common, and in itself of no inconsiderable curiosity.

The DESCRIPTION of the LOW COUNTREYS, and of the Provinces thereof, gathered into an Epitome out of the Historie of Lodovico Guicchardini. Imprinted at London by Peter Short, for Thomas Chard. 1593. 12mo.

It is inscribed,

"To the Right Honorable my especiall Lord Burghley, High Treasorer of England, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and Maister of hir Majesties Court of Wards and Liveries."

On the back of the title-page are the following Latin verses, exhibiting a whimsical play on the name of Cecil:—

Siciliam memorant Romanæ antiquitus urbis,
Frugę laborantem restituisse penum,
Sic jam Cęcilii menges fœcunda Britannos,
Ubere consilii dextereoris alit,
Sic vegeat vivax seros videatque nepotes,
Siciliam superans Ceciliana seges.

Perhaps this little volume may be considered as the more curious, from the wonderful contrast it exhibits to the state of the low countries at the present period.

THE

THE following little book is now of rare occurrence, but the subject, which is not a little curious, is discussed with much ingenuity.

The CITIES GREAT CONCERN, in this Case or Question of Honour and Arms, "Whether APPRENTESHIP extinguisheth GENTRY?" discoursed, with a clear Refutation of the pernicious Error that it doth.

Lam. Jerem. cap. iii. v. 27.

Bonum est viro cum importaverit jugum ab adolescentia sua.

London: printed by William Godbid, dwelling in Little Britain. 1674. 12mo.

The book is inscribed,

Honoratissimo Senatui Populoque Augustæ urbis Londinensis.

This is followed by the Bookseller's Report.

"There hath been of late a diligent enquiry among us concerning this subject of APPRENTICES, advising us to a search in our registry and kalender for writings of this nature; and we are assured that no impression hath escaped our view for 40 or 50 years last past, but we find none, except some passages of the author in one of his histories very briefly, which makes us wish the

the publication of this treatise for the general good of this famous city and citizens, and particularly of some of us, who claim an inheritance of birth herein, whether it be bond or free."

At the end of the preface to the reader, we have the initials W. S. by which I have no doubt is meant William Segar, who was Garter King at Arms in the reign of Charles I. His decision is in favour of the apprentices, and that apprenticeship does not extinguish gentry. His book concludes thus :—

" In disputing thus, let me not be thought to set up an envious comparison between these two degrees or qualifications of men : that is very far from me ; for it must ever be granted to the authority of general opinion, founded upon custom among us, that the true country esquire, cæteris paribus, is in his proper place before the city esquire, which, with the perpetual clause before said of cæteris paribus, holds also throughout the other degrees of inferior nobleness in England. I reason here as reason bids, not against the right or dignity of persons, either as in parallel, or as in disparagement, but against the vanity and offences rising out of causeless elation and arrogancy, and against their errors, who not understanding the things of their own country, are indeed meer meteoroscopes, and hover in the cloudy

cloudy region of admiration upon rude and unlearned phantasies; for which cause, as minds needing to be healed, so would I sincerely wish that they were healed. Such are theirs, who would perhaps think the companies or monopolies of the city more worthy of their acknowledgement, if where now they are denominated of some particular ware, or craft, they were named of eagles, vultures, lyons, bears, panthers, tigers, or so forth, as the several orders of nobility in Mexico (which Josephus Acosta writes) under their emperour. Yet much better, because more truly, these fellowships of London carry the names of men, and their trades, as they have vocations in professions, which onely men can execute, better or more noble; if those societies were denominated of eyes, ears, hands, feet, or of other members: as Philostratus, in the life of that impostor, Apollonius Tyanæus, saith, the officers and instrument of a philosophical king, his eyes, ears, and so forth; so have these mysteries some one or other professor in each of them, from a higher trade to the lowest, eminently dignified with the honour of being the king's servant, as the king's mercer, the king's draper, and so forth. Again, how much more worthy is the whole than the parts, because the parts are in the whole; so by that argument it is more honourable to be marshalled as a man among societies of civil men, than to be distinguished by allusions

allusions to particular members; at leastwise those singular gentlemen might certainly in their most contempt of the city, remember, that rare and real worth may be in the persons of citizens themselves, seeing Terentius (consul of old Rome, with the noble Paulus Æmilius) was free of the Butcher's Company, and our Walworth, Lord Mayor of old London, was free of the Fishmonger's. And the others were not onely the Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Rome, who had voice in election of their principal yearly magistrates, but even handicraftsmen, and artificiers, as is most manifest by that place of Salust in his Jugurthine war, where Marius was chosen consul by the special affection of that sort of Roman citizens, who (saith he) sua necessaria post illius honorem ducebant, preferred his election by their voices, before the trades by which they earned their livings. Finally, they may remember, that in the posterity of citizens, many right noble and worthy gentlemen are often found; and that, besides the universal mixture with city races through the kingdom, it may not be denied, that true nobleness or gentry shineth often very bright among them, as it did a little before his Majesties happy restoration, when a great number of apprentices, probably the sons of gentry, and such as would not forget the accustomed loyalty of their progenitors, due at all times to their Soveraign, when these threatned

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the Lord Mayor to pull him off his horse, if he would not declare for the king; for even as where the sun is there is no darkness, so where sovereign princes are interested parties there is no baseness. And as the philosopher's mercury purgeth vilest metals, turning all to gold, so the operation of princes intentions to ennoble societies with their personal presences, transmettals the subject, and clearly takes away all ignobility. Which things as they are most true in London, so, for that the Emperour Constantius Magnus (if our ancient Fitz Stephen reports the right) Henry, King of England, son of King Henry the Second, and that brave Prince Edward the First, and whosoever else were born in the city, they give to it the glory of arms. And Jeffery Chaucer, Sir Thomas Moore, Knight, with others born in London, communicate thereunto the glory of wits and letters, to nourish up both with excellent titles to real nobility in the city, the Artillery-yard and Gresham College were instituted. And however some of the rebel rout and factious part of the citizens of London made themselves unworthy of the freedoms and liberties thereof, by the late horrid and devilish rebellion, yet it cannot be denied but that many loyal and worthy citizens were not only deluded, over-awed, and kept under by a false authority of Parliament, but plunder'd, sequestred, and undone, for their

allegiance to the king. Mr. Chaloner hanged; Sir Richard Gourney, Knight and Baronet, Lord Mayor of London, imprisoned in the Tower of London, for not acting against the King; and the rebellious party commanded Sir George Whitman, Knight, formerly Lord Mayor, and chosen, locum tenens, for the remainder of Sir Richard Gourney's year, to be sent prisoner to Yarmouth for the like loyalty; and James Bunch, an Alderman of London, now Sir James Bunch, Knight and Baronet, imprisoned in the Tower of London, had all his estate, real and personal, plundred, sequestred, and sold, and ordered by the usurping powers to be exempted from pardon, and forced to fly into the parts beyond the seas to his now Majesty, with whom he continued until his Majesty's happy restauration. And Sir Abraham Reynardson, Lord Mayor of London in the time of that rebellion, was imprisoned and fined 2000*l.* for refusing to publish the Proclamation of those contrivers of all manner of wickedness, for the abolishing of kingly government.

"The worthiness of the city is now visible, being not disheartened by the late correction and loss, of pestilence and fire, which after their humble acknowledgement to God of their deserving, have re-edified the devastation with greater splendor and beauty. Their industry

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we may compare to the bees, which Virgil describes,

Quo magis exhausta fuerint, hoc acrius omnes
Incumbent generis lapsi sarcire ruinas
Complebuntq; foros, & floribus horrea texent.

How much by fortune they exhausted are,
So much they strove the ruins to repair
Of their fall'n nation, and they fill the Exchange,
Adorning with the choicest flowers their Grange.

"Sir John Fitzwater's pallace was that noble pile, named Baynard's Castle, neer St. Paul's wharf, lately burned down, from whence in great respect to him the Lord Mayor takes water, attended with barges of the several companies to Westminster, where he takes his oath of mayorality, and so returns in triumph to Guild Hall to his feasting.

"Thus this question of honour and arms, undertaken for affection to that great city, and their children, being, as we hope, sufficiently discussed, the end of all is this: That albeit the love of humane praise, and outward splendor, in the marks and testimonies of it, are very vehement fires in all worthiest natures, yet they have no beatitude, nor (so to say) felicitation, but only as with referrence to this of the blessed Apostle,

Soli Deo Honor & Gloria. Amen."

PARNELL'S HERMIT.

Mr. Warton, in his Dissertation on the *Gesta Romanorum*, (prefixed to the third volume of his History of English Poetry) has observed, that the eightieth chapter of that work presents the fable of Parnell's *Hermit*.

He pays, at the same time, a proper compliment to "that elegant yet original writer, for having heightened the fable with many masterly touches of poetical colouring, and a happier arrangement of circumstances." The same apologue, Mr. Warton remarks, "occurs, with some slight variations and additions for the worse, in Howell's *Letters*; who professes to have taken it from the *speculative* Sir Percy Herbert's *Conceptions* to his Son, a book which I have never seen. These *Letters* were published about the year 1650*. It is also found in the *Divine Dialogues* of Dr. Henry More, who has illustrated its important moral with fine reflections. Parnell seems to have chiefly followed the story as it is told by this Platonic theologist, who had not less imagination than learning."

* Yet Sir Percy Herbert's book was not published till 1652, as we shall see presently. Howell's Letter, in which the story is found, is not dated.

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This tale, as it is told by Howell and More, may easily be consulted. But the work of Sir Percy Herbert, in which it exists, and from which Howell professes to have copied it, is not of frequent occurrence. It was unknown, we see, to Mr. Warton. Howell has thought proper to relate the story *in his own manner.* I have long been of opinion that the narrative of Sir Percy, without any alteration, (and he that compares Howell's with this will find enough) might be acceptable to the lovers of English literature, inasmuch as it presents the subject of one of the most interesting poems in the language. The title is, *Certaine Conceptions or Considerations of Sir Percy Herbert, upon the strange Change of Peoples Dispositions and Actions in these latter Times. Directed to his Sonne.* 4to. Lond. 1652. This tale commences at p. 220, and ends in p. 230. It is also followed by another to the same purpose:—

"*A most full, though figurative Story, to shew that God Almighties Wayes and inscrutable Decrees are not to be comprehended by Humane Fancies.*"

"It was, as we may probably imagine, in the primitive times, that a religious person living in the desert, being some thing unsatisfied concerning the wayes and the judgements of Almighty God,

as I said before, in this world, seeing many wicked men prosper in their affairs, with a certain kinde of smiling felicity, whilst other people of a vertuous life and conformity in their manners, underwent nothing but crosses (for the most part) in all their actions and designes, desired, in his prayers, by reason of these considerations, to be made more particularly acquainted with the mysteries of heaven concerning these things that trouble his thoughts. Wherefore, upon a day being at his devotions, it was revealed unto him, that however he seemed too presumptuous in thus tempting God, and not resting satisfied with prosecuting the duty of his own condition with lesse curiosity, yet his request notwithstanding was heard, and he should be shortly cleered in his doubt, commanding him in the interim to be patient in his expectation, resting, as I may say, in some sort satisfied with this revelation and injunction. After some few weeks, he became saluted of a suddain by a beautiful young man, to his no small amazement, who told him he was come as a divine messenger to inform his knowledge, and instruct his belief, wherefore bid him without delay to prepare himself for a journey that he was to make in his company, and under his conduct; the sequel of which, as he said, would fully content his expectation. The aged father, without either any manner of resistance, or much more circumstance, then

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onely taking a staffe in his hand, the better to support his weak steps, followed him out of his cell; and in this posture they prosecuted a journey, that continued them travelling the whole day, till at last the shutting in of the evening bringing them into a small village, they were entertained in a house for their night's repose, where they found both kinde and competent entertainment, which conveniency gave them satisfaction, until the early sun the next morning warned them to provide for a new voyage; so taking leave of the master of this habitation, they went out of doores. However, in the interim, the young man took up a silver goblet, and put it up in his satchel, to the wonder of the old hermit, since it appeared to him a strange example of justice and gratitude. But nevertheless, for that he had resined his will to his conductor's discretion, he took no notice outwardly of the seeming theft; and in this manner again prosecuted their course for the length of another summer's day. But the night at last, as the former, approaching, and they seeming both weary of their tedious march, they entered into another lodging, wherein their treatment appeared far different in every respect from their past entertainment, not onely in that they wanted the like accommodation, but were also reviled with harsh and barbarous language, to their no small vexation and discontent; and yet the young man, at

his departure, with many kinde words, bestowed upon the owner of the house the silver goblet, that before he had taken from the other party; which probably did not a little increase the admiration of his aged companion, though he was resolved not to question any of his proceedings, until a further issue might be had of the businesse; and so proceeded on both to a new journey, and more experiments: however, these deportments, as I said before, seemed strange examples of justice and goodnesse for edification. Which contemplations gave entertainment and employment to the old man's thoughts, until they found that another retirement was necessary both for their bodies and mindes; and to this purpose, entring into a fair town, they were soon met by a most courteous gentleman in the streets, who perceiving them to be religious persons, told them no place but his own house should give them reception and welcom; and to this purpose, accompanied by many of his servants, (for he was a person of great quality) he conducted them to his palace, where they found such welcom and reception as might have befitted princes of extraordinary dignity and extraction, which continued them with wonderful satisfaction till the next morning, that their occasions called them again to the perfecting of other adventures. Wherefore, taking their leaves with many thanks, and a great deal of humility, the nobleman seemed

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to commit them to God's protection, and their own intentions; however, when he was departed from them, they continuing still in the hall, pretending some other necessary accomodation belonging to their own private affairs, the young man of a suddain perceiving a child lying in the cradle asleep, who was the onely son and heir of that noble family, presently stept to the infant, and violently strangled him with his hands, and winking upon his fellow traveller as a testimony of desired silence, he secretly stole out of the house. Which cruelty raised such stormes and feares in the old man's bosom, that he appeared half distracted with the seeming wickednesse of the fact. But though he was transported with an amazed grief, yet he followed his bloody conductor, something doubtful of those revelations he had received from heaven; nevertheless, upon better recollection, he resolved neither to question his guide, nor flie from his protection, for that his faith proved stronger then his passions: which once again put them into their usual posture of travail, until going over a narrow bridge, and meeting another passenger in the way, with a kinde of rude and harsh encounter, the young man that went a little before, instead of giving the traveller friendly and courteous passage, tumbled him into the water, who, after some fruitlesse striving with the waves, at last in their sight yeelded up his life as a testi-

mony

mony of the worst oppression; whereat the young man onely laughed heartily, as if he had beheld some object of pleasure, when as he had performed an act of most barbarous cruelty, and thus carelessly went on still his journey, to the almost confounding of the old man's thoughts, notwithstanding his former resolutions. But long they had not journied in this manner, before they met another person violently prosecuting his voyage, who desired them for the love of God to direct him towards the readiest and nearest way to the next town, for that, as he said, most of all his worldly fortunes consisted in his safe and speedy arrival before night, since the sunne now seemed almost set; yet the young man, according to the appearing effects of his wonted charity, instead of fulfilling the poor man's pittiful request, directed him a clean contrary way to that he desired, by which means he was probably endangered never to come to the place he so earnestly coveted: at which ill natured falshood, the old father another time cast up his amazed eyes to heaven, though without reproof or contradiction, and followed still his leader, which ere long brought them to another inne for their night's repose; though entring the house, they could scarce finde out any lodging at all, by reason the rooms were taken up and filled by multitudes of debauched, rude, and barbarous thieves, nevertheless the young man was so far from having

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any more care of the aged father, rather seeming weary of his longer conversation, that he presently addressed himself unto them, and at last strook into a most intimate acquaintance with those robbers and murtherers, where he continued roaring and drinking all night without intermission, or having, as I said before, the least seeming care of his welfare and consolation, whilst the poor man was forced to continue in the chimney corner, onely comforted with a few prayers of his own, which earnestly he offered unto God Almighty to appease his wrath, hearing such blasphemies uttered against his holy name. However, these exercises endured untill the next daies light summoned them to a new journey; as also invited, or rather provoked, the villanous thieves, each to seek out some corner or other whereby to take their necessary rest, although the night before they had all determined to quit the habitation, for feare of some sudden surprise by the officers of the country, in regard of many wicked robberies they had lately committed, with other murthers. And thus again the old man and his companion fell anew to their travels, having quitted that hellish habitation, which lasted untill they arrived at the walls of a great and mighty city, where they found to their amazement one devill asleep at the gate, which proved an object of consideration to the eyes of the old man, who rather expected a multitude, if any at all,

all, to guard the passage and entrance of such a proud town, that seemed to ring with nothing but noise and confusion, the practices being onely intollerable luxury. But passing further, leaving the devill at his rest, with an intention to finde out some convenient lodging for their repose; at last they came to a most poore and needy monastery, where notwithstanding entring, although they could perceive nothing there professed, but fasting, prayers, mortifications, and the like, yet they found in every corner multitudes of devils, all extream wakefull and vigilant, insomuch as *Lucifer* seemed there to keepe his chiefe and royall court, as if not to be delighted with any other habitation; which truly did again exceedingly amaze the consideration of the old hermit beyond beliefe and imagination, by reason the sight appeared so wonderfully to outgoe his expectation.

"But however with these extravagant and distracted thoughts, the aged father was conducted to his cell, there to be necessarily reposed untill the next day, since his body seemed in a manner to be tyred out with his hard and tedious journey, and his mind nowhat lesse wearied by the strange visions he had beheld in his travell; which may be conceived, gave him not that rest that was accustomed to refresh his spirits in the wildernesse, being free from such diversity of imaginations. However, after a very little sleep,

waking

waking very early in the morning, he was suddenly saluted by the young man, that had been his companion, with this unexpected language, when his thoughts were preparing for a new journey:—You must know, said he, I am an angel sent by Almighty God; not onely to shew you these mysteries that passed in our travels; but, according to your desires and supplications, to let you see more plainly his divine waies and inscrutable judgements, sometimes happning against all appearance of humane sense and reason, though alwaies tending to good and profitable purposes, if man's unhappy condition could make use of the benefit; which oftentimes he doth not doe, by reason of the corruption of his depraved nature, and the want of that competent grace his diligence and religious industry should have purchased at God's hands for his advantage. To which effect, therefore, be advertised, that this figurative story is thus meant for your better confirmation:—The first man at whose house we hapned to lodge, that gave us seeming kind entertainment with all humanity (from whose possession, however, I took a silver goblet at our departure) onely signifieth men competently good in this world; upon whose condition, notwithstanding, God Almighty is pleased to lay earthly affliction, by many considerable losses, whereby the better to retaine their actions and desires in a moderate temper;

and therefore not seldom bestows their goods upon people lesse deserving, which is plainly demonstrated by the other rough and harsh personage, unto whom I gave the goblet, though he could no way claim any just or deserved right thereunto; it being all the benefit such shall receive either in this world, or the next, by reason of the small portion of grace their covetous and ill-natured actions have purchased at God's hands, notwithstanding they may not be esteemed the wickedst sort of men. Next concerning the nobleman, who appeared to our apprehension both rich, religious, and courteous, by him may be figured those persons who join devotion with the glory of this life, without any intention in their minds either to offend God, or prejudice their neighbours; however, lest they may be too much transported by degrees, with any over-violent desires and objects of this world, as children, honour, or the like, God Almighty is pleased often-times to take away the occasion, by depriving them of something they most esteem, which is signified by my private destroying the life of that good man's onely sonne and heire, in regard he seemed to have placed too much passionate appetite in the contemplations of his earthly succession; which consideration often times distracted the thoughts, from the necessary cogitations belonging to his salvation. Again, the traveller we met upon the narrow bridge,

that I seemed so uncharitably and inhumanly to overthrow, was at that time going to perform a wicked action, that would indubitably have cast away his soule, unlesse it had been prevented in the interim by his sudden death; wherefore the intention being foreseen by the providence and mercy of God, I was by his goodness commanded to that office and execution. And for the other party that so passionately begged our direction in his journey, I was constrained to turne him out of his right way, to avoyd his falling upon many bloody thieves, that would not onely have robbed him of his money, but also have taken away his life; which onely that happy diversion changed into prevention and safety. And now concerning the mystery of those blasphemous *Bandits* we met in our last inne, in whose company I appeared to take so much complacency and delight, I did that only to retaine their persons the longer in that place, (who else would have quickly departed) as foreseeing the next morning they should be apprehended by officers of justice, which else they would avoyd, and so consequently followed their deserved and condigne punishment, not onely in recompence of their many hainous wickednesses, but for the more entire preservation of the honest countrey people, that would have suffered by their escape infinite damnage, and many injuries, in regard of their violence and oppression. But now last

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of all, to come to the explanation of this great, riotous, and vicious city, confused with noise, and replenished with extraordinary glory and splendour, at whose gate we found onely one divell asleep, though the manners and comportment of the inhabitants seemed to be governed by the directions and instigations of millions of infernall spirits; you must know, that however their multitudes of wickednesses may pretend to hellish conversation, yet *Lucifer* finding there is so little need of diligence to corrupt their conversations, already sufficiently depraved to his purpose, being drowned also in security, employeth his chiefe care and industry for the perverting of this poore monasterie, which he very well knows is employed night and day in nothing but prayers, fastings, and other extraordinary mortifications; wherefore, and by reason of which, it continually warres against the power and deceipt of his infernall kingdom; so that necessarily it behooveth him to that purpose to employ all the instruments and subjects he can possibly to undermine the thoughts and actions of these godly and painfull people, being the onely cause that so many divells in every corner are to be found in this simple habitation to your wonder and admiration.

" And thus according to my duty, since I am commanded thereunto by the will of Almighty God, have I not only shewed you these myste-

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ries in our journey, but thereby explained and proposed to your condition, henceforth to rest absolutely satisfied with the decrees of heaven concerning his proceedings in humane affaires, notwithstanding how contrary soever they may appeare to your appetite or conception; for having sufficiently revealed principals of religion, whereon to ground your faith, and to direct your actions, you need no more for your salvation and morall conversation. To which purpose I must again tell you, and conclude with this saying, that as the intention of Almighty God is one thing, and the waies of man oftentimes another, so are you obliged to leave off your curiosities in that behalfe; and with these words presently vanished from his sight."

A TRUE and PERFECT NARRATIVE of the DIFFERENCES between Mr. BUSBY and Mr. BAGSHAWE, the first and second Masters of Westminster School. Written long since, and now published in Answer to the Calumnies of Mr. Pierce. London: printed by A. M. in the Year 1659. 4to.

This very curious tract details the circumstances of a very disagreeable misunderstanding between the celebrated Dr. Busby, of flagellating memory, and the under master of Westminster School. It will of course be an object of interest to all Westminster men, but my motive for noticing it is, to exhibit, if such were wanting, an additional testimony, that Dr. Busby did not obtain his celebrity without just cause. We have heard Westminster, Eton, and Harrow men, talk very pathetically and emphatically of a *Six Cutter*, what would they have said in the days of Busby to a SIXTY CUTTER? Yet we heard of no *rebellions* against the master in those times.

P. 19.—" Before I leave this article, I must needs speak of something to what is insinuated, and that is concerning *punishment*; especially because

because in the second article the word is repeated, and as if I were strangely delighted in whipping, I am accused of pretending *to a power of punishing even Mr. Busby himself.*

" I will speak first for myself, next to the thing.

" 1. For myself I both say, and have the testimony of all my scholars to prove it, that none ever used that part of their authority with greater moderation than myself; insomuch that Mr. Busby, who now accuses me, hath often complained to me, and seemed to take it ill that I did not use the rod enough.

" 2. For the thing, I will not dispute it by way of common-place with Quintilian, who thinks it altogether unfit, and of whose judgment I am; but so farre as relates to this school, I could wish there were some order taken to limit and restrain the exorbitance of punishment, that poor little boys may not receive 30 or 40, nay, sometimes 60 lashes at a time, for small and inconsiderable faults. I do not say that this either now is, or heretofore hath been, too inhumanely practised; but I do say that it well becomes your Honours charity for ever to prevent it.

" For my own part, whether it proceeds out of my naturall remissness, or out of a sense of the indignity, that such kind of punishment is neither fit for me to inflict, nor for my scholars to suffer, I could heartily wish that there were

an assistant in whipping rather than in teaching; it would be well if the two *consuls* here had their *lictors*, that so we might not be both judges of the fault, and executioners of the sentence, for fear passion, or something worse, do exasperate the penalty.

" Truly I have seen—I forget myself, I have heard, I mean, so sad examples of cruelty in this kind, that I beleeve I could make your Honours weep at the report of them.

" To instance in nobody else, within these few years, there was a worthless and an infamous person taught here, Mr. *Busby*'s nephew, *John Busby* by name, who did abuse the liberty of whipping to such an excess and extravagance of severity, that I do grieve for the practice, but I blush to think of the cause of it, and I do in behalf of the school much wonder, that the thing being so notorious, was neither complained of, nor thought fit to be reformed.

" I do humbly desire, that for the future this barbarous licence may for ever be abolished, for it were better the school should perish than such an execrable use of whipping should again be made. *Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines isto cædendi jure abutantur*, says Quintilian. I shall leave both the interpretation of that sentence and the comment unto your Honours. To the second article, wherein I am charged *with pretending to a power of punishing*

Mr.

Mr. Busby, &c. I need answer nothing but this, that passion is alwaies hasty, but seldom just; for if Mr. Busby had given himself leisure to cool, he could not have imagined me guilty of so ridiculous a purpose. The whole business was precisely thus:—One day I observing a great disorder in the school, by reason that all the upper schollars stood up, and bowed to Mr. *James*, which was a kind of respect that as I never challenged myself, so I could not think it due to him. Thereupon I called the *Monitour* to me, and bade him tell me why those upper schollars were so over civill; he told me that Mr. *Busby* had commanded them: upon this I bade him write down that answer of his in a piece of paper, and give it me with his name subscribed; which I did to the intent, that when I complained to the governours, he might not deny his testimony. And this, it seems, is by Mr. *Busby* interpreted to be putting his name in a bill, &c. So easy is it for a jealous head to misconstrue an innocent action. And I am very sorry that Mr. *Busby*'s passion should make him betray either so much levity, or so much guilt, as now in his old daies to feare a *whipping*, as it were by way of retaliation for those many sharp severities he hath used to others."

ACADEMY OF ARMOURY.

THE following address to his subscribers is prefixed by Randle Holmes to his ACADEMY OF ARMOURY. I am induced to insert it from the knowledge that Dr. Johnson confessed with much candour, that it suggested the idea of his own inimitable Preface to his Dictionary.

"TO THE READER.

"Courteous Reader,

"Hitherto I have through great pains and charges caused to be printed *The Academy of Armoury*; the remaining part (according to the contents of the chapters mentioned in the beginning of the first book) is all ready for the press, and wants nothing but encouragers for the work; for I must acknowledge myself not at present able or sufficient to carry on so great a work without assistance; for the times are so hard, trading so dead, money scarce, paper wanting, (else at double if not trebble rates to that I first begun) wages great, and daily layings out so much, and, above all, Gentlemen's coldness of zeal in promoting the same, and that amongst the many noble families and rich estates in our

part

part of the kingdom, viz. Cheshire, Lancashire, and the six counties of North Wales, not above twenty have advanced money to the work, whose names I have dedicated chapters unto: others I have mentioned who have promised to have it when published, but nothing to encourage it forwards; so that by reason of my own vast layings out, above what I received, *which is above six hundred pounds*, I am resolved to go no farther, but send *pen feathered birds* into the world, *to gather crums* to *nourish* and *bring* up the rest, else they are like to *die in the nest*, which if the *gentry* suffer, it will be more their *loss* than mine. I shall say no more, but commit it to the *censure of many*, but to be *understood by few*; neither indeed can it be till it arrived at its full *plumage*, at which time I shall not care who *censures*, but answer such a one as once a grave *senior* did, *Find not fault till thou hast done a better*; or as a *French* General said to such as envyed his greatness, *Do as I have done, and receive my honour*. And so farewell.

"RANDLE HOLMES."

LESCLARCISSEMENT DE LA LANGUE FRANCAYSE, compose par Maistre Jehan Palsgrave, Angloys Natyf de Londres, et Gradue de Paris.

NEQUE LUNA PER NOCTEM.

M. G.

P.

Anno verbi incarnati MDXXI. *Fol.*

The opportunity has not yet been afforded me of presenting the reader with a description of a more rare, or intrinsically more curious book than this French Grammar. It was beyond doubt one of the first that appeared in our language, which professed to treat of or teach the French tongue with any thing like system.

The author was John Palsgrave, who wrote the play of Acolastus, of which the reader will find an account in that part of my first volume which describes the rarities of the Garrick collection.

This volume is in black letter. It is divided into three parts or books. The first treats of pronunciation only, and extends to fol. XXIX. The second book is an accidence of the French tongue, and is continued to fol. LIX. The third book

book begins again with fol. i. and extends to fol. cccciiii. This third book is a systematic grammar of the French tongue.

There is a peculiarity in the two copies to which I have had access, and which, I believe, are the only copies that are known. The first book ends at fol. xxiiii. and the second commences with fol. xxxi. Yet there is no appearance of any thing being wanting. The author says at the end of the first book,

"Thus ende I of my iii bokes the fyrst: in whiche I have as well by rule as by example sufficiently declared, howe the Frenche tong in redyng and spekyng ought to be pronoūced. In the often redyng of whiche boke, if the lerner be studious, noting specially what I have sayde (cōcerning this matter) in my prologue; and therto exercyse himselfe accordyng to such consayles as I have in the sayd prologue and boke declared: he shal undouted attayne to the right and naturall pronounciation of the sayd tonge."

The second book begins,

"In the French tong be ix partes of speche," &c.

At the end of this book:—

"And this for an introductyon, and in a generalytie to shewe howe many partes of speche there be in the Frenche tong; and what accydentes belong unto them, I suppose to be suffycient: endynge thus of my three bokes the seconde

conde, in which I have so opyned all the hole French tong, notwithstandyng any brevite that I have herein used, that if the lernar have the seconde boke parfitely, he maye by the helpe of the Frenche vocabuler be sure to understande any authoure that is written in the Frenche tong by his owne studye, without any techar; except some fewe sentences whiche the lernar shall fynde gathered in an order before the begynnyng of the sayd vocabulyst."

Between the second and third books is inserted one of Pinson's devices, which the reader will see described in Ames, p. 242.

The third book begins thus:—

"Now that I have in my first boke shewed howe the Frenche tong in redyng and spekyng ought to be pronoũced, and in my seconde declared howe many partes of speche the same tong hath, and in a generalite intreated of them as farre as concerneth the declynyng and conjugatyng of all such partes as vary their last letters, and of the other partes which remayne unchaunged, made a brefe and for an introductyon suffycient rehersall. Resteth nowe usyng the same order agayne, to shewe, accordyng as I have afore promysed, more exquisitely what other accidẽtes and properties the sayde partes of speche have, so that the lerner maye be advertised not only what gendre all their substatyves be of (whose gendre the other declynable

ptes must folowe) and howe the said substantyves forme their plurell nombres out of their syngulers, and whiche of their substantyves be used in the plurell nombre only. But also howe the other declynable partes forme their plurell nombres out of their singulars, their femmynes out of their masculynes, and howe their verbes forme one mode and tens oute of another, and also whan and whye they use sometyme one mode and tens, and sometyme another. And farthermore what order and congruite they are in the covenable joynyng of every of the sayd partes one with another, as they come togyder in sentences. After every of which partes so copletely entreated of, I shall folowe certain tables, cōtayning all the wordes in our tong after the order of a, b, c, with the Frenche wordes joyned unto them. To thentent that after the lernar can by the helpe of the sayde first boke, pronounce the French tong truely, and by the meanes of the seconde with the Frēche vocabulyst, whiche shall folowe whan the thirde boke with his tables is completely finished, understand any authour that writeth in the sayd tong by his owne study, without any other teacher.

"He may also by the helpe of this thirde boke and tables therunto belōgyng, knowe howe to speke any sentence, or truely and parfitely to endyte any mater in the same tong; so that if he

he well note the preceptes in this thirde boke cõtayned, and gyve hym to the often redyng and delygent observyng of such authours as in the sayd tong be moost excellent; or else if he be so mynded, do note well the style of suche secretaries as in the fayl of endyting be most approved. He shall here in this said thirde boke fynde all thynges whiche to have the sayd tong in parfection, wether to speke or write in it as maye be requyred."

The author concludes his work with treating of the interjection, and in this manner :—

"And note that bysydes these dyvers sortes of interiectyons rehersed in the seconde booke, I fynde also certayne of other sortes, for some be interiectyons betokenynge warnynge to cesse :— *Ho*, as *ho de par le diable ho*, and *hola*, *c'est assez*. And some be interiectyons of indignacyon, *trut*, as *trut avant trut;* and some be interiectyons betokenynge mockynge, *Boo*, as *boo, boo, on le scait assez*, and *boo il suffit*, and *hay*, as *Hay Jehan Jennyn, tu dis vray*.

"Note also that there is no nacion that more useth to fayne wordes of imytacion to expresse the thynge whiche they wolde discribe than the frenche men do; as to expresse the sounde of fyghtyng I fynde, *Patif*, *petaf*, *clif*, *claf;* and to expresse the sounde of gonne shotte I fynde, *tip*, *tap*, *sip*, *sap;* and to expresse the soũde of horse-

horse men, *Tric, trac*, and by lyke reason forme they *Tentouin, Charivares*, and such lyke.

" Note also y^t^ there is no tonge more habounddaunte of adages of darke sentēces, comprehēding great wysdome, but of them I differ at this tyme to speake any more, intēdyng, by Goddes grace, to make of this adage a booke aparte, fynysshyng here our thyrde and laste booke of this present treatyse, which I have named LESCLARCISSEMENT DE LA LANGUE FRANCOYSE; besechyng God that these my labours maye not only be commodyouse and profytable unto the nobylyte of this realme (the more soner by the meanes herof in their tender age to attayne unto ye knowledge of this tonge) but also maye be muche vayllable unto all other persones of this noble realme, of what estate or condyscion so ever they be; for than shall I not onely thynke my labours well bestowed, but also take it for a recompence of my displeasure endured otherwyse.

" Thus endeth this booke called LESCLARCLISSEMENT DE LA LANGUE FRANCOYSE, whiche is very necessarye for all suche as intende to lerne to speke trewe Frēche. The imprynting fynysshed by Johan Haukins, the XVIII daye of July, the yere of our Lorde God, M,CCCCC and XXX."

The

The arms of the author, John Palsgrave, may be seen in Gwillim's Heraldry, p. 265.

The two copies of this most rare and extraordinary book, to which I have had access, belong to the Bishop of Ely and Mr. Douce.

The following commendatory verses, which are prefixed, deserve preservation for their neatness:—

LEONARDI COXI Radingiensis ludi moderatoris, ad Gallicæ linguæ studiosos carmen.

Gallica quisquis amas expete verba sonare,
Et pariter certis jungere dicta modis,
Nulla sit in toto menda ut sermone reperta,
Pro vero gallo quin facile ipse probes.
Hæc evolve mei Palgravi scripta diserti,
His linguam normis usque polire stude,
Sic te miretur laudetque urbs docta loquentem,
Lutecia, indigenam juret ab esse suam.

The book of French Proverbs, promised by the author at the conclusion of this work, never, as I believe, appeared.

It is a little singular that this is the only book known to have been printed by John Hawkins. Ames, in the first edition of his work, mentions another, namely, "Merlin's Prophecies;" but he was deceived by Swift, who pretended to have found these prophecies of an early date, and by this

this printer.—The error is corrected by Herbert.

For a further account of Palsgrave, the reader may consult the article "Palsgrave," in Baker's Biographia Dramatica.

PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

Libri Theologici, Politici, Historici Nundinis Paulinis (una cum Templo) prostant Venales.

Juxta seriem alphabeti democratici.

Done into English for the assembly of divines.

This is a facetious satire upon the Cromwellians and Sectaries by the Cavaliers, in the form of a description of Books not written, of pretended Acts of Parliament, Queries, Resolves, Cases of Conscience, &c. It is very rare, and has so much humour, that a few extracts cannot, I think, fail to amuse the reader.

CLASSIS I.

Ecclesiasticus, a plain demonstration that Col. Pride (alias Bride) was *founder* of S. Bride's Church, and not *found* in the porch, because the porch was built before the church, that is not behind it.

A Catalogue of the Nobility of England and Ireland, from his Excellency the Lord Generall *Cromwell*,

Cromwell, and the Lord Deputy *Ireton*, to the severall Peers and Trades of each Regiment.

Several Readings on the Statute of *Magna Charta*, by *John Lilburn*, with a Treatise of the best way of boyling Soap.

Merlinus Anglicus, the Art of discovering all that never was, and all that never shall be, by *William Lilly*, with an Index thereto, by John Booker.

A Confutation of that vulgar Opinion, that *a Receiver is worse than a Thief*, because now very honest Men are Receivers of the King's Revenues.

The Childrens' Dictionary, and exact Collection of all new Words born since November 3, 1640, in Speeches, Prayers, or Sermons, as well those that signifie something as nothing.

Doomsday Book, a clear Manifestation that more *Roundheads* go to Heaven than *Cavaliers*, because *Roundheads* on their Death-beds do repent of their former Cause and Opinions, but not *Cavaliers*.

CLASSIS II.

Containing twenty new Acts of Parliament.

An Act for turning all Lawes into *English*, with a short Abridgment for such new Lawyers as cannot write and read.

An Act for expunging the word KING, and inserting the word PARLIAMENT, in all Texts of Scripture, beginning at Isa. xxx. 33. *Tophet is prepared for the.*

An Act concerning the *Thames*, that whereas at *Westminster* it ebbs six hours, and flows but four, it shall henceforth ebb four hours, and flow six.

An Act for pulling down all Monarchicall Signes in *London*, (the *Sun*, the *Eagle*, the *Phœnix*, the *Lion*, &c.) and setting up such Birds and Beasts as have more heads than one.

An Act forbidding Oxford to be called an Vniversitie, since it is a *Congregation wherein* two or three are gathered together.

CLASSIS III.

HISTORIANS AND PHILOSOPHERS.

Ανσυγαμια, That the army ought to march but two abrest, since all creatures at Noah's ark went by couples.

The confutation of Geographers, who said we of this island were *antipodes to none*, though we tread contrary to all the world.

The jurisdiction of Courts, that *the upper and lower bench* are legall seats of justice, being made of such wood as grew in the King's forrests, and cut down by ordinance of Parliament.

CLASSIS

CLASSIS IV.

Casuists resolving tender consciences in these 40 Quæres.

Whether England be Sampson (as Master Goodwin tells us) because it is strong, or because it is imprisoned, shaven close, and hath lost its two eyes?

Whether the Spanish Ambassador, Don Alonzo de Cardenos, be better paid from Madrid or Westminster?

Whether that text (they are all become abominable, *there is none that doth good, no not one*) doth concern *Committee-Men?*

Whether since no man must print or write books, we may print the names of books that never were written?

Whether the nobility are not bound to turn souldiers, when most of their houses in London are made garrisons?

Whether the chaplains do well to tell the army, *You shall never read the like*, when most of the officers can neither write nor read?

Whether now more bodies or soules are saved, when every man doth either practise physick, or preach?

Whether it be as lawful to build a church, and call it *S. Paul's*, as to build ships, and call them *the Fairfax, the President, the Speaker?*

Whether ever there was so much and so little written as now?

Whether the *Common Prayer Book* should fare worse because it was first established on the 19th of May, which is the King's birth-day?

Whether the States should not allow two harvests in one year, as they take double taxes?

Whether the *Parliament* had not cause to forbid *Christmas*, when they found their printed *Acts* under so many *Christmas Pyes?*

Whether he that scribbled this Catalogue of *Books*, was not robbed of all his own?

Whether the worm of conscience dare bite a Parliament-man?

Whether it is properly called PAUL'S CHURCH, since 'twill be a yard without a church?

CENTURIA SECUNDA.

CLASSIS V.

Scaliger in laudem Anseris, or a Panegyrick to the *Earle of Salisbury.*

Bellum Grammaticale, that *Parliamentdome*, *Counceldome*, *Committeedome*, or *Sword-dome*, are better words than *Christendome* or *Kingdome.*

The Army's Remonstrance, that his *Excellency* and his Officers tooke up armes in defence of their own lands and revenues.

Camden's Remains, proving this island was part of the *Continent*, and that *then* it was governed by *Parliaments* and *States*.

Dominus e domo, that the House of Commons is called a HOUSE, because the Members resolve to *dwell* there.

Baubella, that the word *Baubles* (as appears in Hoveden in Rich. I.) doth properly signifie *jewels*, or *precious stones*. By Sir Henry Mildmay, Master of the *Baubles*.

CLASSIS VI.

Twenty new Acts of Parliament.

An Act for constituting six new Heraulds, in regard the old ones cannot blazon the armes of divers new *honourable* Officers of *State*.

An Act for sending 2000 paire of shooes to the souldiers in Ireland, which shooes shall be approved by Col. *Hewson* *, Governour of Dublin.

An Act for admitting *Jews* into *England*, with a short proviso for banishing the Cavaliers.

An Act of Oblivion for malignants to forget that ever they had estates.

An Act commanding all men to agree, that since there must be but few lawes, there may be few causes.

* Col. Hewson, formerly a shoemaker.

An Act that the authour of Don Quixot shall explain whom he means by *the Parliament of Death.*

An Act forbidding any men to put Greek or Latin titles to their books, unlesse such persons can spell English.

An Act forbidding all grocers and cooks from buying any more of the Parliamentary declarations.

CLASSIS VII.

Halfe-dozen large Petitions.

The humble Petition of the City of London, that those citizens that can raise no horse may raise a troop of oxen.

The humble Petition of the Keeper of Bedlam (alias Bethlehem) that he may have more help in regard his prisoners now break loose, and are all turned preachers.

The humble Petition of Matthew Walbank and Gyles Calvert, that in regard paper growes so deare, the State would grant them the paper which sticks in needlesse tickets upon every doore, since now so few take lodgings in London.

CLASSIS VIII.

COMMENTATORS AND SCHOOLMEN.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's Tryall, written by William Prinn, declaring all the Archbishop spake or did before he was born, and since his buriall, being the 9th tome of Master Prynn's works.

Sepelire mortuos, a list of those sects who dying in prison were denyed Christian burial, and (left in the fields) were eaten by hoggs, which now makes porke so cheap in London.

A Letter of Thanks from the Spanish Embassadour (Don Alonzo de Cardenas) to the Councell of State, for hanging his roomes with Titian's 12 Cæsars, and other rare peeces of the King of England's goods.

Πλασογραφος, the Art of declaring, undeclaring, adding, or expunging. By the Earle of Lowdon, Lord Chancellor of Scotland.

PRACTICAL PHONOGRAPHY,

Or the new Art of rightly speling and writing Words by the Sound thereof, and of rightly sounding and reading Words by the Sight thereof, applied to the English Tongue, designed more especially for the Use and Ease of the DUKE of GLOUCESTER, but that we are lamentably disappointed of our joy and hopes in him. By J. Jones, M. D.

You may read the Preface, where you have an account of what the book performs, which (it is hoped) will not only answer mens' wishes, but exceed their imaginations, that there could be such mighty helps contrived for reading, speling, and writing English rightly and neatly with so much ease.

London: printed for Richard Smith, at the Angel and Bible, without Temple Bar. 1701.

I do not know whether this is a very rare book, but I have no hesitation in saying that it is very curious, nor does it appear to have been known to any of our modern and popular writers on pronunciation and orthography. It will strike the reader as not a little singular, that a treatise which professes to teach *spelling*, should, in the very

very title-page, print the word *speling*, which would now be pronounced *speeling*. As the Preface will best explain the contents of the book, I insert it.

"The Preface, being a short account of the performances that may be expected upon a due use of this book.

I need not inform the world *of its* miserable ignorance *and* want *of good* instruction *in this* case; the constant complaints of people plainly shew that they are sensible of both, it being justly grown a common cry, that it is great pity, that some good man did not write more to the purpose for their instruction therein than what is extant, which is of little or no effect.

The consideration of which was my general motive to condescend to the undertaking, which tho' mean and despicable as to its subject (in common estimation) yet is not so in its end, (which truly denominates all actions to be great or little) in that the design is to assist millions with the utmost ease and speed to attain a neat and necessary accomplishment, which they had no means of acquiring before, without almost an intolerable toil and labour; and such vast expence of time as few could be at, by reason of their respective callings and employs, to procure the necessaries of life.

Now

Now if I save millions much trouble and time, that may be otherwise beneficially bestowed, it must be a very considerable advantage to the nation, as well as ease to the learner, which I perceiving, thought it not only worthy my undertaking, but my utmost care, diligence, and contrivance, to make it answer those great ends. What is the labour and time of one for some months, to be compared with that of innumerable persons for a much longer time? For I cannot think, but that every single person must have spent much more time in learning to spell without this help, than I have done in framing it; therefore I am more pleased than ashamed, that I have undergone so beneficial a drudgery, how mean soever others may think it, who are lead by vanity and pride, more than their neighbours advantages, which in our case are more particularly these that follow, viz.

1. The book will shew any beginner (who must without instruction sound words according to the visible letters, and therefore very often falsely) to sound all words rightly, neatly, and fashionably (how different soever they are, by view of the letters, from the right sound) at first sight, without a teacher, which saves all trouble, and loss of time, that people were formerly at for that purpose, before beginners could rightly sound thousands of words, whose very letters always

always informed them, that they should be sounded otherwise. For instance,

The visible letters of	Aaron bought Mayor Dictionary paies Worcester,	positively inform the beginners, that they are to be sounded,	A-a-ron bought May-or Dic-ti-o-nary pai-es Wor-cester,	which are far from being their right fashionable sounds.

Yet shall the beginner (conditioned he learns to read in the Alphabetical Spelling Dialogue of this Book) readily at first sight (as is shewn in chap. iii.) read and sound them rightly, viz.

He shall at the first sight say	Aron baut Mair Dixnary pais Wooster,	which are the customary and fashionable sounds; according to which they are to be sounded; so it will help them readily to sound all other words as they should be sounded.

Which, besides the vastness of the convenience to save time and toil, will, from the beginning, prevent all ill habits of sounding amiss, that create an insufferable trouble to remedy them afterward.

(11.) It will (without a teacher) instruct any person that can read, and write rightly, to spell and write most words in any language that he can speak, and uses to read, in a few hours (if not minutes) by a general rule contained in two or three lines, and the vse of a spelling alphabet, which may be carried in ones pocket, written on one

one side of the 12th part of an ordinary sheet of paper, till he has it (or eight memorial verses that comprehend it) readily by heart, which may be also in a few hours.

(III.) It will (without a teacher) by that rule and alphabet, and a few other rules and directions added thereto, enable any English man or woman, that can read and write, to spell so many words in the English tongue in few days (carefully spent to that end) as to write tolerably well.

(IV.) It will (without a teacher) in as few weeks as were years usually spent to learn to spell English, and write it properly, perfect the learner, who can read and write, in the art of spelling English by the help of more particular rules, that comprehend all the words in that language, which are otherwise written than sounded, and thereby fit the person for any writing employment.

(V.) A child, or any other person, who cannot read or write, may, by the help of this book, if he learns to read therein, writes copies and portions out of it, &c. (as shall be directed) learn perfectly to spell and write all words rightly, before, or at least as soon, as he can learn to read and write, (which is as soon as need be) and so render himself a compleat clerk.

(VI.) Any

(VI.) Any nation may (because I shew which are the easie and sweet simple sounds in speech) sweeten their language thereby, or one may easily invent an universal language, that may excel all other in easiness and sweetness, which I would do (by God's help) if I knew that people could be induced to use it.

Note, that the necessary directions to perform all the premises and promises, will be given in chap. 2, 3, &c. which you may look into for your satisfaction."

The above memorandum of this singular publication was transcribed long since, and I am concerned to say, that I have mislaid the original book. I can only remember that it was a small quarto, and if my memory does not deceive me, was formerly in Mr. Brand's collection.

THOMAS

THOMAS HOWELL.

AMONG the works of this voluminous writer are the following three Tracts, printed together in a very small volume, (24mo.) which were very popular in their time, but now of rare occurrence.

I transcribe the titles from a copy belonging to Mr. G. Isted, which is the third edition.

1. A CHARACTER of ENGLAND, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Nobleman of France, with Reflections upon Gallus Castratus. The third Edition. London: printed for John Creeke, and are to be sold at the Ship, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1659.

2. A PERFECT DESCRIPTION of the PEOPLE and COUNTRY of SCOTLAND. London: printed for J. S. 1659.

3. A BRIEF CHARACTER of the LOW COUNTRIES under the STATES; being three Weeks Observation of the Vices and Vertues of the Inhabitants.

Non seria semper.

London: printed for H. S. and are to be sold by Rich. Lowndes, at the White Lion, in St. Paul's Church-yard, neer the little North Door. 1660.

The

The republication of the second of these Tracts, which is a most bitter satire, gave very great umbrage at the beginning of the present reign. It was probably reprinted by the authors of the North Briton. There was at first some talk of prosecuting the publisher for a libel.—The following is a specimen; but it is surprizing that any thing so extravagant and preposterous should excite any emotion but contempt and ridicule.

"They christen without the cross, marry without the ring, receive the sacrament without reverence, dy without repentance, and bury without divine service; they keep no holy-days, nor acknowledge any saint but S. Andrew, who they said got that honour by presenting Christ with an oaten cake after his forty days fast.—They say likewise that he that translated the Bible was the son of a maulster, because it speaks of a miracle done by barley loaves, whereas they swear they were oaten cakes, and that no other bread of that quantity could have sufficed so many thousands," &c. &c.

INVENTIONS OR DEVISES,

Very necessary for all Generalls and Captaines, or Leaders of Men, as well by Sea as by Land. Written by William Bourne. An. 1578. At London: printed by Thomas Woodcock, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Black Beare. Small 4to.

This William Bourne was the author of various mathematical works, which will be found specified by Ames, but all now of rare occurrence.

Herbert represents a copy of this book to have been in his possession, and in that of Mr. Dalrymple; that which I describe came into my hands by accident. It is inscribed,

> "To the Right Honourable his singular good Lorde, the Lorde Charles Howard, Baron of Effingham, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

"Pondering with myselfe (Right Noble and Worthie Lorde) howe I might by some meanes or waies shew myselfe in any respect partely to requite your honourable Lo; great gentlenes and good cõtenance alwayes towards me from time to

to time, I could not holde myselfe satisfied vntill I had some thing to present vnto your Lordship, whereupon I am so bolde as to dedicate this rude and simple treatise vnto your worthynesse, hoping that you will accept it as a true token and a signe of my good will towards your honourable Lordship. The thing is such as you have seene the written copie at my good lord and masters hande, the Earle of Lincolne; the content thereof is as touching INVENTIONS and DEVISES, and first of martiall affayres by sea, and concerning ships, and then doe followe devises appertaining unto ordinaunce; and in like manner devises of the walls of towns, castells, and forts; and also there are devises as touching martiall affayres by land, with other such like, as the contents of the latter in the beginning of the booke dooth shew. I (hoping that your good Lordship will take these simple and rude devises in good parte) beseech God to prosper your Honour in all your attẽpts, and to give happy successe in all your doings, with increase of honour and long life in perfect health. Amen.

" By your Honours al Commandement,

" WILLIAM BOURNE."

I cannot pretend to determine what they who are versed in modern military tactics may say to these inventions and devises; some of them are

whimsical enough. The following, to know whether there be any undermining under ground, may serve as a specimen of the author's ingenuity and style :—

" The 64 Devise.

" As touching thus for to know whether there be any undermining in the ground, and where that they be, it is thus knowne :—Take a lattine bason, and goe unto the place that you doo suspect that vnderminers may bee, and set that bason vppon the ground, and then put five or sixe peason into that bason, and if that there bee any vnderminers neere at hand, then at everie stroke that they that are in the ground doo make with their tooles, the pease will make a jarre in the bason; and also the effect will the more appeare, if that you doo binde a sackefull of woll as hard as you can, then setting the bason with pease vppon that, you shall heare every stroake that is made in the ground, and this is one of the best things that may bee devised to be placed in any place, for to knowe where that vnderminers bee," &c. &c.

The book is remarkably well printed for the time, and has a very neat title-page, like that used by T. Marshe. There are 113 devises, and 99 pages.

MIRROUR OF NEW REFORMATION,

Wherein Reformers, by their owne Acknowledgment, are represented ad vivum. The Beauty also of their Handy-worke is displayed. Printed by John Cousturier. M.DC.XXXIV.

This very uncommon book exhibits a feeble attempt to expose the first great Reformers of our religion to contempt and ridicule. They are called EPIGRAMMES, but they consist of fifty copies of indifferent verses, to which notes, explanatory and illustrative, are subjoined. One example will suffice.

LUTHER'S CHANGE.

TO HIS MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, W. T.

WHILE in the Roman Church your Luther staid,
To tame his flesh he fasted, watcht, and pray'd;
Affected true obedience, lived poore,
And carefully from carnal acts forbore;
All that he did was with a single hart,
An unfamed zeale, empoisoned in no part
With fond vaine glorie, but directed whole
T' encrease God's honour, and secure his soule.
But thence gone forth, he sodainly became
So burned with his fleshes raging flame,
As he grew almost mad through lust; eight dayes
He now will spend, and neither studies, prays,
Nor writes, disturbed with enflamed veynes
Of burning leacherie, and other paines.
Say, is not this, speak freely, worthy friend,
T' begin in the spirit, in the flesh to end?

The above is accompanied by notes extracted from Luther's works, principally from his Comments on the Galatians, partially applied to justify the writer's deduction. The only copy I ever saw of this book is in the valuable collection of my friend, Mr. White, of Lichfield.

THE PROTECTOR,

(So called) in part unvailed, by whom the Mystery of Iniquity is now working, or a Word to the good People of the three Nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, informing them of the abominable Apostacy, Backsliding, and underhand Dealing of the Man above-mentioned, who having usurped Power over the Nation, hath most wonderfully betrayed, forsaken, and cast out, the good old Cause of GOD, and the Interest of CHRIST, and hath cheated and robbed his People of their Rights and Priviledges. By a late Member of the Army, who was an Eye and an Eare-witnesse to many of these Things.

Luke viii. 17.
Habac. i. 13.
Psalm xciv. 16.
—— ci. 3.
—— xl. 4.
—— cxxv. 5.
Revel. xviii. 5.

4to. Anno 1655. pp. 96.

SPECIMEN.

SPECIMEN.

" So the Protector in taking to himself the government of the nation out of the hands of Christ and the Saints, whose declared right it is, (not only in the Scriptures, but also by so many declarations and engagements which have been sealed with so much blood) doth rob the Lord and his people of their right, and is a taking the childrens bread from them. But as I said before, we are at his mercy; if he will be good, and use us well, so; if not we must go through and bear it as well as the Lord will helpe us, untill he lay us out of the way to free and deliver ourselves. For to me, and I speak according to my present light and judgment, and that which I believe (the Lord assisting) I can lay down my life for."

A WHIP OF SMALL CORDS TO SCOURGE ANTICHRIST,

(Setting in the Temple of God, and exalting himself above, and opposing himself against all that is called God) out of the Temple of God, and clearing up the way for receiving in of the Lord Jesus Christ in his glorious Power in and over the Church, now exercised in

The Working of Miracles,
Gifts of Healings, and
Other extraordinary Gifts;

With the Knot at the end of the Whip.

Whereunto is added,

The Sheerer sheered and casheered,
The Shaver shaved, and the Grinder ground.

By Matthew Coker, being Apostolicus Propheta, et Propheticus Apostolus; et Baptista Severus, Christi Præcursor, Baptismata Spiritus Baptizatus, Antichristi et Antispiritus Antethetos oppositus; necnon Angelus; non EVANUS (qui vanus) sed Evangelicus.

London: printed by James Cottrell, on Addle Hill. 1654.

The

The writer of this Tract was evidently a little cracked. It is not easy to describe his object and intention, but the following is a specimen of his style:—

"My advice is to all christians in general, and even to all good, moral, just, honest men, that they no longer stand in awe of Beelzebub, or god of flyes; of a devil, the begotten of strange fancies and foolish fears; and that they shew the like confidence when their time shall be as I myself intend in mine, that is, to go up to the face of Antichrist, whom I shall know by this mark, that he and his will riggle and struggle at the noise of *my Whip of small Cords.*"

The above is principally noticed for the whimsicality of the title-page.

EROTOMANIA,

Or a Treatise discoursing on the Essence, Causes, Symptomes, Prognosticks, and Cure of LOVE, or EROTIQUE MELANCHOLY. Written by James Ferrard, Dr. of Physick. Oxford: printed by L. Lichfield, and are to be sold by Edward Forrest. 1640. 12mo.

This very curious and uncommon book is a translation from the following:—

"De la Maladie d'Amour, ou Melancholie Erotique; Discours curieux, qui enseigne a connoitre l'Essence, les Causes, les Signes, et les Remedes de ce Mal fantastique, par Ferrard. Paris, 1623. 8vo."

The translator of this book was Edmund Chilmead, a person who well deserves a concise biographical sketch.

He was a native of Gloucestershire, became a canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors in 1648. He was an accomplished scholar, but obliged, from the above incident, to obtain a scanty livelihood by setting up a weekly music meeting, which was held

held at the Black Horse, in Aldersgate-street, London.

He was author of various works, some of which were of great learning. Among them were a Treatise on Greek Music, printed at the end of the Oxford Aratus in 1672; Annotationes in Odas Dionysii; a Catalogue of the Greek Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library.

The translation here noticed, as well as a curious book known by the name of "Unheard of Curiosities," was a translation from Gaffarelli.

Chilmead was author of various other performances, but died in extreme poverty.

Many commendatory verses are prefixed, some of which are written by characters very eminent in their day.

I subjoin a specimen of this work, from the 37th chapter:—

"The regiment then, or order of diet, in the cure of love melancholy, differs not at all from that that is to be observed in the prevention of it, save only that it ought to be somewhat more humectative, and lesse refrigerative; not forgetting, in the meane time, those meats that by some certaine occult properties they have in them, are found to be very good for those that are sick of this disease; as the turtle-dove, the heart of a wolfe, young owles taken and boyled in the juyce

juyce of marioram, the flesh of rats, and the like. And if the party be fallen away in his body, and is now growne very thin and dry, you must then prescribe him the same order of diet, according to Avicen, as you doe to those that are hecticall.

" Besides this, it is agreed upon by all, both divines, philosophers, physitians, oratours, and poets, that it is very good in this case that the party change the ayre and place of his abode; and that not so much because it is a very wholesome course so to doe, in all chronicall and long continued diseases, as Hippocrates in Epidem. affirmes, but rather because that this change and variety of place doth awaken the spirits of the melancholy lover, diverting also his thoughts, and depriving him of the sight and ordinary conversation that he formerly had with the object of his love, and cause of his disease. Adducendus, saith Tully, in his 4. Tuscul, ad alia studia, curas, sollicitudines, negotia; Loci deniq mutatione, tanquam ægri convalescentes curandus. Notwithstanding, as this change of ayre and place hath no power of itselfe to cure folly, or to make him wise that desires not to be so (said one of the seaven Græcian sages, change of place neither takes away folly, nor teaches a man wisdome), so neither does it profit a passionate lover any more, as Plato saies, than the shifting of his

his bed doth a man that lies sicke of a feaver. And the reason is, because that the lover is alwaies longing for the presence of his mistresse, and contemplating on her vertues and perfection, which seeme, by this her absence, to be the more encreased, for, as the poet saith,

Animus, quod perdidit, optat;
Atq in præteritâ se totus Imagine versat.

"It is naturall to the minds of men, still the more eagerly to pursue those things that are denyed them, and to desire the more earnestly that which they cannot compasse. To what purpose should a lover runne away, saies an old poet, seeing that Cupid has winges, and can quickly overtake a runnagate, though he make never so great hast to avoyd him."

OLD SERMONS,

With whimsical Titles, and a concise account of such of the Authors as were more particularly eminent at the period in which they lived.

1. SPIRITUAL SALT, or a Sermon on Matt. v. 13.—"Ye are the salt of the earth." Preached in Whitchurch, at an Ordination of five Ministers, by Thomas Porter, Minister of the Gospel there. London: printed by T. R. and E. M. for Ralph Smith, at the Signe of the Blew Bible, in Cornhill, neer the Royal Exchange. 1650.

This very singular Sermon, in which there is a strange compound of good sense and learning, political prejudice, and religious enthusiasm, is inscribed by the author to his reverend brethren in the ministry of the classical presbytery of the north. Among other whimsical passages in the dedication is the following:—

"Austin mentions a salt in Sicily, that when its put into the fire, it swims as if it were in water; but when its put into the water, it sounds as if it were in the fire. Retain your saltenesse in all conditions and estates. Have salt in yourselves, and

and peace with one another. While the enemy is sowing tares, be you sprinkling salt; while others are throwing bones of dissention, be you fastning the bond of brotherly union. If the bundle of arrowes remaine fast bound together, it is not easie to break; if the bond be loose or broken, its no hard matter to break them one after another."

Of this Thomas Porter I can no where find any account.

2. The SPIRITUAL NURSERY DECIPHERED, in a Sermon, preached at Mercer's Chapell, in London, Feb. 9, 1650. By Thomas Baker, late Rector of the Parish of St. Mary the Mere, in Exon. London: printed for John Crooke and John Baker, and are to be sold at the Ship, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1650.

This eccentric composition is inscribed to the reader in a dedication, of which the following uncouth paragraph is a specimen :—

" Reader,

" This newborne babe, like the untimely fruit of a woman, had never come to see the sun; at

least *oritur, moritur*, had, immediately upon its enlargement from the prison of the wombe, wherein for a time it lay, found out another prison of a tombe in that holy place, wherein it only gave so much testimony of life as to cry; had not the counterblasts of crosse-winds of the importunity of some friends, whom I was content to satisfy on the one side, and on the other the clamour of some intemperate tongues, from whose stings I could not but labour my vindication; recovered and revived in it a few faintly glowing sparks of light and life, when it was upon the point of utter extinguishment and finall expiration."

The Sermon itself exhibits a degree of biblical learning, which is far from contemptible; and Wood, in his second volume of his Athenæ Oxonienses, expresses a doubt whether this may not be the same Thomas Baker who wrote a Treatise on Algebra, in Latin and English, of which respectable mention is made in one of the early volumes of the Philosophical Transactions.

3. THE WHITE WOLFE,

Or a Sermon preached at Paul's Crosse, Feb. 11, being the last Sunday in Hillarie Tearme, Anno 1627, and printed somewhat more largely than the Time would permit at that present to deliver,

deliver, wherein Faction is unmasked, and justly taxed without Malice for the Safetie of weake Christians, especially the Heringtonian Faction, growne very impudent in this Citie of late Yeeres, is here confuted. By Stephen Denison, Minister of Katherine Cree Church, London. Printed by George Miller, for Robert Melbourne. 1627. 4to.

This strange Sermon is dedicated to Charles the First. John Hetherington, the principal object of attack, was a propagator of fanatical doctrines, and obliged to make his recantation before commissioners appointed by the king. The form of the recantation is inserted in the discourse, or rather dissertation. Two plates are introduced, one of a wolf in sheep's clothing, and another of "the wolfe in his owne skinne." The book comprehends a strange mixture of learning and extravagant reasoning, but is altogether a singular curiosity.

4. THE NAIL HIT ON THE HEAD,

And driven into the City and Cathedral Wall of Norwich, by John Carter, Pastor of Great St. Peter's, in that City, at the Green-yard, June 17, 1644, being a Preparative to the Guyle Solemnity the Day following.

5. THE

5. THE WHEEL TURNED

By a Voice from the Throne of Glory, described in a Sermon at the Green-yard, in Norwich, upon the Guild Day, June 22, 1647, by John Carter. By J. Mairch, for M. Spark, at the Blue Bible, in Green Arbour.

These two singular discourses, expressed in the quaint language of the times, are inscribed "To the glory of her sex, the Right Honourable both by the first and second birth, the worthy and most religious Lady, the Lady Frances Hobarte."

From the second, called the Wheel, the following extract is taken, which will demonstrate both the temper of the times, and the strange and eccentric language which was used from the pulpit.

"About six months since, or not much otherwise, there came a letter from the *worthy Speaker* of the Honourable House of Commons, directed to the Maior and some other faithful ones of the Corporation, requiring them to divide the citie into *classes*: to return the names of such as were fit to be *elders*: by the way take notice, all yee people, that letter was no forged letter. I speak it in the presence of God, and I will make it out to

to all the world, it was *the Speaker's own letter*, and the superscription and direction was according to his COMMISSION. I say this letter did not lie a year and three quarters in a box, and nothing done; but presently the Maior called all that were concerned in it together: in one day we laid out the *classes*, we nominated the first men in the city, I am confident of that, for the *eldership*; that very night we returned what we had done to the *honourable Speaker*, and we verily and justly expected the next return to have received thanks and a ratification of our work, and the settling of Church government in our city. O how the wheels rattled gallantly, and moved freely, but on the suddain all stopped, the whole work was at a stand, and so hath been ever since.

" In the name of God, what makes this stopping? Sure there's some rusty wheel amongst the rest, that will not stir, nor suffer the other wheels to stir; or there's some ill-condition'd wheel. Its a strange thing to see how one naughty wheel will carry another: the phusy-wheel of the watch, with its greatness, carryeth all the lesser wheels as it pleaseth. The mil-wheel with its coggs turns about the upper milstone, the clack, and makes the hopper serve them as they please: other wheels they have their teeth, by which they stop or turn the rest. And that I doubt is the

reason of our stoppings and contrary turnings: you shall see many good wheels, and in a fair motion, freely running on in a good way; and on the suddain they are stopped and turned. Why how comes that about? Oh there are some malignant wheels amongst the rest, that are contrived in the engine unseen; these by their greatness and power, or by their coggs and flattery, or by their teeth and threatnings, they make them afraid to go on in any thing that tends to the publick good, and the advancement of God's glory, and the Churches settlement. Oh that these rusty and ill-shaped wheels were filed, or oyled, or removed, and better put in the room. In the 10 verse of this chapter, you shall see the appearance of the wheels was, as if one wheel had been in another wheel, which most think was not comprehensively; as if a little wheel had been contained in a great wheel: no, the wheels were all of a bigness. This therefore they conceive was transversly: one wheel turned right forth upon the ground, and then there was another wheel did cut that wheel in the very midst with right angles, in the similitude of a sphære, and moved with a cross and contrary motion: Ah! so it is with our wheels; there is ever a *wheel* in a *wheel*: one cross wheel in the midst that spoils the motion of all the rest. As for these wheels, it is cryed unto them from the throne

throne of glory, in my hearing, O wheel! the Lord gives thee a check: mend thy motion, turn better, or else thou wilt break and destroy the chariot of the church, commonwealth, and city." P. 91,

6. LOVE and FEAR, the INSEPARABLE TWINS of a BLEST MATRIMONY, characterized in a Sermon, occasioned by the late Nuptialls between

Mr. William Christmas
and
Mrs. Elizabeth Adams.

Preached in St. Dionis Backe-Church, by Nathaniel Hardy, Master of Arts, and Preacher to that Parish. London: printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Webb and William Grantham, and are to be sold at the Sign of the Black Bear, in St. Paul's Church-yard, near the little North Door, in 1658.

This Nathaniel Hardy was one of the most popular preachers of his day, and the reader may find a very circumstantial account of him and his writings in Wood. From his situation of Minister of St. Dionis Backe Church, he was progressively promoted to the vicarage of St. Martin's in the Fields, and finally to the deanery of Rochester. He published a great variety of Sermons upon occasions more or less solemn, all of which the more curious reader may find enumerated in the Athenæ Oxonienses. This

particular Sermon is dedicated first to the father of the bride, who had formerly been Lord Mayor of London, and secondly, to the bride and bridegroom jointly. The following specimen may serve to afford some idea how far he was reasonably entitled to the popularity he enjoyed as a preacher, and the promotion he obtained in his profession:—

"The *concomitants* or ingredients of this love are desire and delight. The moralists distinguish of a double love, to wit, *amor benevolentiæ* and *amor complacentiæ*, a love of benevolence, whereby we heartily wish, and accordingly endeavour the good of another; a love of complacency, whereby we are well pleased and satisfied in the enjoyment of one another. Both of these make up the man's love to his wife; namely, a cordial desire of her welfare, and an affectionate delight in her society. The most proper act of matrimonial love is complacency, in which respect, this love is called elsewhere a *rejoycing*, and the wife is called *the wife of the bosome, the desire of the eyes.*

"The bosome is a place of repose, and the things we put in our bosomes are such as we take delight in; for this cause, *Christ* is said to be *in the bosome of the Father*, to note that it *is he in whom the Father is well pleased*; and John is said to lean on Jesus bosome, because *the disciple whom Jesus loved*, and in whose converse

verse he was singularly delighted. *The desire of the eyes* is that which in the absence we long for, and the presence of which we behold with joy; so that both of these expressions do plainly intimate what contentment and satisfaction the man ought to take in the converse and enjoyment of his wife. And therefore it is *Solomon's* counsel, *let thy wife be to thee as the loving hinde, and as the pleasant roe;* or, according to the Hebrew, an hinde of loves, a roe of favours: the mates of those females are the hart and the roe-buck, which, as naturalists observe, are of all other creatures the most inamoured with their mates, to instruct the man what an affectionate well pleasednesse he should have with his wife. The *consequents* of this love are chiefly *protection, provision,* and *toleration.* Love is ever active, being like the fire which, where it is, sends forth light and heat. Indeed *exhibitio operis probatio amoris.* Action is the most real proof of affection, only that love being true which is not *otiosus,* but *officiosus,* in word but in deed. Thus the husband's love to his wife must manifest itself."

In addition to the above, it may be observed, that both of the dedications prefixed to this extraordinary Sermon are conceived and expressed in the most servile and fulsome language of panegyric.

7. TWO STICKS MADE ONE, or the Excellency of Unity, being a Sermon preached by the Appointment of the Ministers of the Congregational and Presbyterian Perswasion, at their happy Union, on the sixth Day of April, 1691, which was a Day set apart by them partly to bewail former Divisions, and partly as a Thanksgiving to God for their present Agreement, *and now at their unanimous Request made publick*. By Matthew Mead, Pastor of a Church of Christ at Stepney. London; printed for Thomas Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns, at the lower end of Cheapside, near Mercer's Chappel, 1691.

Of the author of this Sermon no account is to be found in any of our biographers, but from the circumstance of his being appointed to preach on occasion of the reconciliation of two contending enemies of the established Church, we must conclude that he was of some eminence in the party he had attached himself to, of singular virtue and moderation to heal the enmity, and unite the interests of the opposite faction.

The dedication, as might be expected, is calculated to please men, who, however hostile to each other, are united in their enmity to the establishment, shewing itself in the hackneyed perversion

perversion of Scripture texts, and attempt to usurp an authority over the judgment by a pedantic display of literary research.

The Sermon itself affords a singular specimen of the fertility of puritanism, to draw arguments from the most insignificant phrases, and wear them out by overstraining them to their purpose; it exhibits too a striking example of that methodical disposition, which, affecting simplicity, gave a denomination to sectarism, and which their descendants of the present day have by no means forgotten.

8. THE DIVINE LANTHORNE, or a Sermon preached in St. Paul's Church, appointed for the Crosse, the 17 July, 1626. By Thomas Drent, of Shaston, in Co. Dorset. 4to. Printed by George Miller for Walter Hammond.

This is a most singular composition, the work of a man of very various reading, and great learning, and abounding in quotations in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, but so strange a stile can hardly be found.

" Light is a most lovely and amiable qualitie. Haud scio an rerum cœlestium ulla sit excellentior luce. So Scaliger: it beautifies heaven it selfe; the sun would be but a blind heape, but for the light of the sun: God from this treasury

would enrich the whole world, and therefore made it the store-house of light in the creation. The day which is the child of light, Plato will have it so called, απο τε ιμειρειν, to long after. Let the preacher interpret the Etymon," &c. &c.

This Sermon was preached before the Governors of Christ's Hospital, to whom it is inscribed, but I can find no account of the author.

9. AN OLIVE BRANCH found after a Storme in the Northern Seas, and presented to his Majesty, in a Sermon at the Court in New Castle. By Samuel Kem, a little before his Majesties going to Holmby. Printed by J. D. and R. J. for Andrew Kembe, next doore to the Talbot Gate, Southwark. 4to. 1647.

This Samuel Kem was an extraordinary character, and it was said of him that he would preach in the morning, and plunder in the afternoon; was a saint in the pulpit, and a devil out of it. He was educated at Oxford, but took the covenant, and became both chaplain and captain to a troop of horse. In the time of Oliver Cromwell, he preached at Bristol in a buff coat, with a scarlet coat over it, and with a pistol on each side of him on the cushion. At the Restoration

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10. THE BEST FEE SIMPLE, set forth in a Sermon at St. Peter's, in Cornhill, before the Gentlemen and Citizens born in the County of Nottingham, the 18 day of February, 1657. By Marmaduke James, Minister of Watton at Stone, in the County of Hertford. 4to. 1659.

This very whimsical composition is inscribed "To the Right Honourable and his Countries Worthy Patriot, Henry Lord Marquis of Dorchester."

In recommendation of such associations as that on occasion of which this discourse was delivered, it is observed,

"Many actions that seem petite are great in consequence as smal stars have mighty influence, thus mingling helps humility, and uniting symbols frugality: this traffique of hearty amicability, from these associations men deriving a respect one for another, as the loadstone and needle do by contact. Thus men, like verginal jacks, are tyed together by the teeth, and, bagpipe like, commonly make best musick when they are first blown full."

Again apologizing for his own want of merit and consequence, he says,

"And

" And now, my Lord, I am like the sun in his perigee, or slow motion, at my hardest task; to account to your Lordship why Conon or his rape should be a person or present for the court; how a pilot so obscure for parts, and so little known for person, can vouch so high a name; or that this fraight, that consists neither of the gold ophir, to wit, any deep speculations, nor so much as the painted peacocks of eloquence, should yet so boldly address to an English Solomon.

" In this great strait, my Lord, if the queen Reason should seem to withdraw her presence for a while, I am supported by the mission of her next attendant and principal lady of honour, I mean EXCUSE."

The following is a specimen of the Sermon itself:—

" It was a witty and a close answer, that was somtimes given by an accomplished prelate of this land to a foolish king thereof, who, upbraiding his height in church and state, with the meanness of his descent, to wit, that his father was a taylor, made this reply: That if his Majesty had exceeded his father as much as he had done his, he had bin the bravest prince in christendom. The solution is this, That if our countrymen did exceed other countrymen in their

works of piety and charity, as far as our country exceeds other countries, you would be the bravest men this day upon the Brittish earth; but alas! it is a sad, an ancient observation of divines, that those countries into whose bosom God hath poured the greatest of these blessings, have been most unmindful of him.

* * * * * * *

If it shall be demanded, what is that good desired? I dare not be so sawcy as to prescribe to your wisdoms; prest I am much to speak, and yet afraid to speak; four and twenty miles have I come to serve you this slabby weather; if I should now offend you, how sad would my return be home again. *Extremo actu deficere turpissimum est:* I shall only add one instance, and leave you to spell out the rest: Are there not some of you of our countrymen citizens here? I know there are, to whom God hath given great estates, and little or no issue; that may as truly say (if they would speak their consciences) of the river *Trent*, as ever *Jacob* did of *Jordan: Over this brook came I with this staff, and behold the Lord hath made me two bands. And Jacob arose, and built there an altar unto the Lord.* I have done, the Lord give a blessing."

11. The

11. THE ROYALL GUEST, or a Sermon preached at Lent Assizes, Anno Dom. M.DC.XXXVI. at the Cathedrall of Sarum, being the first Sunday of Lent, before Sir John Finch and Sir John Denham, his Majesties Justices of Assize. By Thomas Drant, of Shaston in Com. Dorset. Printed by G. M. for Walter Hammond, and are to be sold by Michael Sparke, in Greene Arbour. 1637.

This is a very whimsical discourse in point of style and phraseology, and is inscribed to Peter Bal, Esq. Recorder of Exon.

Of the preacher I find no account. The following is a specimen:—The text is from Rev. iii. 20. "Behold I stand at the doore, and knock."

"If some *grandee* of the state stood there, if some *magnified* swolne with titles, would we not hast to open, and thinke such a presence an honour to us? This wee would doe to the *Nimrods* of the world, and *Peeres* of the earth. Behold one is here to whom the greatest monarch is more base than the basest *boare*, to the greatest

greatest monarch, one who knocks importunately, why shut wee him out? why are doores blockt up against him? O our lunacy and madnesse! Satan angles for us with a baite of honours, wee are caught, the world as pleasingly gives us the musicke of gaine, wee are charmed—the flesh unvailes a beauty, a piece of clay more handsomely attired—we burne—riches are but the garbage of the earth; we dig into its entrals for them; pleasures are but a flower garish to the eye—soone withered—our senses are captivated with their smell; *dignities,* as St. Augustine censures them, are but a light fume, a breath of the chops, a fleshly paire of bellowes; wee are not in the sent of these, and for all keepe open house. CHRIST in respect of whom, and those endowments he brings with him, all things else, as Plato stampes them, are οὐδὲν καὶ οὐδενος ἄξια, nothing and nothing worth; he sues us in the Canticles, Open unto mee, my love, my sister, my undefiled; open the doore of thy soule, O my unspotted church; let me come and dwell with thee in my *graces:* here wee or coine excuses for delay, as the *spouse* now, *I have put off my coate, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feete, how shall I defile them?* Or wee out him into our stables with the *Bethlemites* anon, as having no roome in the *inne* of our hearts for him."

The

The above discourse has the fiat of the Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of London in the following form :

" Perlegi hanc concionem, digamque judicó quæ typis mandetur.

" Tho. Wykes, R. P. Episcop. Lond. Cap. Domest."

12. Peter's Net let downe, or The Fisher and the Fish; both prepared towards a blessed Haven. Delivered at a Synod at Chipping-Norton, in Oxfordshire. By R. Matthew, a neighbouring Minister. Reviewed by the Author, and published. Printed by George Miller for George Edwards, and are to be sold at his House, in Greene-Arbour, at the Signe of the Angel. 1634.

Quere, Where was this *Greene-Arbour*, at which place numbers of the publications of this period were to be sold?

A more fantastical composition has seldom issued from the press. Of the author I can tell nothing. His discourse is inscribed " To the Right Worthy ennobled Mr. William Murrey, one of the Groomes of his Majesties Bed Chamber." There is also a most curious address " To the learned Brethren and courteous Reader,"

Reader," which, among other strange things, exhibits the following apology for publishing :—

" Had not the author beene crowed out of long sleepe, in the kinde by two or three shryl cals (too wise then to take an answer in meere silence) rather than he would have ventured a finger whipping, for the itching will of pressing to oppresse the presse, he would have rested still enrolled a *mutus piscis*, then adventured to halt *piscator ictus :* snayle wise inough to keepe the fearefull horne within the house, then hazard it to prittles of publique thistle : not so old as not to discerne his wrincles without a paper-glosse of his owne composing, nor so immodest as upon a meere voluntarie to thrust his weake sikle into a harvest so strongly furnisht with publique labour."

The following is from the body of the discourse :—

" I am bold to think the bishop in the century had healed *Lodovicus* (wrong named) Pius his soule, and saved his own head, had he used discreete opportunity and manner in his reproofe, and not abruptly, and at the table, before the princes minion and his guests, taken occasion at his consent to begin to carve the fish at the head, to bid him begin to reforme the luxuries of

of his province, at his owne uncleannesse. The person and the sore both are too much for two eyes enquiry: its easie, say your physicians, to cure a man in *specie*, but to heale this or that man so aged, complexioned, disposed, affected thats the skill, if *Luther* faile not who confessed he could sort cures easily for the maladie, hardly for the man. We may be sugar to a wounded *David* to stench the blood, and relieve the spirits, not so to a bloody Sisera, he must not have butter in a lordly dish without a naile and an hammer of legall redargation. We must be sharpe vinegar salt, leaven to the secure to preserve from putrefaction, not so to the raw and greene wounded penitent, least *suendo scissura succedat pejor, the remedy be worse than the malady*, as a discreet father hath it. If the queasie stomach must have the pills, they must be either guilded, that children may so please the eye as not to suspect the physicke, or sugard well, that the *keckish* palat may gulpe downe the cure before it feeles the sower."

13. NEW ENGLANDS TEARES FOR OLD ENGLANDS FEARES. Preached in a Sermon on July 23, 1640, being a Day of Publique Humiliation appointed by the Churches in Behalfe of our native Countrey in Time of Feare and Danger. By William Hooke, Minister of Gods Word,

sometime of Axemouth, in Devonshire, now of Taunton, in New England. Sent over to a worthy Member of the Honourable House of Commons, who desires it may be for Publick Good, London. 4to. 1641.

This discourse, written in the quaint language of the times, is an honest expression of sympathy and friendship towards the mother country in the time of the civil wars. The preacher thus describes the effects of a battle:—

" Here ride some dead men swagging in their deep saddles, there fall others alive upon their dead horses, death sends a message to them from the mouth of the muskets, these it talks with face to face, and stabbs them in the fifth rib: in yonder file there is a man hath his arme struck off from his shoulder, another by him hath lost his leg, here stands a souldier with half a face, there fights another upon his strumps, (stumps) and at once both kills and is killed: not far off lyes a company wallowing in their sweat and goare; such a man whileth he chargeth his musket is discharged of his life, and falls upon his dead fellow. Every battell of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments roulled in blood. Death reigns in the field, and is sure to have the day which side soever falls. In the meane while (O formidable) the infernall fiends follow

follow the campe to catch after the soules of rude nefarious souldiers (such as are commonly men of that calling) who fight themselves fearlessly into the mouth of hell for revenge, a booty, or a little revenue. How thick and threefold doe they speed one another to destruction. A day of battell is a day of harvest for the devill."

The preacher proceeds in the same style to represent the anxieties and sufferings of the wives and children deprived of their fathers and husbands, and the other horrible consequences of civil perturbations.

14. I. THE DOOME of HERETIQUES, or a Discovery of subtle Foxes, who were tyed Tayle to Tayle, and crept into the Church to doe Mischiefe. As it was delivered in a Sermon, at Wickham Market, in Suffolke, upon the Fast Day, being the 26 of May, 1647. For John Rothwell, at the Sunne and Fountaine, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1648.

II. THE MALIGNANT'S PLOT, or the CONSPIRACIE of the WICKED against the JUST. Laid open in a Sermon preached at Eyke, in Suffolk, Jan. 23, 1647. Preached and published to set forth the Grounds why the Wicked lay such Crimes to the Charge of God's People as

they are cleare off. Printed for the above John Rethwell. 1648.

III. THE SKILLFULL TEACHER. In a Sermon preached at Chelsford, in Suffolk, July 16, 1648. Printed for the same John Rethwell. 1648.

The above three extraordinary discourses were the composition of ZEPHANIAH SMITH, who styles himself minister of God's word. He was a most singular character, and among the first founders of the sect of the Antinomians. One of the first leaders of this sect is said by Wood to have been JOHN EATON, who was minister and preacher at Wickham Market, in which situation and capacity this Zephaniah Smith succeeded him.

This Smith published many other tracts and sermons chiefly fanatical, and with fantastical titles. One is described by Wood, and was called DIRECTIONS for SEEKERS and EXPECTANTS, or a Guide for weak Christians in these discontented Times.

I shall not give an extract from these sermons; though very curious, but they are not characterized by any peculiar eccentricity of diction, and are chiefly remarkable for the enthusiasm with which the doctrines of the sect to which the preacher belonged, is asserted and vindicated. The hearers must also have been endowed with no

no ordinary degree of patience, as they are spun out to a great length.

15. TWO TREATISES, viz. THE CHRISTIAN FREEDOME, or CHARTER of the GOSPEL, and the DEFORMED FORME of a FORMALL PROFESSION. By the late faithfull and worthy Minister of Jesus Christ, JOHN PRESTON, D.D. Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majestie, Master of Emanuel Colledge, in Cambridge, and sometimes Preacher of Lincolnes Inne. For John Stafford, Chancery-lane, over against the Roules. 1641.

These posthumous productions are called Treatises, but are two pious Discourses, the first from Rom. vi. 14. the second from 2 Tim. iii. 5. They are distinguished by a familiar knowledge of the Scriptures, and by much good sense and argument, but would not be very acceptable at the present time, from the number and variety of divisions and subdivisions.

Preston was a considerable person in his day, and his writings, which were numerous, were exceedingly popular.

AT this point, with more abruptness than I either wished or intended, I bring my work to its conclusion. I have before me a variety of articles which would, I conceive, be entertaining, and perhaps useful to collectors. Among these are a Treatise on Emblems, which by the kindness of the Marquis of Blandford, who communicated to me the catalogue of his most curious and valuable collection, I had extended to a considerable length. I have also memorandums of various French articles, of very rare occurrence, and involving much literary curiosity. These, with a Dissertation on the Revival of Learning, in which biographical notices are introduced of all the illustrious individuals whose munificence assisted, and whose talents promoted, that glorious event, would make an additional volume of equal size to the present.—Whether I shall again resume the subject is uncertain; in the mean time, I have no reason, from the reception of my fifth volume, to believe that I have hitherto published more than has proved acceptable. But it may be as well, perhaps, not to tempt the good humour of the public too far. I am thankful for the countenance I have received, and shall be abundantly satisfied

fied if these volumes, in their collected form, shall answer the end which I proposed, which was, by interweaving literary anecdote and information with a specific description of rare books, at the same time to amuse the general reader, and assist the purposes of the curious collector. I therefore take my leave, saying to such,

Libenter hoc et omne militabitur
Bellum, in tuæ spem gratiæ.

IT was my first intention to have gone carefully through each preceding volume, and to have introduced such additions as time has discovered, or circumstances suggested, or as the observations of others have communicated; but the volume, with the addition of the Index, which is considered as more essentially necessary, would have been expanded to an undue length. I have therefore contented myself with subjoining such notices as were immediately before me, not entirely without the hope of being called upon still more carefully to re-examine each particular volume.

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

IN the Table of Contents, p. xxiv. for FISCHETUS lege FICHETUS, for LUFTON l. LUPTON.

P. 3. The first edition of Caius de Antiquitate Cantebrigiens. Acad. typis Bynneman, was in duodecimo. I was misled by Herbert, v. 2. p. 968.

P. 7. Mr. Johnes, the elegant translator of Froissart, &c. has a copy of the edition of Dante, which is here described, with an additional large plate, representing Il Gran Diabolo swallowing his victims, and voiding them again by a most extraordinary process.

P. 10. For *traits* l. *tracts*. P. 11. For *book* l. edition. P. id. CABBALA DEL CAVALLO, &c.

Mr. Hoblyn's copy of this book was purchased by Dr. Hunter, and a copy which wanted the frontispiece was in the La Velliere collection, No. 4417. This, in its imperfect state, sold for 224 livres, and is pronounced to be the only copy known

known in Paris, and termed the scarcest of all the works of Brunus Nolanus.

P. 12. The finest copy of the LASCARIS I have ever seen is in the collection of Dr. Charles Burney.

Lord Spencer's copy first belonged to Maittaire, and afterwards to Dr. George, of Eton.

There was a copy in the Pesari collection purchased by Col. Johnes, and this fortunately escaped the conflagrations which in part destroyed the valuable library deposited at Hafod.

P. 13. A copy of the Princeps Editio of Longinus is in the late Bishop of Ely's collection, the whole of which has been purchased since his Lordship's death by the Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. Cracherode's copy was given by him to Earl Spencer, and formerly belonged to Thuanus.

P. 17. There is a very fine copy of Castell's Lexicon in the Lambeth Library, to which it was presented by Archbishop Sheldon.

P. 22. A good account of all Cartwright's business may be found in Strype's Whitgift.

P. 25. Dr. Askew's copy of Horsley's Britannia Romana was on large paper.

P. 28. The Epistola Lugubris of Santius has nothing to do with the Valerius Maximus, which is compleat without it.

P. 32. Dr. Taylor left his copy of Walton's Polyglot to the school at Shrewsbury, at which

place I understand he had received his education.

The copy of Castell's Lexicon, belonging to Count Hoym, was not upon large paper: it was purchased at Colbert's sale, together with Walton's Polyglott, which was on large paper, for 1050 livres. It does not appear that the Lexicon in the Catalogue of Colbert's Library was on large paper, though the Polyglott is there so distinguished.

These identical books came into the possession of the Duke de la Valliere, and were purchased at his sale for the King's library at Buckingham House, and, what is remarkable, for the same money that Count de Hoym paid for them at the sale of Monsieur Colbert's books. They have the Colbert arms upon them, and are unquestionably the same transferred from this library to that of the Count de Hoym.

P. 37. I am exceedingly concerned that the anecdote related in this page has given umbrage to a Gentleman whose good opinion I must necessarily hold in the highest estimation. I was certainly not at all aware that I was guilty of any impropriety by inserting it, but I promise that Gentleman that it shall be omitted, if this work shall come to a second edition.

At present I may be permitted to propose a Quere, whether Mr. Steevens had never read the account of the King's imprisonment in the

Isle

Isle of Wight, and his subsequent private history till his death.

P. 52. Caxton with a turban.

Quere, is not this turban of the same fashion with that seen in the famous picture of Henry the Fourth, as it is called, at Hampton Court. See Houbraken's heads.

P. 60. DARTNEUF.

There is an original picture of Dartneuf by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the possession of Mrs. Swinhoe of Kensington-square, who has also, by the same artist, original pictures of Addison, Prior, Jacob Tonson, and Congreve.

P. 64. Col. Johnes has a curious manuscript account of the Pretender, purchased at Dr. Monro's sale. The Pretender came to London after the Rebellion of 1745, and was known at Lady Primrose's assembly from his portrait which hung over the chimney. The ministers of that period were first informed of this fact by George the Second himself, and when they enquired of the King how they ought to act, his Majesty replied with great magnanimity, "Let him alone, when he is tired he will go back again."

P. 74. MEMOIRES de la vie du Marechal de Vielleville. Col. Johnes possesses, if not destroyed by the fire, the original memoirs of Madame de Maintenon, with the castrations compleat. It was La Brunelle's own copy, and comprised in six volumes.

P. 81.

P. 81. VIRGIL.

The Aldine edition of Virgil of 1505 is far more rare than the first of 1501, and more valuable on account of its readings. It is an edition very little known.

P. 103. TESTAMENTUM GRÆCUM.

I should have remarked that the 26th verse of the eleventh chapter of St. Mark is wanting also in other editions besides this printed at Strasburgh, e. g. that of Basil by Bebelius, edited by Oecolampadius; also in those of Aldus and Frobenius.

P. 118. PRUDENTIUS.

I have here given my opinion that this uncommon edition of Prudentius was produced at the Junta press, but the late Bishop of Ely was of opinion that the printer was Bartholomew Trot, who followed his profession at Lyons, and who was "Aldinorum Characterum egregius imitator."

The Bishop had not only a copy of this Prudentius, but a Horace, as well as a Quintilian, in precisely the same type, and to both of which Trot's name was affixed.

Trot sometimes used the fleur-de-lis as the Juntas did. Panzer makes no mention either of the Prudentius, or the Quintilian, but he describes a Horace, Coluthus, and a Martial. From the last it appears that Trot was also a bookseller, and what is more to the purpose, an honest bookseller. The title is, MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATA

Lugduni

Lugduni in ædibus Jacobi Myt sumptu honesti Bibliopolæ Bartholomæi Trot. M.D.XVIII. d. xxvi. Octob. 8vo.

P. 120. PLINIUS SECUNDUS.

I have here inaccurately said, that at this early period none of the printers had Greek types. I beg to correct my error. Greek types were used in this very year, 1471, by the Venetian printers in the Tortellius. This exceedingly curious book was from the press of Nicolas Jenson. It is very singular that two editions of Tortellius were printed in this same year, this at Venice, and one at Rome. In domo de Tahacoxis sub jussu Ulrici Galli et Simonis Nicolai Lucensis. Copies of both editions are in the King's Library, and at Blenheim. Of the edition of Jenson, Lord Spencer also possesses a copy. The more curious reader will find various particulars concerning the Venice edition in

Panzer, V. III. p. 77.
De Bure. Belles Let. V. I. p. 567.
Gargnit, V. I. p. 371.
Laire Index, V. I. p. 254.
Maittaire, V. I. p. 304.
Audiffredi, p. 90.
Rossi, p. 75.

P. 128. POMPONIUS LÆTUS.

I must here also confess myself in an error. Maittaire's Index mentions two earlier editions of

of the Roman History by Pomponius Lætus, namely, in 1498 and in 1499. This last was in the Pinelli Catalogue, No. 3160.

P. 131. WICLIFF.

De Bure is certainly wrong in supposing these Dialogues to have been printed by Oporinus; they were by some other person. Panzer observes, "Prodiit fortasse Basileæ."

This most rare book was edited by Olton Brunfelsius, as appears by his epistle to Luther, prefixed to the third volume of the works of John Huss.

P. 141. PASQUILLORUM TOMI DUO.

I might have observed, that in the JULIUS EXCLUSUS, which is found in these volumes, there is a spirit of genuine humour very much resembling that of Lucian.

Mr. Johnes has, if not destroyed by the fire which consumed so many of his literary curiosities, a copy of these.

The title and the first page of the address are in a modern hand.

On the last page of all are verses in a more ancient hand-writing, addressed

In Carolū $\overline{\text{m}}$ V Imp. et Henricū et Francescū.
2os Reges Gallorum
Persequentes Protestantes.

At the top of the Index, in the same hand and ink, is

Will.

Will. Walker, S. Theolog. Bachel. me tenet. 1640.

This book was formerly in the collection of Mr. Ellis, the last professional Scrivener.

P. 148. FELICIAN'S HOMER.

There are two editions of Felician's Homer by the Sabii, one of 1547, the other of 1551, but there seems to be no other difference than in the title-page, or rather the colophon.

Ib. MOREL'S HOMER.

This edition of Homer is still more rare than that by Felician. Mr. Cracherode knew the edition, but had never seen a copy till he had an opportunity of purchasing a very fine one from the Soubise library.

P. 151. For Waller read Willet.

P. 159. BEMBUS.

There are two or three other tracts by Aldus in the beautiful type of this Bembus, of which Lord Spencer has one, which has not yet been noticed.

P. 170. DR. MEAD.

The two beautiful pictures by Claude Lorraine, now in the collection of Lord Radnor, were purchased at Dr. Mead's sale, the one for one hundred guineas, the other for one hundred and ten pounds. The same nobleman possesses also the portraits of Erasmus and Ægidius out of the same collection.

Ib. For pectus read pictus.

P. 180.

P. 180. DR. WHICHCOT.

Dr. Whichcot's portrait at Lambeth was stated in the list of portraits at that palace, transferred to his Grace the present Archbishop, to be that of Cartwright. The mistake was corrected by the late Bishop of Ely. Dr. Whichcot was the friend of Archbishop Tillotson, who preached his funeral sermon. He might indeed have been the friend of Lord Shaftsbury, as he was appointed to the provostship of King's College by the Parliamentary visitors.

P. 181. LETTERS ON TOLERATION.

Others say that Locke borrowed the plan of these Letters on Toleration from Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying.

P. 186. CAMDEN'S BRITANNIA.

To the list of collections of Camden's Britannia may be added the following:

Camden's Britannia abridged, with Improvements and Continuations. London: printed by J. B. for Joseph Wild. 1701. 2 vol. 8vo.

An edition by Bleau in French, with maps engraved from Speed. Folio. Amsterdam. 1662.

P. 202. QUERNUAILLE.

Quere, whether this should not be written QUERONAILLE? Madame de Sevigné, in one of her letters, laments how much "Cette bonne duchesse" suffered from the impertinence of that vile baggage, Nell Gwin!

P. 204. JUDGE JEFFERIES.

The real opinions of Judge Jefferies on the subject of the Church are still further demonstrated by what he privately did to prevent the Sermon-House at Canterbury from being assigned either to dissenters or papists.

P. 207.

A sapient and candid writer in one of the periodical publications has manifested great wrath and severity against me for an unfortunate mistake in this page, which he has held up to the public as a demonstration of ignorance, stupidity, and what not. Gentle reader, either I or the printer, (but it was probably myself) left out a C in the date of the book imprinted for Master Faukes. Instead of M.CCCC.XXHI. it should have been printed M.CCCCC.XXIII. I leave it to the reader's candour to determine whether it is at all probable that I should be so very ignorant of the history of English typography, as to make a mistake of a whole century.

P. 209. BISHOP LATYMER.

The Rev. Henry White, of Lichfield, to whom I am under various obligations for many useful hints and communications, has a copy of Latymer's Sermons, to which this rare head is a frontispiece.

Ib. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mr. Johnes has the trial of Mary, and also of Joan of Arc, written on vellum, and forming a thin

a thin quarto. It formerly belonged to the Soubise library.

Lord Buchan is in possession of Mary's seal, on which are quartered the arms of England and Scotland. This seal was the cause of her death, at least the ostensible cause. Mr. Johnes has an impression of this seal, which has M. R. upon it.

P. 221. HUDIBRAS.

There are a few lines of Hudibras, viz. part of the first canto, admirably turned into Latin doggrel by Christopher Smart. They are by no means of common occurrence, but well worth preserving.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why, &c.

Cum arsit civica phrenesis
Pacis hominibus pertæsis,
Nec unquam nota fuit causa
Tam dira quæ produxit ausa,
Cum tristes iræ et furores
Multum elicerent cruoris,
Et velut qui sunt mente capti
Præ mero ire parum apti,
Sic hi pugnabant, dum pro more
Religio cuique est in ore;
Hanc coluit quisque nomen tenus
Sed nemo novit quodnam genus,
Cum præco alta a testudine,
Auritâ stante multitudine,

Hanc dedit exhortationem,
Ut foveant seditionem,
Et manu tusum ecclesiastica,
Pulvinar movit vi elastica,
Tunc ivit foras noster heros,
Ut vinceret gigantes feros.
Aspectum si quis observaret,
Hunc florem equitum juraret.
Nam nusquam genuflexum dedit,
Nisi cum titulum accepit,
Nec ictum æquâ tulit mente,
Nisi ab honorario ente,
Duplicem scivit usum chartæ,
Tanta ut nullus alter arte,
Mercurio doctus tam, quam marte.
Charus in bello, in pace quoque
Et jure Cæsar ex utroque,
Sic victum sorices ut ferunt,
Utroque elemento quærunt,
Sed multus author litem gerat,
An fortior, an prudentior erat,
Hi illud, illi hoc defendant,
Sed licet acriter contendant,
Tam parva fuit differentia,
Vix et ne vix vicit prudentia,
Hinc habuerunt illum multi,
Aptum perfungi vice stulti,
Nam sic MONTAGNUS vacans otio,
Omnique liber a negotio,
Dum lusit molliter cum fele,
Fudisse fertur hoc querelæ,
" Quis scit quin felis hæc (proh facinus !)
Si putat putat, quod sum asinus."

Sed

Sed quid mehercule censeret,
Thrasonem nostrum si videret,
(Nam sic se noster appellavit,
In martem si quis provocavit)
Sed sic qui putant, putant male,
Nam noster nihil erat tale,
Quid si ingenio fuit lautus,
De usu fuit perquam cautus,
Perraro quidem secum ferat,
Nam metuit ne forsan terat,
Sic multi pictas induunt vestes,
Non nisi in diebus festis.
Præterea Græce bene scivit,
Sed nemo eum erudivit:
Sic facultate naturali,
Grunitum faciunt porcelli,
Latine nemo scivit melius,
Vix aves concinunt facilius,
Utroque dives cuique egeno,
Diffudit copiam cornu pleno,
Hebræas etiam radices,
In solo sterili felices,
Tot habuit ut plerique eum,
Curtum crediderint Judæum,
Et forsan fuit Veneris ergo,
Judæus factus a Chirurgo.
In logica emunctæ naris,
In analytica præclarus,
Ingenio fuit tam subtili,
Discerneret ut situm pili,
Et si qua hora disputaret,
Cui parti magis inclinaret,
Utramque lueretur, quæque
Affirmat, mox infirmat æque,

Ostendit cum suscepit litem,
Quod vir et equus non sunt idem,
Avem non esse buteonem,
Et esse satrapam bubonem,
Et anseres justiciarios,
Cornices fidei commissarios,
Deberet disputatione,
Et solveret solutione;
Hæc omnia faceret et plura,
Perfecto modo et figura.

I have taken the above from the Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, published by Thornton and others in 1750.

P. 233. DISCOURSE OF ENGLISH POETRY.

The progress of the price given for the copy of this book is remarkable enough to be here commemorated.

George Steevens purchased it at the sale of Major Pearson's library for three pounds five shillings.

In the catalogue of the collection of Mr. Steevens, by a singular blunder, Webbe is printed Weblee; whether this might mislead, or be the cause of any misapprehension, I do not know, but it was on that occasion purchased for the Duke of Roxburgh at the price of eight guineas.

At the late sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's library, it produced the enormous sum of sixty-four pounds.

It

It is now ascertained that there are three copies of this book. One in the King's library, one in the collection of Mr. Malone, and this above specified bought for the Marquis of Blandford for sixty-four pounds.

P. 261. For Charles the First read James the Second.

P. 263. THOMAS NASH.

By the title of some of his pieces, it should seem, that Nash engaged on the side of the Church against the Puritans, in the controversy about discipline. See Strype.

P. 321. JOHN PALSGRAVE.

This is the John Palsgrave who was the author of the curious and scarce Play of Acolastus.

P. 322. THOMAS PRESTON.

Quere, Is this the Thomas Preston who acted before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, and so much delighted her, that she gave him a pension, with the flattering appellation of her scholar?

P. 393. For VOTE read BOTE.

VOL. II.

P. 204. GABRIEL HARVEY.

Gabriel Harvey wrote various pieces of poetry prefixed to primers and almanacs. See Nashe's Saffron Walden. The reader may also consult T. K.'s letter prefixed to Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, and his notes on Spenser's ninth Eclogue, where many of Harvey's works are enumerated.

A great many curious particulars also concerning this singular personage may be found in the Calamities of Authors, an interesting and very entertaining work, generally assigned to the pen of Mr. D'Israeli.

P. 205. ROXBURGH COLLECTION.

As I appear to have been the first person who pointed out this extraordinary collection to public notice, and who have described many of its rarities, there seems a sort of propriety in my enabling the reader, in some degree, to judge of the actual value of the articles enumerated in my second volume. I am the more inclined to do this, as these articles are now dispersed in various hands, and are not likely to be again exhibited to public notice.

I begin

I begin with the BOCCACIO.

I have already, in the preceding part of this work, informed the reader how this singular curiosity came into the Duke of Roxburgh's possession, and I ventured to predict, that if at any time this great literary rarity should be exposed to sale, it might probably produce five hundred pounds.

This was thought so enormous a sum, that I had to encounter gibes and sneers from certain candid critics, for the wild extravagance of my prophetic spirit.

This book, nevertheless, at the sale of the Duke's collection, was sold for TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED and SIXTY POUNDS, the largest sum ever given, or perhaps that ever will be given, for a single volume: the purchaser was the Marquis of Blandford; his competitor, Earl Spencer.

It seems there is already a copy of this same edition of Boccacio in the noble library at Blenheim, but it is imperfect. How it should possibly happen that only two copies should be known to exist of this book, is a circumstance which has hitherto eluded all the sagacity and diligence of enquirers. I have heard, but not upon sufficient authority, that these two copies were struck off, and sent for the inspection and examination of certain learned persons, the press being kept standing in the interval. In this interval, however,

ever, a fire is said to have destroyed the press, and all the materials for the edition.

The report of the enormous sum given for it on this occasion will speedily be circulated over the continent, and if any copies should be lurking in any private collections, they will doubtless be brought to light. All the public libraries in Europe have already been ransacked for this purpose again and again. When Mr. Evans, who sold this library, with much credit to himself, and satisfaction to the public, was at Paris, he had some conversation with the imperial librarian, De Praet, on the subject of literary rarities, and more particularly on the Libri Desiderati of that magnificent collection.

This copy of Boccacio was the book expatiated upon by De Praet as the great object of research, and was by him considered as unique. It ought not to be forgotten that De Praet well knew where this copy of Boccacio was deposited, which indeed may be asserted of him, with respect to every greater literary rarity in Europe.

I now proceed to specify the other books in the order in which they occur.

The first which occurs is the unique Play of COMMON CONDISIONS, and this affords the only example of depreciation in price.

Mr. Steevens paid five guineas for this copy; the Duke of Roxburgh purchased it for six pounds

pounds ten shillings. At this sale it produced no more than four pounds five shillings. It being imperfect was probably the cause, but the article which succeeds made ample amends.

The NICE WANTON is represented in the Duke's Catalogue as the only copy known to exist, but a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1787, p. 689, informs us, that another copy was to be found in the possession of John Wengeve, Esq. of Brettenham Hall, in Suffolk, who is also said to have many other rarities of a similar description. The Duke's copy sold for twenty pounds, nine shillings, and six-pence.

THE OLD WIVES TALE.

Mr. Steevens gave for this copy five pounds, seven shillings, and six-pence.

The Duke of Roxburgh twelve pounds.

Sold at the Duke's sale for twelve pounds, seventeen shillings.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW sold at the Duke's sale for five guineas.

THE FAIRE MAIDE OF BRISTOW produced seven pounds ten shillings.

DIDO. Mr. Malone had the copy of this play, which belonged to Dr. Wright, and gave for it sixteen guineas. The Duke purchased the copy described in my second volume for seventeen pounds. It produced at this sale seventeen guineas.

THE

THE CAVEAT FOR COMMON CURSITORS sold for ten guineas.

GODLY SANGES produced twenty guineas.

BEWARE THE CAT sold for one pound, two shillings.

This I consider as one of the cheapest books bought at this sale.

TALES AND QUICK ANSWERS, five guineas and a half.

THE SCOURGE OF CORRUPTION, two pounds, six shillings.

Antony Nixon, author of the above work, was also a poet, and wrote "The Christian Navy, wherein is playnely described the perfect Course to sayle to the Haven of Happinesse. 1602."

CONTENTION BETWEEN THREE BRETHREN produced one guinea, but it was imperfect.

NEWNAM'S NIGHT CROWE sold for four pounds, eighteen shillings.

WESTWARD FOR SMELTS, five pounds, two shillings, and six-pence.

SEVEN WISE MEN OF ROME, eleven guineas.

TARLTON'S NEWES OUT OF PURGATORY, four pounds, one shilling, and six-pence.

THE SCHOOL OF ABUSE, four pounds.

THE SPEEDY POST, three guineas.

PEELE'S JESTS, seven guineas.

BACHELOR'S BANQUET, two pounds, fifteen shillings.

PUT-

PUTTENHAM'S ARTE OF ENGLISHE POESIE, sixteen pounds, five shillings, and six-pence.

CORNWALLE'S ESSAYES,

FUNEBRIA FLORÆ, one pound, two shillings.

MORLINI. Morlini was not long since reprinted at Paris, but it is said that no more than twenty copies were taken off.

The copy described in my second volume on this occasion produced forty-eight pounds.

Of this extraordinary library, now variously dispersed, it is not unworthy of remark, that the aggregate expence of its collecting did not exceed four thousand pounds, and, in the progress of little more than twenty years, it produced considerably more than twenty thousand pounds.

P. 310. CATECHISM.

A learned friend has observed, that although this Catechism may not be the *Twopenny Faith* derided by Knox, it cannot easily be discovered, that it was not edited by Hamilton, and published at his expence.

P. 319. THE PENTATEUCH.

The Pentateuch, by William Tindall, was printed at Marlborow, in the land of Hesse.

P. 320. TINDALL'S TESTAMENT.

See this mistake about the first edition of Tindall's Testament rectified and explained in my third volume, p. 52.

P. 335.

P. 335. OLIVETAN BIBLE.

See a more detailed account of this Bible in my third volume, p. 20.

P. 345. EXPEDICION IN SCOTLANDE.

This piece was reprinted at Edinburgh in 1798, with the fragments of Scottish History. The Duke of Roxburgh's copy, described at p. 345, sold for thirty guineas.

P. 363. BISHOP HALL.

The quotation here printed in Italics, from the sixth satire of Bishop Hall, alludes without doubt to Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil.

P. 368.

The FILOSTRATO here described was reprinted at Paris by Didot in 1789.

P. 371. DR. TYE.

Since the first edition of this work, I have discovered that the Acts of the Apostles, by Dr. Tye, are described in Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, Vol. III. p. 253, and are mentioned in an old Comedy of Rowley's, there cited, called "When you see me you know me." It is in the Garrick collection. See Vol. I. p. 325.

Sir John has also given a specimen of the music, in modern notes, in four parts. They were sung, he says, in the chapel of Edward VI. and probably in other places where church service was performed; but the success of them not

answering the expectation of their author, he applied himself to another kind of study, the composing of music to words selected from the Psalms of David, in four, five, and more parts, to which species of harmony, for want of a better, the name of Anthem, a corruption of Antephon, was given. P. 258.

It should seem from this, that Sir John Hawkins considers Dr. Tye as the inventor of the Anthem.

VOL. III.

P. 128. MARTIN MAR PRELATE.

I had intended to enter with some length upon the subject which this assumed title involves, and which comprehends a great variety of incidents nearly connected with the literary history of our country. I am, on the present occasion, prevented by want of space.

The reader who is at all curious on the subject, will perhaps thank me for subjoining the following list of Tracts, which are in my possession.

I. ANTIMARTINUS sive monitio cujusdam Londinensis ad Adolescentes utriusque Academiæ contra personatum quendam Rabulam, qui

se

se Anglice MARTIN MAR PRELAT, hoc est Martinum Μαστιγάρχον ἢ μισαρχον vocet. 4to.

Londini Excudebant Georgius Bishop et Radulphus Newbery. A. D. 1589.

To this curious and learned, and I believe also very uncommon Tract, there is the signature of A. L.

II. PAPPE WITH AN HATCHET, alias a Figge for my Godsonne, or Cracke me this Nut, or a Countrie Cuffe, that is, a sound Boxe of the Eare for the Idiot MARTIN to hold his Peace, seeing the Patch will take no Warning. Written by one that dares call a Dog Dog, and made to prevent MARTINS Dog Daies. Imprinted by *John Anoke* and *John Astile*, for the Baylive of Withernam, cum privilegio perennitatis, and are to bee sold at the Signe of the Crab-tree Cudgell, in Thwack-coate-lane.

A Sentence.

MARTIN hangs fit for my mowing.

This whimsical production is addressed, To the Father and two Sonnes, Huffe, Ruffe, and Snuffe, the three tame Ruffians of the Church, which take pepper in the nose, because they can not marre Prelates grating. Roome for a Royster, &c. &c.

Collier, in his Ecclesiastical History, Vol. II. p. 606, ascribes this *Pappe with a Hatchet*, and *Pasquil of England*, to Nashe, but Gabriel Harvey seems to think that Lilly wrote the former.

III. A

III. A MYRROR FOR MARTINISTS, and all other Schismatiques, which in these dangerous Daies doe breake the Godlie Unitie, and disturbe the Christian Peace of the Church. Published by T. T. London: printed by John Wolfe. 1590.

IV. A COUNTERCUFFE GIVEN TO MARTIN JUNIOR, by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Pasquill of Englande, Cavaliero.

Not of old Martin's making, which newlie knighted the saints in heaven, with rise uppe Sir Peter and Sir Paule, but latelie dubd for his service at home in the defence of his countrey, and for the cleane breaking of his staffe upon Martin's face. Printed between the skye and the grounde, wythin a myle of an oake, and not manie fieldes off, from the unpriviledged presse of the assignes of Martin Junior. 4to. 1589.

This curious tract is composed of Epigrams against this same MARTIN, and has this prefixed:—

MAR-MARTINE.

I know not why a trueth in rime set out,
Maie not as wel mar Martine and his mates,
As shamelesse lies in prose-books cast about,
Mar priests and prelates, and subvert whole states,
For where truth builds, and lying overthroes,
One truth in rime is worth ten lies in prose.

V. THE RETURNE OF THE RENOWNED CAVALIERO PASQUILL OF ENGLAND from the other side the Seas, and his meeting with Marforius at London upon the Royall Exchange. Where they encounter with a little houshold talke of Martin and Martinisme, discovering the scabbe that is bredde in England, and conferring together about the speedie dispersing of the golden legende of the lives of the saints.

If my breath be so hote that I burne my mouth, suppose I was printed by Pepper Allie. 4to. 1589.

The above is a facetious dialogue on this multitudinous subject between Pasquill and Marforius.

VI. PLAINE PERCEVALL THE PEACE MAKER of England, sweetly indevoring with his blunt Persuasions to botch up a Reconciliation between MAR-TON and MAR-TOTHER. Compiled by lawfull art, that is to say, without witchcraft or sorcery, and referred specially to the meridian and pale artichocke of NOMAN'S LAND, but may serve generally without any great error, for more countries than I'll speak of. Printed in Broad-streete, at the Signe of the Pack Staffe. 4to. No date.

VII. A FRIENDLY ADMONITION to Martine Mar-Prelate and his Mates. By Leonard Wright. Printed by John Wolfe.

VOL. IV.

P. 133. THOMAS AQUINAS.

It has been represented to me, that I ought not to have introduced THOMAS AQUINAS among the Fathers; but, if necessary, I could urge the sanction of the most respectable authority.

VOL. V.

P. 21.

I wish it might be permitted to read in this page *docuerunt* instead of docuit, which would remove the metrical difficulty.

P. 39.

The Epigram, as it stands in this page, is certainly monstrous, but it may thus be reduced into shape.

Sacrarum interpres cedas jam Bartole legum,
Et tu cum Baldo, Anna diserte tuo,
Juris Alexander Doctor legumque peritus,
Corneli decoret quo probitate forum,
Scripsit facundis hic commentaria turbis
Maximus ingenio candidus eloquii.

P. 234. Tom Hickathrift.

A correspondent informs me that Tom Hickathrift is not merely a hero of fable. There is an account of him in Blomefield's Norfolk as a real personage, with a slight variation of the name. He resisted the invaders of Marshland, and is said to have been buried near Lynn.

P. 259. The Colophon.

I made a candid confession of my inability to interpret this perplexed Colophon, but a short time before his death, my much lamented friend, the Bishop of Ely, communicated the following interpretation, which he had received from a correspondent:—

Take one from 200 added to 5000 - Beda gives so many years from Adam to Christ - - - - - - - - -	= 5199
In the sum of years, 4868 years are read to the time of Alexander's victories - - - - - - - - -	- 4868
	331

Q. E. D. For this gives the years before Christ.

P. 277. Dr. Aldrich.

Dr. Aldrich could not possibly be the author of the Latin verses which are here ascribed to him.

Aldrich was born in 1647. Menage (Menagiana, T. ii. p. 352.) informs us, that Pere Sirmond

Sirmond was in the habit of quoting these verses, Si bene Commemini, &c. Pere Sirmond died in 1651, four years after Aldrich was born.

P. 188. GALEN.

The Tract of Galen ad Patrophilum, the existence of which is here somewhat questioned, appears to be in the collection of Dr. Charles Burney. This is in truth the identical copy which enabled Mr. Wodhull to give his intelligence to Mr. Dibdin. It consists of 36 leaves. It is dedicated, Ornatissimo Adūlescenti (sic) Michaeli Braillon, by Guinterius Joannes Andernacus.

P. 429. PLATO.

This collection of the pieces of Plato passed into the hands of D'Orville. They are now in the library of Dr. Charles Burney, who also possesses some tracts by Ægidius Gourmontius, and the Sabii, which I have omitted to specify.

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